Michael Harrington On Saving The South Bronx

Day-by-Day Entertainment Guide To April in New York

Sightless in the City: One Man's Rage, Frustration, and Courage

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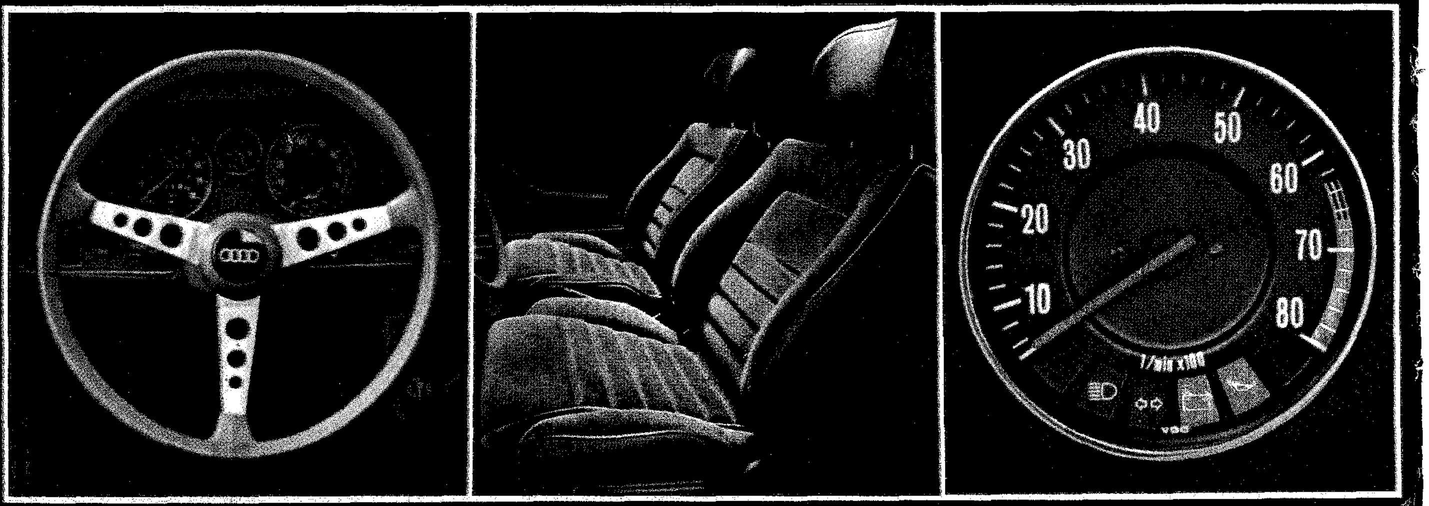

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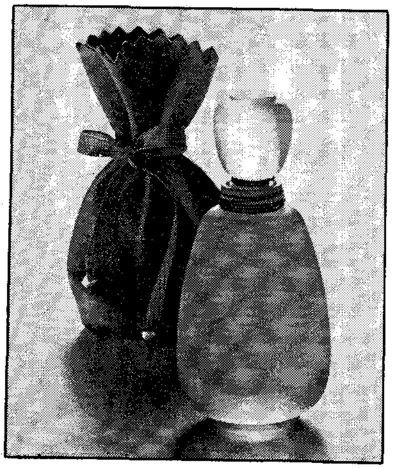

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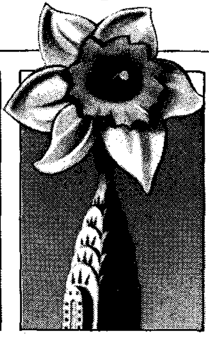
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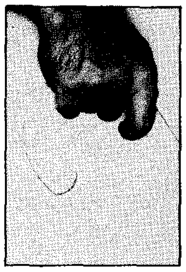
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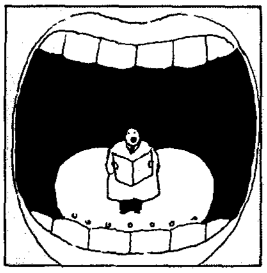
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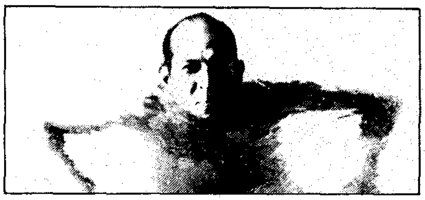
MISCELLANY



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Cover: Photographed by Carl Fischer; photograph of Charles Van Doren on the quiz show *Twenty-One* courtesy of NBC.

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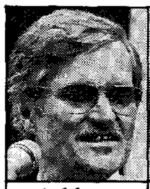
BETWEEN THE LINES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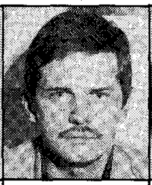
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The masthead of a magazine is seldom its most interesting reading. Yet this unobtrusive column of fine print, over to your right, is a document of sorts, a record of comings and goings—and, we like to think, of uniquenesses and strengths. Now we'd like to take time to greet some recent or imminent arrivals to *New York* Magazine's masthead, on a guest list which, as it happens, runs from *A* to *Z*.

The *A* is John Ashbery, who this week replaces Thomas B. Hess as art critic. (Tom has left us to slip into Henry Geldzahler's old seat at the Metropolitan Museum, as consultative chairman of the museum's twentieth-century-art collections.) John has been writing art criticism for over fifteen years—as contributor to *Art News*, as critic for the International *Herald Tribune*, and as vacation replacement for Tom Hess at *New York* a few years ago. He is better known, however, as one of this country's most distinguished poets, winner of the 1976 Pulitzer prize for his *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*.

Why, we asked him as he dropped off his first copy last week, would a major poet want to get involved with gallery hopping and the other natural shocks that art critics are heir to? "I always wanted to be a painter," he said, "and I actually once got to the point where I could do apples and bottles so that you could tell them apart. Actually, writing poetry—for me, at least—is also a way of looking at things, at abstractions instead of paintings, but looking." Who is his favorite of all painters? "Vermeer," he answered without hesitation.

Moving along the alphabet, we welcome Peter Carlsen, who writes also for *Gentlemen's Quarterly* and *Architectural Digest*. Here, he will be concerned with articles about home furnishings and about fashion. Delia Ephron, who put together our special issue on loneliness two weeks ago, has also become a contributing editor. What field? "Behavior, social commentary—oh, just people, I guess." Another *E* (for excellence, naturally) is Edward Jay Epstein, an authority on national and international affairs. He is the author of *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, to be published shortly by Reader's Digest Press/McGraw-Hill. Our two recent articles on Oswald, the CIA, and Soviet spies were based on that book.

Welcome aboard, also, Philip Nobile, whose recent cover story on vitamin B-15 as a possible cure for everything short of a transit strike made it impossible to find the vitamin on any dealer's shelf in the metropolitan area for a full week. Then there's Dotson Rader, who wrote last week's profile of Ruth Carter Stapleton, and Ron Rosenbaum, an investigative reporter. The well-known writer Blair Sabol, who not long ago endured one of Freddie Laker's stripped-down flights to London, will continue to write on similar personal problems.

J(ean)-C(laude) Suarès has become *New York*'s design director. What in the world, we asked him, is a design director? "To create a memorable magazine," he answered, "someone has to have an ultimate concern, which leads to an ultimate judgment. An art director gets good pictures for individual articles; a design director has to take a longer view, to see whether everything in an issue goes together." Born in Alexandria, Egypt, and trained in Italy and the United States, J-C is currently working on ten (ten!) books, which he has designed, illustrated, written, or all three. He's president of Push-Pin Press; among his most famous books are *The Illustrated Cat* (Crown) and *The Literary Cat* (Putnam's). He has three cats, two not Siamese.

Finally, there's Sidney Zion, a former political reporter for the New York *Times*, a lawyer, a seasoned observer. He will be contributing to our weekly "Politics" page as well as writing feature articles. Welcome Z, welcome A, and welcome everybody in between. ■

NEW YORK

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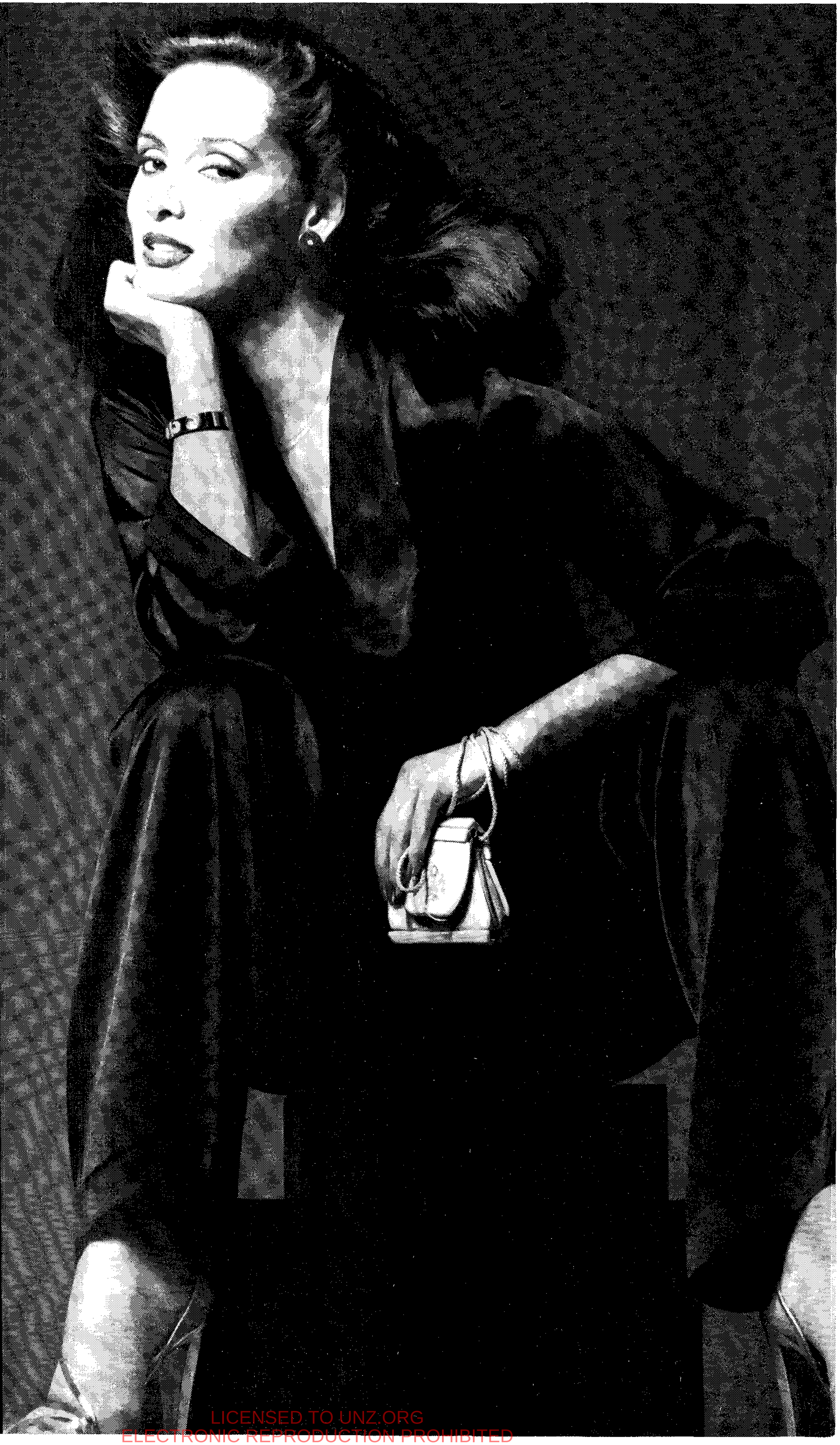

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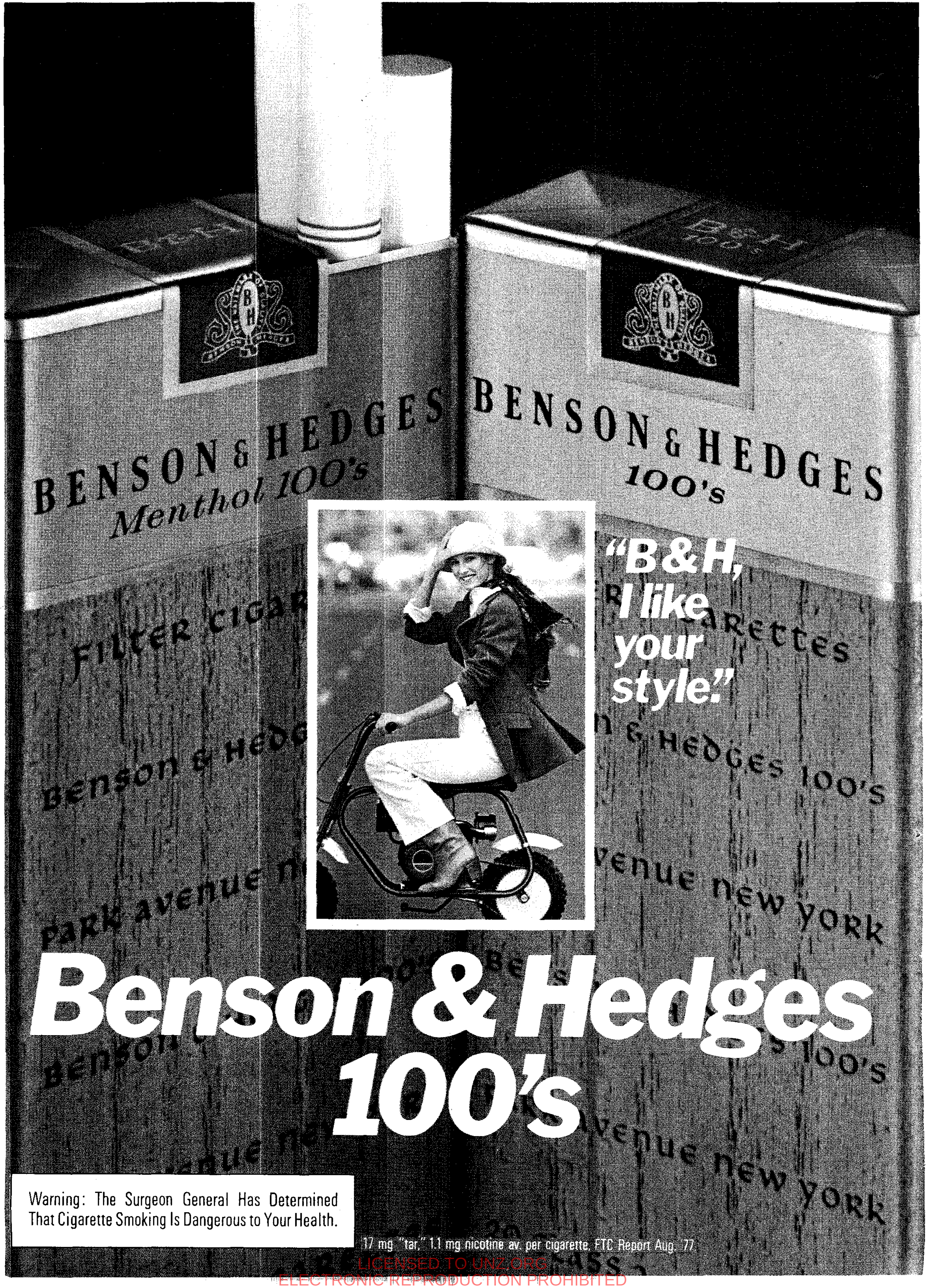
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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Dyson: The Masked Candidate

There seems no doubt that State Commerce Commissioner John Dyson has great—if imprecise—expectations for himself. He enjoys the favor of his patron, Governor Hugh Carey, who himself enjoyed the financial favors of Dyson's father during the 1974 gubernatorial campaign. Carey appointed Dyson in late 1975 and since then Dyson has, in his own words, acted as Carey's "point man" on many issues.

Recently, Dyson's confirmation as chairman of the state's Urban Development Corporation seemed assured, until he offended certain senators—especially John Marchi—by showing up at a legislative hearing wearing a Lone Ranger–style mask. Dyson was protesting opposition to the prominent appearance of his face in ads boosting New York as a great place to work and play. Marchi was not amused, but the spat subsided, and it appeared that the hatchet had been buried. Now, however, Dyson is once again the center of controversy.

The issue this time is Dyson's undisguised political ambition. Even while his UDC nomination is pending, the reports that he covets Arthur Levitt's position as state comptroller will not die. And Dyson's ambiguity on the subject keeps the issue alive. "Considering running is not running," he says. "It is possible but unlikely that I will run."

Which is enough to again upset John Marchi, whose Finance Committee must pass on Dyson's UDC nomination. "Presumptively," says Marchi, "when a man tells me something, I believe him." Marchi cites a letter he received from Dyson in January in which Dyson said: "I can tell you unequivocally that I am not a candidate for public office." He now says, "I used the present tense."

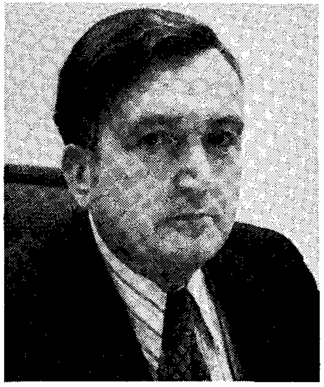
Marchi feels that Dyson is guilty of double-talk—and more. "It's a question of maturity. Mr. Dyson is obviously bright, but I wonder if the seasoning process has taken place."

It's Russian to Me

President Carter isn't the only one having his troubles with translators. Recently, a U.N. delegate made a speech in which he used the phrase "out of sight, out of mind." A Russian translator, unfamiliar with the expression, rendered it this way: "Blind, and therefore insane."

Heads Roll at Harcourt Brace

N Y Times



Jovanovich: Wielding the ax.

To William Jovanovich, chairman and chief executive at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, locking the building and posting a guard at 6 P.M. last Monday seemed only a "sensible precaution." As he explained it, "An officer of a company has to protect its property." But to the victims of Jovanovich's "reorganization," which sent seven top executives abruptly into the street, the move seemed a gratuitous insult.

And why was the cleaning staff in such a hurry to take away wastepaper baskets? Some staffers believed that their refuse was somehow considered to be evidence—of what, they did not know. Jovanovich claimed that the cleaning staff worked fast only because they too had to be out of the building by his 6 P.M. deadline. "There is no way to do something like this in a genteel, calm manner," Jovanovich said. Perhaps. Nevertheless, some staffers wondered why a veteran receptionist/switchboard operator on the floor where most of the firings took place was banished to a less sensitive location. They guessed that she was considered a "security leak."

Two days after the firings, all HBJ staffers received a puzzling memo from J. B. Chertok, the office manager and a Jovanovich loyalist. "I would like to request now that sensible and becoming dress standards be maintained by the staff," Chertok said. "Torn or bizarre clothing is certainly unseemly for a company that deals with the public, as is improper language. Neatness is our style at HBJ and I am sure of your cooperation with goodwill." Another edict issued last week forbids staff members to arrive before 8:30 A.M. or to stay after 6 P.M. without special permission.

The versatile Jovanovich's talents go beyond running the company. His first novel is about to be published by Harper & Row. Its title: *Madmen Must.*

This 'Pet Rock' Can Be Yours—For $4 Million

UPI

Burton and Taylor: A diamond isn't always forever.

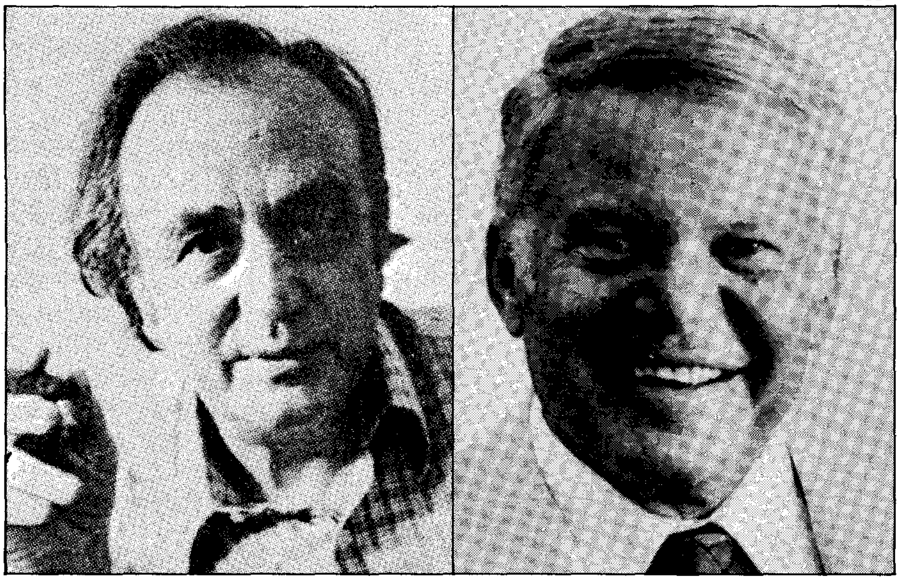
One of the most famous love gifts of the century is being offered for sale to the highest bidder. Elizabeth Taylor wants to sell her golf ball–size diamond, for which Richard Burton paid between $1.5 and $2 million in 1969. Liz's representative, Charles Anthony Diamond Investment, Inc., of Salt Lake City, has sent out brochures describing the item, known in diamond circles as "Liz's pet rock," to more than 400 firms and individuals throughout the world. The brochure states flatly that no bid under a whopping $4 million will be considered. In fact, however, the firm is accepting any and all bids. "We intend to sell it by the end of the month," a company source said.

The price the Taylor gem eventually brings may well provide an important clue to the way the diamond market is going. Speculation all over the world has driven prices to record highs and has also touched off the beginnings of a backlash. "Diamonds are too high," Tiffany warned recently in an ad in the New York *Times.* "We suggest you look before you leap." One complicating factor in the current bidding is Liz's notoriety. "Most people who buy diamonds are very discreet and want to avoid the limelight," a diamond-business source pointed out. "Whoever buys this will be buying plenty of publicity with it."

Politics / Sidney Zion

ARAB AGAINST ARAB

UPI



Blood feud: *Vassos Lyssarides (left) aided the killers of editor Yousef el-Sebai.*

Brother vs. Brother

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon and the mass murder that triggered it have nearly obliterated from the public consciousness the killing of Egyptian editor Yousef el-Sebai in Cyprus and the airport massacre that followed. Incredibly, it was only five weeks ago that the world was shocked by the brazen slaying of Sebai in the lobby of the Nicosia Hilton and the subsequent gunning down of Egyptian commandos attempting an Entebbe-style raid on the plane holding Sebai's killers and their hostages.

Today, few people seem to recall more than that something terrible happened in Cyprus. Egyptians were killed, but who and when and why and even exactly *where*—these questions are odds-on to bring vague, empty answers.

The major reason, surely, lies in the grisly version of Gresham's law with which fresh violence arrives fully armed: The last drives the next to last into the dustbins of history.

Of course, there have been exceptions: My Lai, Dresden, the Bataan death march, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, the 1972 Munich Olympics.

What these exceptions prove is either that the event was so dramatic as to defy forgetting or that some group or nation has an interest in keeping the disaster alive.

In the vast majority of cases, however, the law applies, which is to say the event is forgotten by all but the victims and/or their kin.

Such appears to be the future of the outrage that occurred in Cyprus on the weekend of February 18, 19, 1978. For despite President Sadat's vow to avenge the death of his "brother" Sebai and his "sons" the commandos, and despite the public display of hatred for the Palestinians on the streets of Cairo, the Egyptian government seems resigned—if not content—to let the matter sit in the fog bank into which it was cleverly directed at the outset.

Until now, the questions surrounding the Sebai killing have gone unanswered. Were the gunmen who hit Sebai members of the Palestine Liberation Organization or—as Yasir Arafat would have it—were they simply "outlaw dissidents" of the PLO?

Were the Egyptian commandos killed by Cypriot soldiers—as the Cyprus government claims—or by the PLO? Was the shoot-up at Larnaca airport a "misunderstanding" or a well-conceived plan?

In short, who, what, when, why, and where?

Here, finally, are the answers to these and other questions as ascertained from intelligence sources in the Middle East.

The murder of Yousef el-Sebai was planned and ordered by the Al Fatah command in Beirut. Al Fatah is the home organization of Yasir Arafat, the leader of the umbrella PLO. The killing received the blessing of the Syrian government and was aided and abetted by Dr. Vassos Lyssarides, head of the Cypriot Socialist party (the "Edek") and the powerful boss of a private army in Cyprus.

Sebai was chosen as Al Fatah's target in early January of this year for several reasons. First, he was editor in chief of the semi-official Cairo newspaper *Al Ahram;* second, he was a close confidant of Egyptian president Anwar Sadat's and accompanied the president on his mission to Jerusalem; finally, he was secretary-general of the Afro-Asian Peoples Solidarity Organization, and as such he was a major personality on the Third World stage.

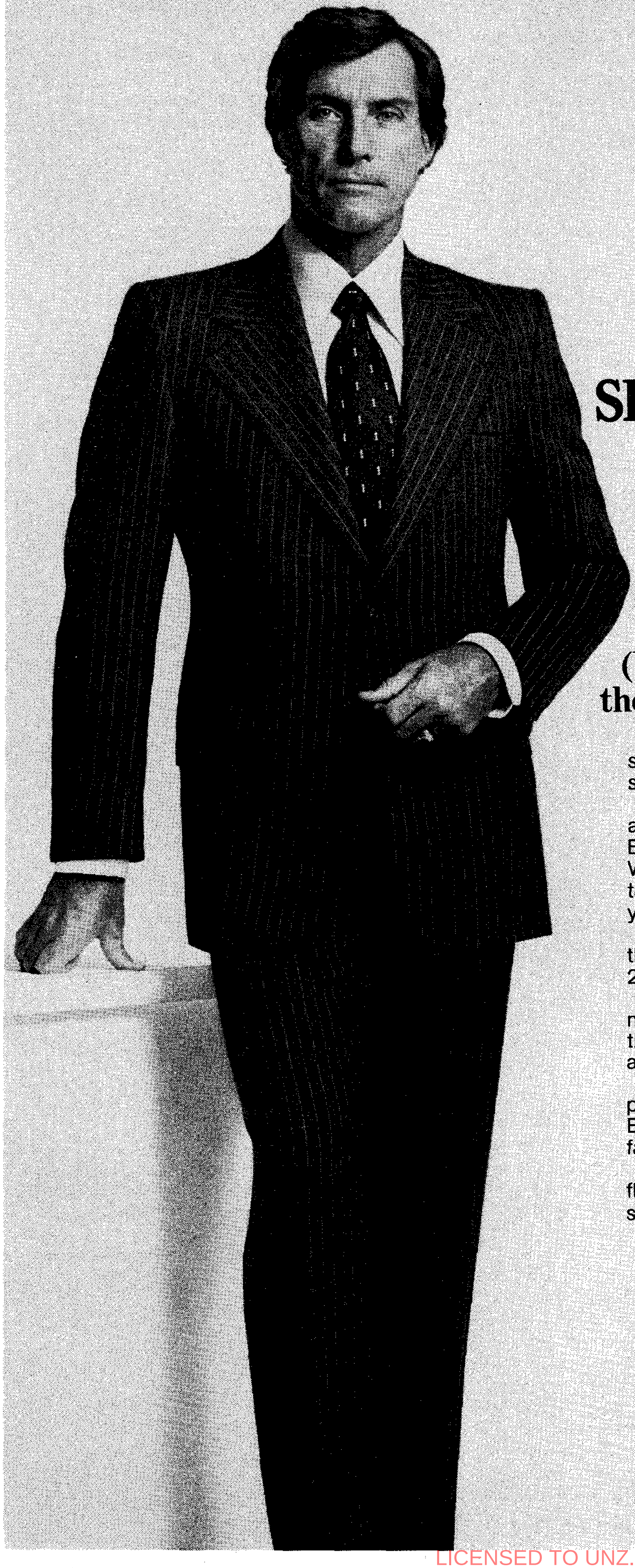
Sebai's murder was to be the first in a wave of assassinations aimed at Egyptian figures. The purpose: to torpedo Sadat's peace initiative with Israel.

Cyprus was picked as the spot for the Sebai hit because it has eclipsed Lebanon as a PLO stronghold. The PLO has complete freedom of movement in Cyprus. The Palestinians are provided with arms, training facilities, and diplomatic status. So bold is their use of Cyprus as their command post that the head man in the Nicosia office is said to be Zecharia Abed el-Rachim, identified in the past as the operational head of the infamous Black September movement.

The man who made all this possible is Dr. Lyssarides, a mysterious figure who for years served as private physician and adviser to the late Archbishop Makarios, the leader of Cyprus. A Stalinist with strong ties to the Soviet Union—intelligence authorities believe he is a KGB agent—Lyssarides commands a private militia of 300 men. He also receives substantial financial assistance from Libya.

The Libyans ordered him to share the money and arms with the PLO—an order he was only too happy to accept, given his antipathy to Israel and his desire to shine in the Third World.

In July 1977, Lyssarides hosted an emergency session of international terrorist organizations in Nicosia. The session included representatives of the most radical PLO factions—George Habash, Wadi Haddad—and such diverse forces as the Japanese Red Army, the Baader-Meinhof gang, and the Turk-



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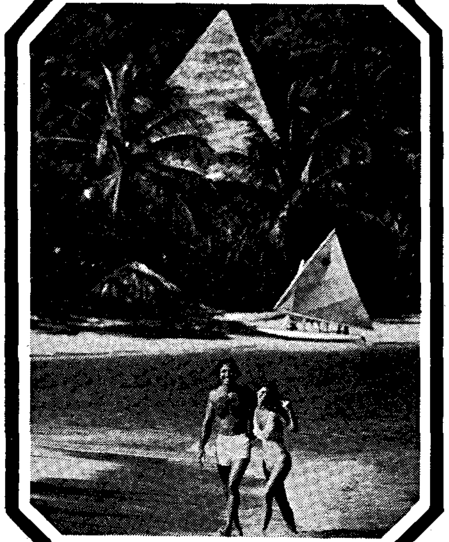

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ish National Liberation Front.

The Greek Cypriot government of President Spyros Kyprianou knew about the meeting but did nothing to stop it. Why? The weak government is afraid of Lyssarides.

This past September, Lyssarides invited Arafat to Cyprus, and thus was born a practical liaison between Al Fatah and Lyssarides's private army. This meeting laid the groundwork for Sebai's assassination, an action which received an automatic go-ahead when Sadat went to Jerusalem.

Nothing happened until February 13, when Samir Mohammed Hadar, a 28-year-old Jordanian member of Al Fatah, arrived in Nicosia and moved into the Kennedy Hotel. Two other Palestinians, Zayed Hussein Alali and Reyad Samir al-Ahad, joined Hadar, and five days later, on February 18, Sebai was killed in the lobby of the Hilton.

The deed done, Dr. Lyssarides took charge. His private militia was in place at the Hilton when the police arrived. Lyssarides ordered the cops to lay off and not interfere with the killers, who were by now holding hostages in the hotel cafeteria.

When the Cypriot minister of the interior arrived, Lyssarides directed him to the cafeteria, under the ruse that his life was in danger. Once inside, the minister himself became a hostage and remained one until the entire group of hostages and killers arrived at the airport.

A bus provided by Lyssarides pulled up to the hotel to take the hostages to Larnaca airport. One of the assassins checked out the bus, thus leaving only one killer to guard the hostages. At this point, Lyssarides's guards could easily have overrun the sole assassin, but Lyssarides ordered them to do nothing. Thereafter, the killers and some of the hostages—a number had been released at the hotel previously—took off on a Cyprus Airways DC-8 to Libya. But Libya refused a request to land, as did other Middle East countries.

In the interim, Arafat denounced the murder of Sebai and rejected the notion that Sebai's killers were PLO operatives.

Also in the interim, Lyssarides was informed that Egypt was planning to send its commandos to Cyprus to force release of the hostages. Since it was apparent that no Arab nation would accept the hostage aircraft, Lyssarides convinced the Cyprus government to fly in representatives of the PLO from Beirut for the ostensible purpose of convincing the terrorists to release the hostages and thus avoid bloodshed.

The Cypriot government agreed, be-

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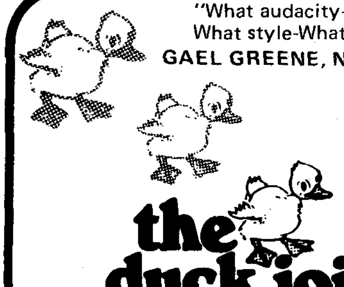

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lieving it was bringing in influential leaders of the PLO. Lyssarides, however, knew that an Al Fatah commando unit was coming instead.

Seventeen commandos arrived in Cyprus and were immediately taken to a hotel, where they remained until the hostage plane flew back to Larnaca airport.

At that point, the commandos—joined by twenty PLO members living in Cyprus and a few from the Turkish areas of the divided country—were driven to Larnaca by Lyssarides's men. They gathered near the runway, ready for action.

When the Egyptian plane arrived, the PLO soldiers were set up behind stands encircling the aircraft. Lyssarides's soldiers surrounded the hostage plane. Throughout this period, Lyssarides himself posed as a hostage, claiming that the killer hijackers had requested him to "mediate" a deal between them and the Cyprus government. In fact, intelligence sources report, Lyssarides was directing the game plan for the killers.

This became fatefully clear when the Egyptians—correctly suspecting that Cyprus was going to hustle the killers out of the country—decided to attack the plane.

The one thing the PLO and Lyssarides did not want was for the killers to fall into Egyptian hands, for it was absolutely essential that Al Fatah involvement in the murder of Sebai never be made clear. This was to be avoided at all costs. And, as it happened, "at all costs" meant the death of fifteen Egyptian commandos and the serious injury of seventeen more.

As soon as the Egyptians disembarked from their plane, the PLO commandos opened fire. To ensure that the killers would not end up in Egypt, the Egyptian plane was hit and put out of commission.

In the end, it worked out perfectly for Lyssarides and the PLO. The hostages were freed, the killers were turned over to the Cyprus government, the Al Fatah commandos were shipped back to Beirut, and, most important, the prospects for peace in the Middle East were set back.

Arafat continues to deny any PLO involvement—except as "honest brokers" —and Lyssarides has proved his loyalty to the Arab oil boys and the Third World. Moreover, he has strengthened his hand in the Byzantine world of Cypriot politics—thus positioning himself for a possible coup against the government when and if the time is ripe.

And now, for lagniappe, the world is busy with other news. ■

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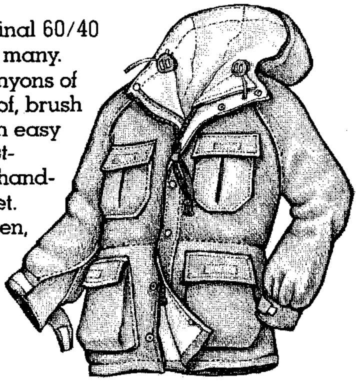

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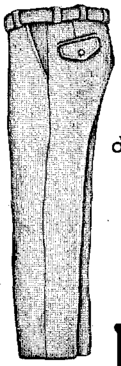

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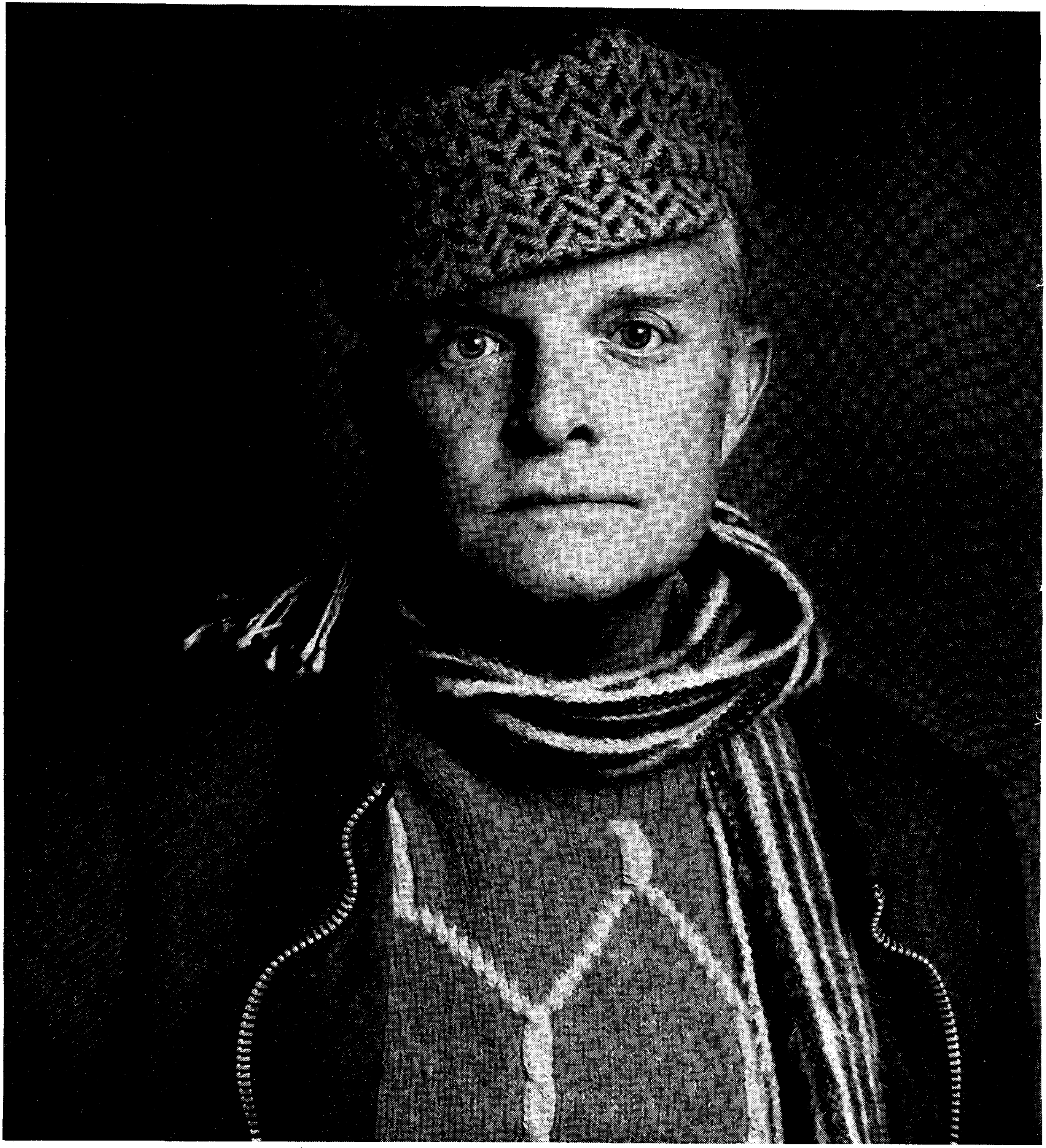

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

March 28 through April 4

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 3/28, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/29, *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Casey's Shadow.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *The Big Sleep.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 3/28, *Dodeskaden; Yellow Crow.* 3/29, *Spirit of the Beehive; Forbidden Games.* 3/30, *Laughter in the Dark; Lolita.* 3/31, 4/1, *Jules and Jim; Two English Girls.* 4/2, *Torment; The Devil's Wanton.* 4/3, *Port of Call; Night Is My Future.* 4/4, *This Transient Life; The Lower Depths.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 3/28, *Fire at Midnight; Johnny West.* 3/29, *A Hell of a Good Life; Winterspelt.* 3/30, *The Consequence; Fifty-Fifty.* 3/31, *Three Women; Images.* 4/1, *The Conformist; The Stranger.* 4/2, *Don Quixote* (Fyodor Chaliapin); *The Three Penny Opera.* 4/3, *Letters From My Windmill; The Well-Digger's Daughter.* 4/4, *The Battle of Algiers; Open City.* 4/5, *Cavalcade; In Which We Serve.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Coming Home.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). Thru 3/30, *Fingers.* From 3/31, *September 30, 1955.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Summer Paradise.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Near and Far Away.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 3/28, *Sleuth; The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* 3/29, 30, *The Servant; The Victim.* 3/31, 4/1, *Alice's Restaurant; Bound for Glory.* 4/2, 3, *Kind Hearts and Coronets; The Lavender Hill Mob.* 4/4, *Sunrise; Seventh Heaven.* 4/5, 6, *Cria; Spirit of the Beehive.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Little Night Music.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-2720). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Straight Time.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *The Big Sleep.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Word Is Out.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Annie Hall.*

Embassy IV, Bdway & 47th (730-7262). *The Other Side of the Mountain II.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Julia.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Coma.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 3/28, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/29, *The Turning Point.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coma.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *The Other Side of the Mountain II.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Fury.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Fury.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Casey's Shadow.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *House Calls.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Coma.* II. *Julia.* III. *Saturday Night Fever.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 3/28, noon, *Potters of Hebron;* 2:30, *A Tale of Two Cities; Fate; The Yaqui Cur;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 3/30, 2:30, *The Docks of New York;* 6 p.m. *Buster, What's Next; Steamboat Bill Jr.* 8:30, *Charleston; Love of Zero; Montparnasse; City of Contrasts.* 3/31, 2:30, same as 3/30 at 8:30; 6 p.m. *A Tale of Two Cities.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). To be announced.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 4/4, *The Late Show; The Goodbye Girl.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 4/4, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 4/5, *Saturday Night Fever.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Julia.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *Sebastiane.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). Thru 4/12, *Crossed Swords.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 3/28, 29, *Room Service; The Bachelor and the Baby Soxer.* 3/30-4/1, *Swingtime; Shall We Dance.* 4/2, 3, *Bachelor Mother; My Favorite Wife.* 4/4, 5, *She; Isle of the Dead.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Straight Time.* II. Thru 3/28, *Funny Girl.* 3/29-4/4, *South Pacific.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *The Turning Point.* II. *The Big Sleep.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 3/28, *Semi-Tough.* From 3/29, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 3/28, *The Goodbye Girl; The Sunshine Boys.* From 3/29, *The Goodbye Girl.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 3/28, *Dinner at Eight; Queen Christina.* 3/29, 30, *The Woman in the Window; The Big Heat.* 3/31, 4/1, *Dr. Strangelove; Paths of Glory.* 4/2, 3, *The Caine Mutiny; Barefoot Contessa.* 4/4, *China Seas; Forsaking All Others.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 3/28, *Miss Tatlock's Millions; Fast and Loose.* 3/29, *Daughter of Shanghai; Hotel Imperial.* 3/30, *Miracle Woman; Dirigible.* 3/31, 4/1, *From Here to Eternity; Suddenly Last Summer.* 4/2, *Among the Living; Smash Up.* 4/3, *Dancers in the Dark; All of Me.* 4/4, *Alias Nick Beal; Angel on My Shoulder.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *American Hot Wax.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Big Sleep.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Coma.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Pete's Dragon.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *The Other Side of the Mountain II.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). To be announced.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

OPENINGS

Friday, March 31

September 30, 1955–This is the date of James Dean's death, and the film is about an impressionable college student (Richard Thomas) and six of his friends, all of whose lives are irretrievably affected by the death of their film idol. Directed by James Bridges, the cast includes Susan Tyrrell and Collin Wilcox. Cinema II.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

American Hot Wax–Director Flloyd Mutrux and screenwriter John Kaye tell the story of 50's rock 'n' roll through the soundtrack and the story of pioneer disc jockey Alan Freed. Although the movie sentimentalizes Freed, who was indicted for payola rather than subversion, this is a lively and exciting tribute to a period in which the musical floodgates were opening wide. A wonderful cast of non-stars is headed by Tim McIntire as Freed. Loews State I; Loews Orpheum; 34th St E.

The Battle of Algiers–Film was prepared from actual documents and eye-witness accounts with a script by director Gillo Pontecorvo and Franco Solinas, set in Casbah locations. (Received eleven awards and citations.) 4/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Betsy–Who says they don't make movies like they used to? Daniel Petrie's film is as deliriously and extravagantly bad as anything turned out by Ross Hunter in the late 50s and 60s. Adapted from *the Harold Robbins best-seller, it is a saga of* wealth and corruption that takes us through four generations of one family. Laurence Olivier, aristocrat of the theater, creates an image of defilement that is exquisitely lurid in its own right. This is the best *junk movie in years.* U.A. East.

The Big Sleep–A film based on a novel by Raymond Chandler, directed by Michael Winner, starring Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles, Richard Boone, Candy Clark, Joan Collins, Edward Fox, John Mills, and *James Stewart. Criterion; RKO 86th II; Bay Cinema.*

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Ginette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

LOOKS LIKE A PIMPLE TO ME

Jurgen Prochnow and **Ernst Hannawold** are the stars in **The Consequence,** a film about a homosexual relationship directed by Wolfgang Petersen and made in 1977. It will show at Carnegie Hall Cinema on March 30th, with *Fifty-Fifty,* closing the series "German Films from the Berlin Film Festival."

Casey's Shadow–A genial adventure film about quarter-horse racing starring Walter Matthau as a dopey Cajun trainer and Alexis Smith as a sleek owner. The children are all splendid in a film that should gladden the hearts of the family-film audience and Equus-fixated adolescents in particular. Baronet; Loews State II.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Quad.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen

Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Greenwich, Trans-Lux 85th; Fine Arts.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietman that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Cinema I.

Cria–The best of Carlos Saura's latest three films, in all of which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told, and both have, along with sensitive faces and suggestions of ample inwardness, a limited acting style that borders on monotony. 4/5, 6, Cinema Village.

Crossed Swords–What little levity manages to survive in this plodding adaptation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is provided (with a little help from George C. Scott) by the English veterans: Rex Harrison, Oliver Reed, Harry Andrews, and David Hemmings. But our own Richard Fleischer paints a heavy canvas. Thru 4/12, Radio City Music Hall.

Demon Seed–Donald Cammell's film takes place in the proximate future when a giant computer with a hypertrophic brain outwits the human beings running it, and turns Julie Christie into a captive in her own house. The computer half rapes and half seduces her, and after much terror, murder, and kinky bondage sex, she bears what appears to be his child. The direction contributes some fairly slick scare effects and a great deal of overarching unwholesomeness. Olympia.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

Fingers–James Toback's first film as director (and writer) is even more irritating than his first film as screenwriter (*The Gambler*). This time, the funky-intellectual cultural cross-breed hero is half gangster, half concert pianist and wholly obnoxious as he runs around the city acting out fantasies of sexual violence that are, at best, queasily unbelievable. Harvey Keitel is stuck, poor man, as Toback's front. Thru 3/30, Cinema II.

Forbidden Games–Rene Clement's 1952 masterpiece is one of the great films of all time. This is the story of a five-year-old girl escaping from Nazi-occupied Paris with her parents who get machinegunned to death by Stukas. The girl is adopted by French peasants whose eleven-year-old son becomes her friend and protector. The internal and external feuds of the peasant family are evoked with biting humor, the romance between the children and its tearing end with masterly, unsentimental tenderness. The fine script, knowing direction, and superb performances are further enhanced by the sensitive solo guitar score of Narciso Yepes. 3/29, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Fury–Brian de Palma's thriller about telepathic troublemakers combines B-movie sleaze with A-movie elegance in a nerve-shattering but irresistibly funny horror film. Levitation and blood gushing from human orifices like geysers are but two of the outrageously unreal effects in a film that should be a smash with youth-and-inner-city audiences. Starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress. Loews Cine; Loews Astor Plaza.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Thru 4/4, Olympia; Playboy.

LONG, LONG AGO

Cary Grant and **Ingrid Bergman** have finished their drinks and are planning something else in a scene from Alfred Hitchcock's **Notorious** (1946), which shares the bill at the Regency from 4/13-15, with *Suspicion*, another Hitchcock classic.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton.

House Calls–Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, Richard Benjamin, and Charlie Matthau in a film directed by Howard Zieff, about medical shenanigans in and out of a hospital. Loews Tower East.

Jules and Jim–One of Francois Truffaut's three remarkable first films, on which his reputation still rests. Based on a minor novel about a love triangle, it does get a bit convoluted or simply repetitious toward the end, but it is also full of every kind of exuberance and coruscation. Jeanne Moreau's performance is one of her (or anybody's) greatest and Oskar Werner is no slouch either at portraying a lovable slouch. George Delaroux's score is hypnotic as is Moreau's singing of Catherine's song. Stands up well under the passage of time. 3/30, 4/1, Bleecker St Cinema.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Quad; Festival.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. From 4/4, Olympia.

A Little Night Music–Hal Prince's direction of the Broadway musical (music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; book and screenplay by Hugh Wheeler) undercuts the pattern of overlapping lives and musical motifs of the original. The cast—Elizabeth Taylor as the grand dame of the theatre, Len Cariou as the aging Lothario, Lesley-Anne Down as his wife, and Diana Rigg as her old school chum—never intermingle with any fluidity in this static and dim echo of Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*. Columbia I.

Lolita–Stanley Kubrick brings considerate technical expertise to this film, which, nevertheless, is a total betrayal of a book that not even today's Hollywood would dare to make as written. Under the circumstances, one can admire the acting of James Mason and Peter Sellers, the cinematography of Oswald Morris, and a few effective scenes. But the screenplay, credited to Nabokov, jettisons all the satirical and maniacal intensity and unconventionality of the novel. 3/30, Bleecker St Cinema.

Madame Rosa–Simone Signore stars in the title role as a Jewish concentration camp survivor and former prostitute, who, in her later years, is raising the children of young prostitutes. Based on Emile Ajar's novel, the film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi. Plaza.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. From 3/29, Art.

The Other Side of the Mountain II–Marilyn Hassett and Timothy Bottoms co-star in this sequel; directed by Larry Peerce. Others in the cast are Nan Martin, Gretchen Corbett, James A. Bottoms, and William Bryant. Guild; Embassy IV; Waverly.

Pete's Dragon–A musical fantasy combining live action and animation, telling the story of a 9-year-old orphan whose dragon friend playfully outrages a New England town just after the turn of the century. U.A. East.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Gramercy; thru 3/28, Art; from 4/5, Playboy.

Sebastiane–Derek Jarman's daring interpretation of the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Legend has it that he was captain of the Praetorian guard in the palace of the Emperor Diocletian, and he is most commonly depicted in art as bound and shot with arrows. This is the first feature film ever to be made in Latin (with English subtitles, of course). Quad.

Straight Time–A prison drama starring Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. Coronet; RKO Cinerama I.

Summer Paradise–The first film by one-time Bergman actress Gunnel Lindblom is a portrait of a Swedish family on vacation that is rich in novelistic details of the tensions between generations, men and women, women and women and the different classes in this "classless" society. Beneath the sensual radiance of their privileged setting, this family, like so many families, is coming apart from causes which Lindblom and a fine cast convey in all their baffling variety. Cinema III.

The Sunshine Boys–Neil Simon's comedy is even less funny on film than on stage. Walter Matthau, one of the two now warring former vaudeville partners, becomes quickly insufferable, whereas George Burns, who meticulously restrains himself as the more silent partner, is a pleasure to see and hear. Richard Benjamin contributes one of his customary greasy performances, while Herbert Ross's direction remains painfully dry. Thru 3/29, St Marks Cinema.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin*. Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; RKO 86th St I; Quad; from 3/29, Gramercy.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill.

Word is Out–Stories of some of our lives made by the Mariposa Film Group, six San Francisco-based documentary filmmakers, presenting conversations with 26 gay men and women from a variety of age groups, cultures, lifestyles, and geographic backgrounds. Eastside.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Thursday, March 30

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

April Shawhan plays one of five archetypal movie characters in **A History of the American Film,** a comedy by Christopher Durang, with music by Mel Marvin, choreography by Graciela Daniele, directed by David Chambers. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m.; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 49th (246-6270).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and *a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle* Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dancin'–Bob Fosse's new musical entertainment, a song-and-dance show, features Ann Reinking, *Wayne Cilento, Vicki Frederick, Edward Love, and* Sandahl Bergman, and marks the Broadway debut of Charles Ward, an American Ballet Theatre principal now on leave from ABT. Music by composers ranging from Cat Stevens, Louis Prima, and Melissa Manchester to Bach, Satie, and Varese. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, *and can at best impress if you sit far enough back* so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W *45th (246-6363).*

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds–Of this once-fetching play, the new, quite unnecessary Broadway revival makes a most depressing shambles. Under A.J. Antoon's astoundingly obvious and leaden direction, Shelley Winters and Carol Kane reduce the troublingly beautiful principal roles to inanity. Some of the dialogue cannot even be heard. Peter Harvey's set and costumes can, alas, be seen. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, *lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and* their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés,* she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orches*tra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru* Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

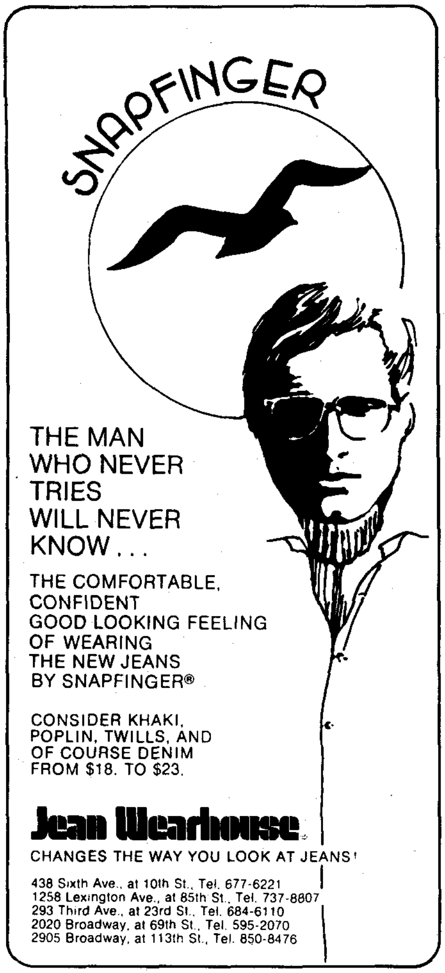
Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has pro*vided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come* up with grand designs in this musical which stars Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. *Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St.* James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Paul Robeson–Phillip Hayes Dean's portrait of a great man has been composed with shrewdness and wit, and is played by James Earl Jones in a manner that is big in body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for. Every virtue is here, yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down-to-earth, saltily human. Thurs at 8; Sat at 2 & 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Mon thru Wed; Fri & Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

13 Rue de l'Amour–This is not the best of Georges Feydeau, but there is a supply of joy even in the lesser works of this madcap master. Nobody would be able to summarize the plot. You must accept the fact that the play is a sandwich; a hilarious, meaty second act between two somewhat dry slices of bread by way of a first and third. Even there you will find some hearty laughs. Basil Langdon has picked some interesting players, and he has directed some suitably fancy business at a condignly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punishing pace. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Mon thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Lanford Wilson's *Ludlow Fair* and *Be Who You Are,* Fri & Sat at 9:30; Sun & Mon at 7:30, thru 4/9. $3 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Amen Corner–James Baldwin's play, directed by Mical Whitaker. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/9. 36 W 62nd on the 4th floor (581-9110).

American Theater Experiment–The Richard Wright/ Paul Green version of *Native Son,* thru 4/12 at 7:30, in repertory with Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge,* 3/28-4/16, at 7:30. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (799-1095).

Anna Kleiber–A play by Alfonso Sastre about an actress attracted to evil. In English. Directed by Don Marlette, starring Jennifer Steinberg. Thru 4/9. Jewish Repertory, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

Apache Fog–Backstage musical revue, with Dick Mazza, Steve Sterner, and Bill Frank. 4/2, 9, 16, at 7 & 9:30. The Brook. 40 W 17th St (982-2386).

The Best Little Whore House in Texas–A new musical with book by Lawrence King and Peter Masterson, based on a true story published in 1973. Music and lyrics by Carol Hall; directed by Peter Masterson and Tommy Tune. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, J. Frank Lucas, and Louise Quick. Previews start 3/31, prior to a 4/9 opening. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m.; Sat at 7 & 10 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Entermedia Theater, 12th St & 2nd Ave (475-4191).

A Bistro Car on the CNR–A new musical with music by Patrick Rose; lyrics by Merv Campone/Richard Ozunian; directed and choreographed by Russell Treyz. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

Brecht and Justice–Two one-act plays by Brecht on the trial process: *The Elephant Calf,* and *In Search of Justice.* 3/30-4/2, 4/6-9, at 8 p.m. $3. NY Stage Works, 15 W 18th (242-3967).

Carmilla–From the novella by Sheridan LeFanu, written and directed by Wilford Leach, with music by Ben Johnston. Thru 4/10 at 9 p.m. $6. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (254-6468).

The Chalk Garden–Enid Bagnold's comedy. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/2. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

The Bright and Golden Land–A play by Harry Granick, directed by Leon Gochman. Wed thru Sun, 3/29-4/16. $2.50. Vandam Theater, 16 Vandam St (675-0498).

Clash By Night–A revival of the 1941 Clifford Odets play, directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Fri thru Mon, thru 4/15. $3. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Cops–A play written by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago where cops hang out, which suddenly becomes the setting for a shoot-out. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 8 & 10. $4, $5, $6. The Envelope, 35 Wooster St in Soho (966-3651).

CSC Repertory–Jean Genet's *The Maids* and Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot (thru 4/2).* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret, starring The First Amendment, Comedy Troupe, Seborn Westbrook, Rita Ebenhart, and others. At 8 & 10:30 p.m. Thurs thru Sat, thru 4/29. $4. Actors Plyhse, 100-7th Ave So (242-9657).

Conjuring an Event–Richard Nelson's contemporary play about a reporter who attempts to go beyond natural observation. Michael Christofer has the title role. Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. mats Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thurs eve at 6:30. Thru 4/2. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Curse of the Starving Class–Sam Shepard's play is a sort of fancier, more literary version of all those earnest middle-class plays about the decay of the family in Middle America, here treated in an absurdist, faintly surreal fashion. The production, though, is generally accomplished, with Olympia Dukakis and Pamela Reed giving particularly able performances under Robert Woodruff's straightforward direction. Thru 4/9. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Da–Paul Rudd and Brian Murray in Hugh Leonard's play, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sun and Sat at 3. $4. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

The Doctor in Spite of Himself–Moliere's play, directed by John Dolan. Mon thru Wed at 8 p.m. Sat at 3 p.m. thru 4/1. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Double Bill–Lanford Wilson's *Brontosaurus,* and John Bishop's *Cabin 12;* Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3. Thru 4/8. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Double Bill–Paul Sambol's *The Straight Man,* and Steven Otfinoski's *At Crazy Jayne's,* both directed by Michael Lange. Thru 4/2. Stagelights, 218 W 48th (245-6757).

Don Juan in Hell–By George Bernard Shaw. Thurs thru Sat at 8:30, Thru 4/8. Medicine Show Theater, 45 E 20th (982-2986).

Drama Committee Repertory–Gogol's *Chichikov's Journey,* Sat at 8 & 10:30, thru 5/14. Arthur Reel's *Possession,* Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8 p.m. 4/13-5/14. Strindberg's *Comrades,* Sat at 2:30; Mon & Tues at 8; 4/17-5/30. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Find Your Way Home–John Swearingen and Judy Frank in a drama of love, truth, sexuality, jealousy, fantasy, etc, by John Hopkins. 3/30-4/1, 4/6-8 at 8 p.m. 4/2, 4/29 at 3 p.m. $3. Production Company, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Fourth Wall Repertory–Ken Krauss's *Don't Stand in the Doorway;* Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru May. *On the Wall,* a comedy revue; Fri & Sat at 11:30 p.m. Provincetown Plyhse, 13 MacDougal St (254-5060).

Godspell–"Back by Popular Demand." Wed at 2; Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 2 & 8 p.m. $6. 3/31-4/29. Lamb's Ministries, 130 W 44th (575-0300).

A Gown for His Mistress–Georges Feydeau's first full-length play, a vaudeville of the upper-class French of 1900. Fri thru Sun, thru 4/2, at 7:30. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (925-5481).

Innocent Pleasures–Arthur Giron's comedy about a couple in the bedrooms and board rooms of New York's business world. Harold Stone directs. Thurs thru Sun, thru 4/2, at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

In the Beginning–A play by Aharon Megged draws on the tale of Adam and Eve in their original state through near-modern domesticity. Fri at 7:30, Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 7 p.m. 4/2. $2.50. Henry Street Settlement, 265 Henry St (766-9200).

The International Stud–Love story presented in scenes, monologues and torchsongs. 3/31-4/2 at 10 p.m. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore–John Ford's classic tragedy, directed by Allen Schoer. Wed thru Sat, 4/5-22, at 8 p.m. $3. Walden Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Birthday Party;* Sartre's *No Exit.* Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Joan and the Devil–An American musical fable, with music by Dick Hyman, book and lyrics by Seymour Reiter, directed by Brandy Rabin; about the devil's visit to a small American town shortly before WW 1. Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, from 3/27. 13th St Theater, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Life of Galileo–Bertolt Brecht's play, starring Laurence Luckinbill. Tues thru Sat $7, $5. 3/28-4/23. Havemeyer Hall (Main Gate of Columbia at Bdway & 116th) (280-3870).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by *all* but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?

Stephan Morrow and **Jacky Bartone** appear in **In Lunchtime,** the first of a trio of plays that has come of age about encounters of love, sex, and anarchy in the Big Apple, written by the great Leonard Melfi. The other two are **Halloween** and **Birdbath.** 3/31-4/2, 4/6-9, 4/13-16 for the first two (which appear as a double bill), and 4/21-23, 4/28-30, 5/5-5/7, 5/12-14 for **Birdbath.** Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (473-9054).

The Millionairess–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/23. $3. West Side Repertory Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Misanthrope–Moliere's play, directed by Gerry Giacobbe. Thurs thru Sat, thru 4/2. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Adapted and directed by *Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov.* Moliere's tragic/comic theatrics in the court of Louis XIV as seen through the eyes of the Soviet play-

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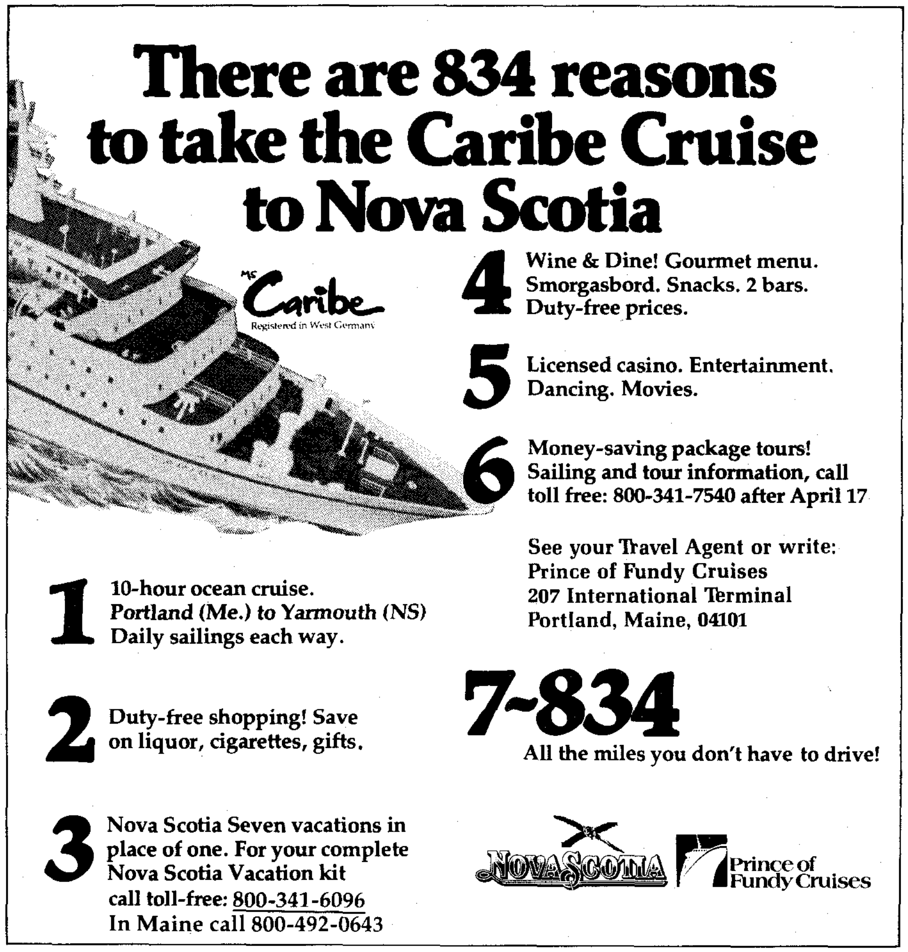

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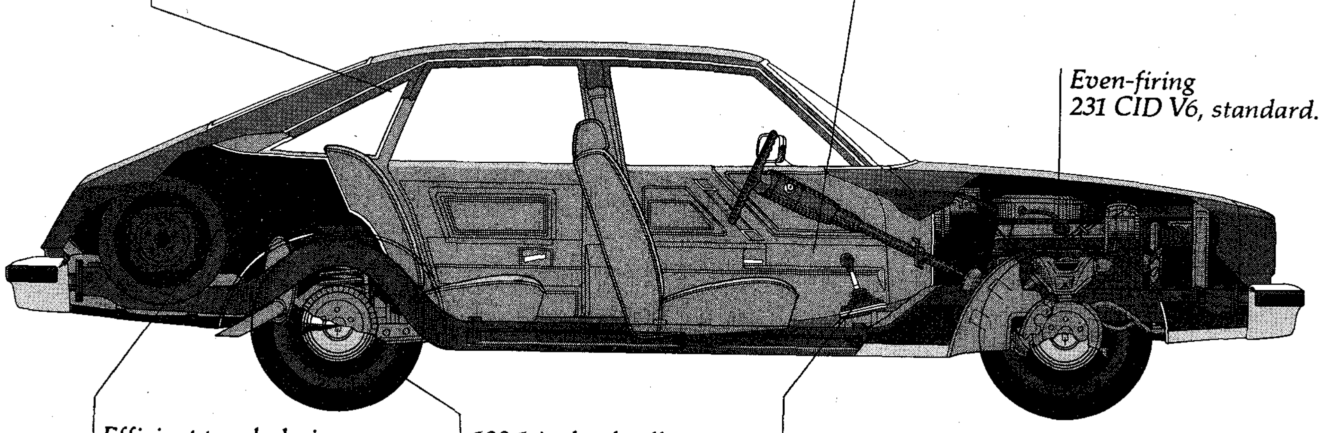

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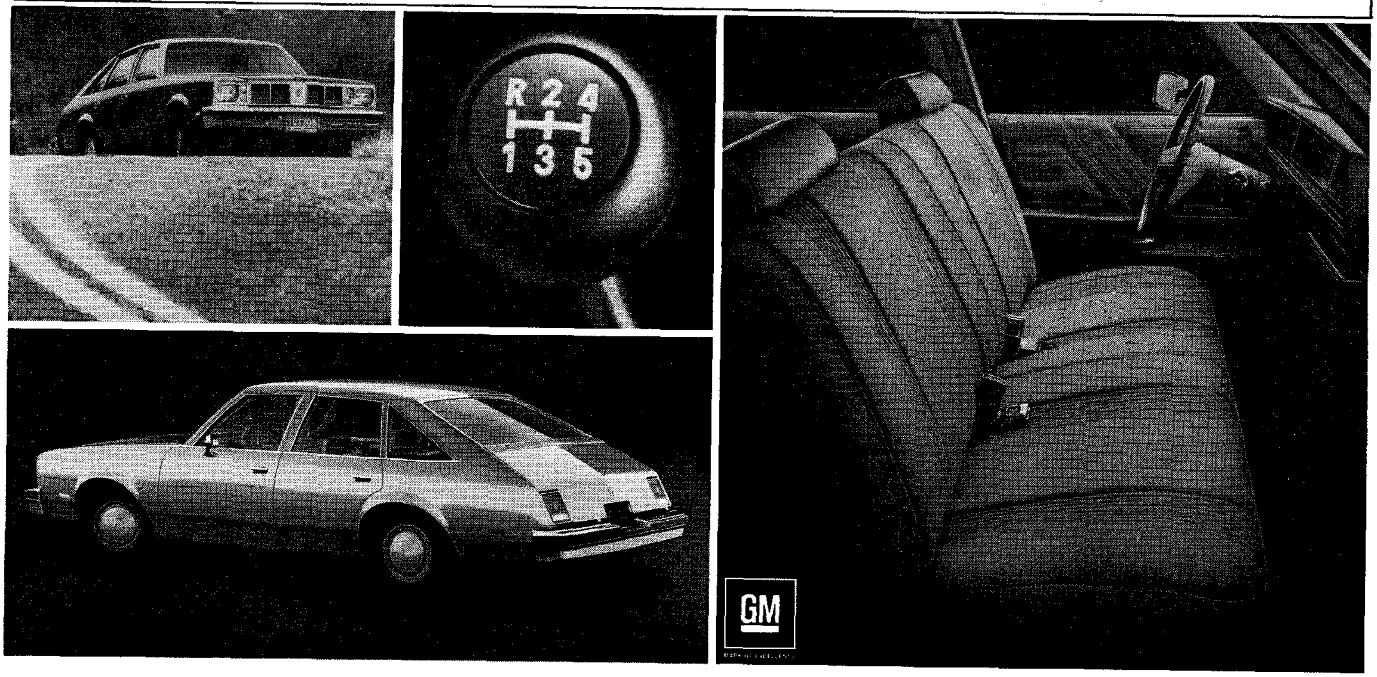

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Audi Fox 4-dr. Sedan	$6320*	97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.3	31.7	53.3	10.7
VW Dasher 4-dr. Sedan	$6124*	97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.2	31.7	53.3	12.1
Volvo 244A 4-dr. Sedan	$7595*	130 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	25-20-22	37.4	40.7	54.3	36.8	36.6	53.1	13.9
Datsun 510 4-dr. Sedan	$4863*	119 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-25-27	37.4	40.7	51.2	36.4	30.7	51.7	8.3
Saab 99GL 4-dr. Sedan	$7798*	122 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	26-20-23	38.1	41.3	53.1	37.5	35.9	52.9	20.7
Toyota Corona 4-dr. Sedan	$4914*	134 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	23-19-21	38.0	39.3	51.5	36.8	31.6	51.2	10.1

*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for models shown equipped with automatic transmission, including dealer preparation; specific features will vary, car to car. California MSRP are: Salon, $4890; Fox, $6430; Saab, $7798; Dasher, $6209; Volvo, $7595; Toyota, $4994; Datsun 510, $4947. Taxes, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional. Cutlass Salons are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Oldsmobile dealer for details.

†Source: 1978 EPA data. Mileage figures are from the EPA Federal Buyer's Guide and are estimates; your mileage will vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and equipment. California EPA highway-city-combined estimates are: Salon, 23-16-18; Fox, 30-22-25; Saab, 26-20-23; Dasher, 30-22-25; Volvo, 25-20-22; Toyota, 23-19-20; Datsun, 28-23-25.

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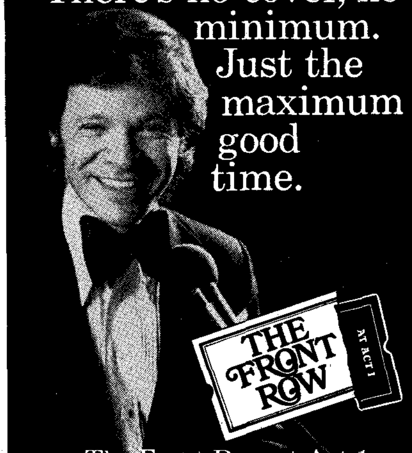

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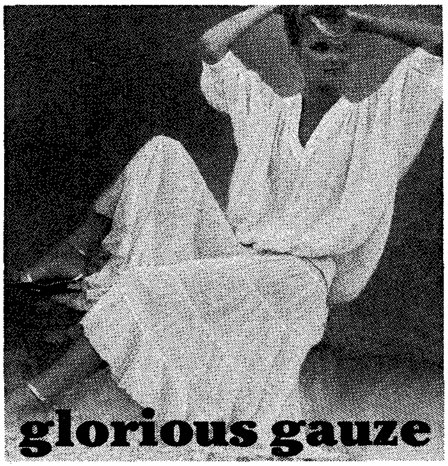

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wright. Tues thru Sat at 7:30. $6, $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Museum–Tina Howe's civilized little play accomplishes a good deal in a casual manner, with an irreverence whose surface is so glossy that it almost blinds us to the deeper, satirical intent—which may be a failing, but a venial one, surely. We are given a museum gallery where an avant-garde show is in its last day. The play is recommended to theater lovers, contemporary art haters, and all other decent folk. Thru 4/2. Public/LuEster Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Othello–Earle Hyman stars in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Pageant in Exile–A dramatic musical on Byron & Shelley by Randy Wilson, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. $2. Westside Airlines Terminal (corner of 10th Ave & 42nd) (947-4224).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Phantom of the Opera–Back again, this time haunting a concert hall, attempting to win the love of a young dancer. Adapted by Albert Reyes, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 & 8 p.m. thru 4/9. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Patio/Porch–Jack Heifner's new comedy, starring Fannie Flagg and Ronnie Claire Edwards, set in a small Texas town on the hottest day of the year. From 4/4. Century, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

A Prayer for my Daughter–A pair of sordid policemen question and torture a couple of homosexuals guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. The play, by Thomas Babe, moves along at a good clip and is constructed with considerable know-how. Robert Ackerman has directed appropriately. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

The Promise–A play by Aleksei Arbuzov about two friends caught in a modern Russian love triangle with the woman they love. 3/30-4/2, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (PL 3-2310).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

The Renaissance: Beatrice Cenci–A historic tragedy by Roberto Monticello about the passion and execution of the Cenci in late 16th Century Rome. Thurs thru Sun, thru 4/9 at 8 p.m. Cubiculo, 414 W 51 (265-2138).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*; Robert Michael Morris's *Bees 'n' Birds.* $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Martinson Hall/Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

She Stoops To Conquer–Oliver Goldsmith's comedy of mistaken identities. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/9. $3. Troupe Theater, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Spanish Theater Repertory–*Bodas de Sangre* by Lorca; *Te Juro Juana Que Tengo Ganas* and *El Censo* by Carballido; *Cien Veces No Debo*; *Los Japoneses No Esperan* by Talesnik; *Jardin de Otono* by Diana Raznovich, directed by Rene Buch, Delfor Peralta, and Braulio Villar. All plays in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru May. Gramercy

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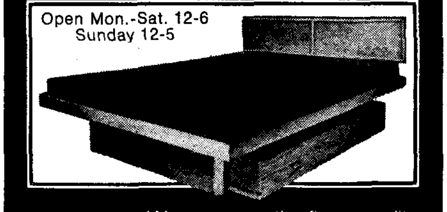

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This House–A play by Barbara de la Cuesta, directed by Ellis Santone. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/2. BMT Theater, 137 W 22nd (691-7950).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Troupe Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/9 $3. Upstairs Theater. Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer,* Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3, thru 4/9. $3. Downstairs Theater. 335 W 39th St (727-3092).

The Winner Goes Home–Comedy-drama about three sons' efforts to come to grips with an unconventional father. By Lyla Hay Owen. Fri thru Sat at 8; Sun at 4:30, Mon at 8. 3/31-4/15. $3. The Townhouse, 124 W 60th (243-2226).

The Winslow Boy–Terence Rattigan's drama, directed by Nell Robinson. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 2:30, thru 4/2. $2.50. Skylight Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Woman to Woman–Three one-act plays by Michael Shurtleff. Mon thru Thurs, thru 4/13, at 8 p.m. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

World's 1st Country Western Women's Lib–Musical comedy written by Lu Ann Horstman, directed by Phyllis Craig. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (586-9763).

Your Turn To Tango, My Turn To Dance–Joan Haber's one-act play about a woman's vengeance on her boss after working for him for 20 years. 3/27-31 at 1:15 p.m. (Bring your lunch). $1.50. Quaigh Lunchtime Theater, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Zinnia–Emily Frankel's work, directed by John Cullum. Sun at 3 & 7:30. $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

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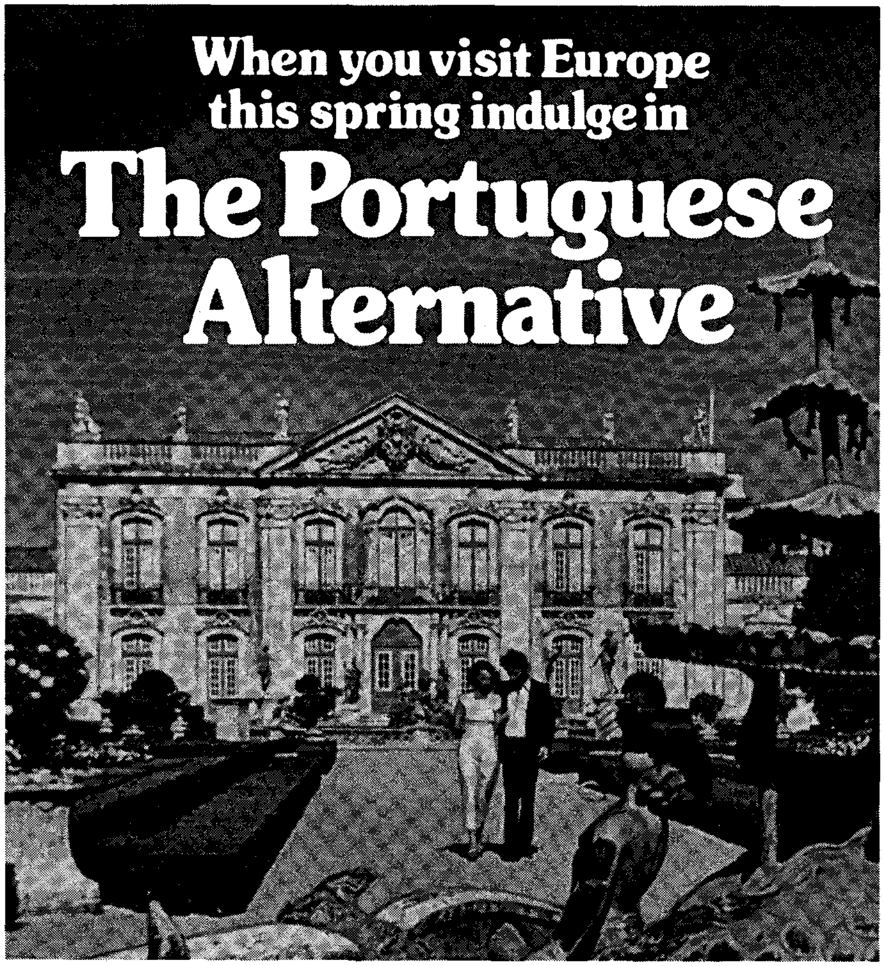
La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. 3/28-30, the Dardanelle Trio. Rita Dimitri every Tues thru Sat at 10 (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. From 3/28, "Latin Fantasy." Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).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Copacabana–10 E 60th. From 3/29, singer/actress/dancer Mira Christian, 10 p.m. & midnight. Dancing to the music of the Irving Fields Trio Tues thru Sat, 8 to 4 a.m. (PL 5-6010).

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Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra. Thru 4/3, Slappy White and Betty Lavette. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

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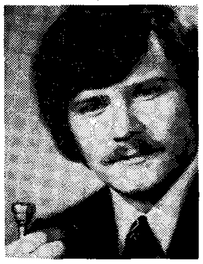

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Playboy Club–5 E 59th. Lainie's Room: Jazz singer Liz Torres 3/27-4/8, Mon thru Fri 9 & 11:30 p.m. Sat, 8:30, 11 p.m. & 1 a.m. (PL 2-3100).

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Singer-pianist **Hugh Shannon** inaugurates the season at **David K's Aquarium Lounge.** He appears nightly, with old and new favorites, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from 9 p.m. until 2 a.m. The address: 1115 Third Avenue. The telephone number: 371-9090.

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** From 3/28, Bobby Short is back! **Bemelmans Bar:** Teddy Wilson, the patron saint of swing piano and one of the most stylish of improvisors, is alone at the keyboard on weekday nights.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio play quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, thru 4/1, Head Over Heels. 4/3-29, Bradley Band, starring Susan Bradley. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to when and where They're playing.

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by Charles ('Annie') Strouse; with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 3/29-4/1, Bob Cunningham Trio. (675-4720).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. 3/30, Charles Earland and the Dave Matthews Big Band. 3/31, 4/1, The Good Rats. 4/2, Carla Bley Band (228-6300).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

AGE CANNOT WITHER

Alberta Hunter, that grand old lady of the blues, whose landmark engagement at **The Cookery** (University Pl at 8th St) has been extended indefinitely, celebrates a landmark 83rd birthday on April 1st. She sings Monday thru Thursday at 8:30 & 10:30; Friday & Saturday at 12:15 also. (OR 4-4450).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban's house band entertains. Guests sit in on Tuesdays and Sundays (265-8277).

Hopper's–452 6th Ave. ballad singer David Allyn, and a jazz group. 9:30 & 11 p.m. Mon thru Sat, with an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion–130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock. Also singalongs. Wednesdays from 8 to midnight thru 5/3 (759-9041).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. Singer-pianist Diana Finn entertains Tues thru Sat from 7 to midnight (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Singer Francine Caroll from 9:15 p.m. in a tribute to Sophie Tucker. Thru 4/8. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Pianist Ed Linderman does right by show tunes. Mon thru Sat, from 8:30 on (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 3/27-29, The Woodstock Mountain Revue: 3/30-4/1, violinist Papa John Creach, 4/3-5, Shawn Phillips. 9 p.m. & 11:30 during the week, 9 p.m. & midnight on Fri & Sat (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 3/28-30, Sandy Bull. 3/31-4/2, singer Chapman Roberts (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 3/28-4/2, Art Farmer Quartet. 4/3, Benny Wallace Trio. 4/4-8, Chet Baker Quartet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 3/29-4/1, 4/5-8, Baby Jane Dexter, at 8:30 & 10:30. Showcase Tuesday nights (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker & Thompson. 3/31, 4/1, Sonny Rollins Quintet; Junior Mance Trio (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. A change of pace, literally, thru 4/2: Jane Goldberg, a tireless advocate of creative tap and a hoofer herself, will resuscitate the art with contemporary Andrea Levine and veteran Charles Cook (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Barnum & Bailey Circus, Madison Square Garden (564-4400): 3/28-30 at 10:30 & 2:30; 3/31 at 10:30, 2:30, & 7:30; 4/1 at 10:30, 3 & 8; 4/2 at 1 & 5:30.

Jazz: Sam Rivers Quartet, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 3/29-30 at 11, 3/31-4/1 at 10 & 12.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Westbury Music Fair, Natalie Cole and Robert Klein, 3/30-31 at 8:30, 4/1 at 7 and 10:30, 4/2 at 3 and 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). 3/28 at 7, 3/29-31 at 2 & 7, 4/1 at 2, 7 & 10, 4/2 at 2 & 5.

Elvis: The Legend Lives, Palace Theater, Bdwy at 47th St. (757-2626). Tues-Thurs at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, March 28

Chamber Music Society, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

Susan Lang Eddlemon & Lucy Blachman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.

D'Accord Quintet, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.

Jay Clayton, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Misha & Cipa Dichter, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Wednesday, March 29

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Jan Geller, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9 & 11.

Antonio Zepeda, Whitney Museum Downtown, at 12:30.

Mura Kievman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Amanda, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Jay Clayton, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Maria Kardas Barna, Town Hall, at 8:15.

Columbia University Glee Club, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Maria Kardas Barna, Town Hall, at 8:15.

Thursday, March 30

Gotham, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Aviva Players, Kosciusko Foundation, 15 E 65th St. (362-2277), at 8.

Javier Calderón, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Esther Lamneck & Gary Steigerwalt, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Joan Morris & William Bolcom, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Friday, March 31

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Dan Paget Singers, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.

Lionel Party, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.

Peter Gordon, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Kelly Hogan & Linda Lee McAndrews, Pace University Schimmel Center, 1 Pace Plaza (285-3715), at 8.

Saturday, April 1

Juilliard String Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

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Zvi Zeitlin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
José Molina Bailes Españoles, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Mozart Festival Orchestra, First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. (675-9127), at 8.
Meral Guneyman & Henrik Svitzer, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
New York Renaissance Band, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Silberer Recorder Ensembles, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Murray Perahia, Washington Irving High School, 16th St. at Irving Pl. (586-4680), at 8.
James McClure, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday April 2

Miriam Fried & Garrick Ohlsson, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Stony Baroque Chamber Players, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.
Susan Goldberg, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Shirley Rhoads & Seymour Barab, Community Church, 40 E 35th St. (683-4988), at 3.
Zamir Chorale, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 7.
William and Mary College Choir, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 4.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Einstein Community Center, 177 Einstein Loop, Co-Op City (682-6567), at 2:30.
Roger Low, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Bennett Lerner, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
Andreas Quartet, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 4.
Bruce Eberle, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
A Musical Banquet, Corpus Christi Church, Bdwy at 121st St., at 3.
Lucine Amara/Rosemary Freni/Gabor Carelli/Andrij Dobriansky, Hillcrest Jewish Center, 183-02 Union Turnpike (380-4145), at 7:45.

Monday, April 3

Sousa and His Band, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Zamir Chorale, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Education Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 a.m.
John Kenneth Adams, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Richard Stoltzman & Amadeus String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Hunter Symphony, Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. (570-5736), at 8.
Sacred Music Society of America, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, April 4

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Ruth Laredo, 92nd Y, at 8.
National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Lois Shapiro, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Eugenia Earle, Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W 11th St. (254-8553), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 3/28 at 8: **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** with Rysanek, Schroder-Feinen, Dunn, King, Berry. Conductor: Bohm; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn. Wed, 3/29 at 8: **Tosca** with Kubiak, Carreras, Quilico, Capecchi. Conductor: Conlon; director: Schenk; designer: Heinrich. Thurs, 3/30, at 8: **Don Giovanni** with Sutherland, Varady, Tourangeau, Morris. Conductor: Bonynge; director: Graf; designer: Berman. Fri, 3/31 at 8: **Cavalleria Rustivana** with Troyanos, Jones, Kraft, Domingo, MacNeil. **I Pagliacci** with Stratas, Domingo, MacNeil, Monk. Conductor: Levine; director: Zefferelli; designer: Zefferelli. Sat, 4/1 at 2: **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** (same cast as 3/28). Sat, 4/1 at 8: **Tosca** (Same cast as 3/29). Mon, 4/3 at 8: **Don Giovanni** with Tomowa-Sintow, Harwood, Peters, Milnes. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Graf; designer: Berman. Tues, 4/4 at 8: **Tosca** (Same cast as 3/29).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

A LOVELY PAIR

Alan Titus is Count Danilo and **Beverly Sills** is Anna in the New York City Opera's season premiere of *The Merry Widow.* The cast also includes Glenys Fowles and Henry Price. Julius Rudel conducts Tito Capobianco's production; the sets and costumes are by Carl Toms. April 2 at 7 in the New York State Theater (877-4700).

Wed, 3/29 at 8: **Carmen** with Howard, Fowles, Norman, Fredricks. Conductor: Pallo; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Thurs, 3/30 at 8: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Malfitano, Wallis, Ramey, Justus. Conductor: Rudel; director: Copley; designer: Toms. Fri, 3/31 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with Craig, Curry, Sandor, Burchinal. Conductor: La Selva; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Sat, 4/1 at 2: **Le Coq d'Or** with Robinson, Wildermann, Morales. Conductor: Pallo; director: Bamberger; designers: Lee & Varona. Sat, 4/1 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Ehrlich, Esham, Bartolini, Long. **I Pagliacci** with Soviero, Collins, Elvira. Conductor: Kellogg; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Sun, 4/2 at 1: **Rigoletto** with Malfitano, Walker, Di Giuseppe, Fredricks. Conductor: Pallo; director: Corsaro; designers: Evans & Varona. Sun, 4/2 at 7: **The Merry Widow** (See box).

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Lucia Di Lammermoor,* 4/1 at 7:30, 4/2 at 2:30.
Bronx Opera Co., Bronx High School of Science, 75 W 205th St. (931-9500). Works of Beethoven, Brahms, Bizet, and Mozart, 4/1 at 8:30.
Golden Fleece Ltd., Three Muses Theater in Ansonia Hotel, Bdwy at 73rd St. (691-6105). *Three Sisters Who Are Not Sisters, Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac,* and *The Specialist,* 4/1-2 at 3 & 8.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Patience,* 3/29 at 2 & 8:30, 3/30-31 at 8:30, 4/1 at 4 & 8:30, 4/2 at 4.
Opera Films, Alice Tully Hall (362-1911), 4/4 at 8:30.
Opera Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall (247-7459). *Virginia,* 3/29 at 8.
Portable Opera Players, St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th St. (292-2390). *L'Elisir d'Amore,* 3/29 & 4/1 at 7:30.

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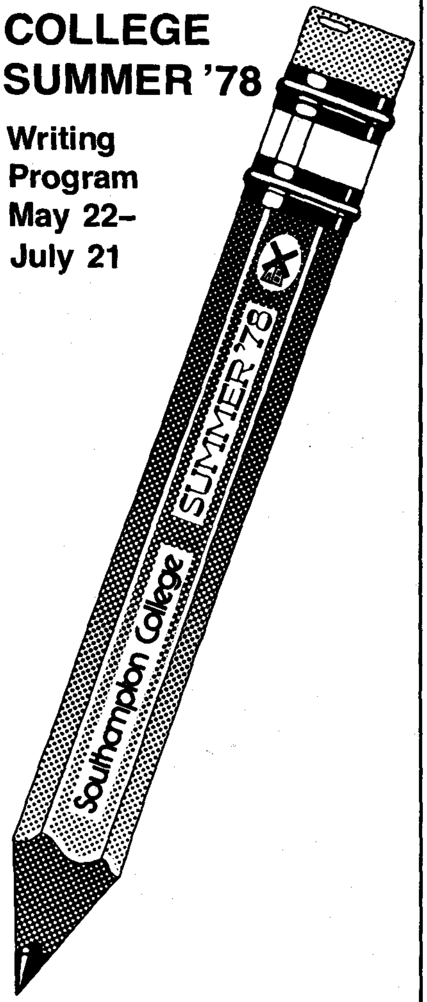

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Dance

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET
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Tues, 3/28 at 8: *The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore; Mahler IV.* Wed, 3/29 at 8: *What to Do Till the Messiah Comes; Family Scenes; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Thurs, 3/30 & Fri, 3/31 at 8: Same program as 3/28. Sat, 4/1, at 2: Same program as 3/29. Sat, 4/1 at 8: *Family Scenes; Adagietto; Pas d'Action; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Sun, 4/2 at 2: Same program as 4/1 evening.

OTHER

LOVELY LASS

Bronwyn Thomas is a featured artist with U.S. Terpsichore, the 25-member ballet company comprised mostly of teenagers. U.S. Terpsichore, under the direction of Richard Thomas, Barbara Fallis, and Daniel Levans, has been critically acclaimed in the U.S. and Canada. They will perform at Brandeis High School (145 W 84th St.) March 27 thru April 1 at 8 (799-5445).

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Phyllis Lamhut Dance Co., 3/29-31 at 8, 4/1 at 8, 4/2 at 2.

Israel Folk Dance Festival, Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), 4/2 at 3:30 & 7.

Matteo Ethno-American Dance Theater, American Museum of Natural History (873-1300), 3/29 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Pat Adams**–Large scale paintings and small works on paper, thru 4/29. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

David Braun–Etching of dark, brooding landscapes and ships of old, thru 4/1. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Bernard Chaet–Watercolors, thru 4/15. Pearl, 29 W 57th (836-6310).

***Richard Chiriani**–Subtle landscapes in acrylic on linen paper, thru 3/30. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Sonia Gechtoff–Panoramic drawings, thru 4/12. Cortella, 41 E 57th (832-2355).

Maria Gooding, Works, 3/28-4/15. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

Ken Greenleaf–Wall and floor sculptures of pieced together wood and aluminum, 4/1-20. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Darryl Hughto–Paintings, thru 3/30. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

Patricia Johanson–An installation, plus bacterial formation drawings for outdoor projects, thru 4/8. Essman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Herbert Katzman–Drawings and paintings, thru 4/14. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Agnes Martin**–Recent watercolors created in New Mexico./Black and white prints of the 70's including Close, Dine, Kelly, others, thru 4/22. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

***Ed McGowin**–A house-like construction of galvanized steel and red glass windows, a lighted tableau and drawings, thru 4/8. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).

Medina-Capeny–Bronze sculpture, thru 4/11. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

Stephen Pace–Bold stroke landscapes and figures, thru 4/6. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Gregorio Prestopino–Vibrant pastorals with nudes, 3/28-4/22. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Leo Rabkin–Boxes with unexpected transformations, thru 4/15. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

***Abraham Rattner**–Four decades of oils, watercolors and drawings, thru 4/1. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

Jim Reed–Sheet film and mixed-media works, thru 4/15. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Larry Rivers/Terry Southern–Lithos and text from *The Donkey and the Darling,* thru 4/1. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Juan Antonio Roda–Etchings, thru 4/15. Noble/Polans, 40 W 57th (541-9510).

G.H. Rothe–Realist oils, thru 4/8. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Elena Urbaitis–Collage and paint abstractions, thru 4/6. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Donna White–Architectural acrylics and nature studies, 3/28-4/15. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Benny Andrews**–"Women I've Known," thru 3/30. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

***Willard Boepple**–New, large Cor-Ten steel pieces plus table works, thru 4/22. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

Bogarin–Pure color and shape in serigraphs, thru 3/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

David Lee Brown–Recent stainless steel sculpture, thru 4/21. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Bruno Civitico–Recent paintings, thru 4/8. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Alan E. Cober–Color circus drawings, thru 4/8. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

Whitney Darrow, Jr.–Cartoons and posters, thru 4/1. Nicholls, 1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211).

Bill Freeland–Constructions, boxes, and drawings, thru 3/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Don Freeman**(1908-1978)–NYC street scenes and Broadway, thru 3/31. Feiden, 51 E 10th (OR7-5330). Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 12:30-4:30.

Jean Fusaro–Nudes, seascapes, and landscapes in paint on paper, pastels, and drawings, thru 4/1. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Klaus Fussmann–Recent works, thru 4/22. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Ilse Getz**–Paintings and constructions, thru 4/15. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

Ted Jaslow–Acrylics and watercolors, thru 4/9. Guild, 1145 Mad at 85th (861-3776).

Irving Kaufman–Paintings, 4/1-22. Rehn, 655 Mad Ave (PL3-4694).

Itaru Komuro–Wooden configurations, thru 4/1. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (535-1919).

David Levine–Satirical drawings and watercolors, 4/1-28. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Rodger Mack–Cast bronze sculpture, thru 4/8. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

Mercedes–Fantasy landscapes, 4/1-28. Canty, 50 E 78th (794-9855).

Jozef Pankiewicz (1866-1940)–Works done in Paris and Southern France by this collegue of Bonnard, thru 4/10. Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E 65th (734-2130).

Mark Peiser–Opalescent glass vessels, thru 4/3. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

David Phillips–Sculpture, drawings and proposals for environmental works, 4/1-29. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Katherine Porter**–New paintings, thru 4/1. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

***Ed Ruscha**–Recent drawings, graphic, and photographic books, thru 4/1. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

Fritz Scholder–Indians and dogs in oil, thru 4/8. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Charles Schorre–Vibrant abstractions, thru 4/8. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).

Joan Semmel–Recent paintings, 4/1-27. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Paul Waldman–Paintings and drawings, 3/28-4/15. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

Kay Walkingstick–Layers of black paint around underlying colored arcs, 3/28-4/22. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Hannah Wilke–A ten minute film performance, two videos and small drawings, thru 4/1. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050).

Charles Wysocki–The New England countryside, thru 4/1. *Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).*

SoHo

***Carl Andre**–New sculpture, thru 3/28. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Alice Aycock–Wood constructions and drawings, thru *3/28. Weber,* 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

***Jared Bark/Annette Messager**–An installation entitled "The Cold Lighthouse" and smaller metamorphic works /French works, thru 4/12. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Jorge Bellandria/George Greenamyer–*Venezulean* works./Sculpture, 3/28-4/22. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Joanne Segal Brandford–Knotted and looped nets in silk, cotton and linen, thru 4/6. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

John Cage–Etchings and worksheets, thru 4/8. Solway, *139 Spring (925-1200).*

Henry Chalfant–Conceptual limestone carvings, thru 4/1. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Maureen Conner**–Assemblages made from articles of clothing, thru 3/29. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Mary Dritschel/Vince O'Leary–A multi-media installation */Light piece synthesis photos, 3/28-4/23.* Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

***Charles Ginnever**–The "Hellenic Series", steel parallelograms exploring space and illusion, 3/28-4/22. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Ken Glickfeld–Abstractions using industrial materials and found objects, thru 4/2. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

***Myron Heise**–The city at night, thru 3/29. Bowery, 135 Greene (477-9879).

Linda Howard–Geometric progressions in square aluminum tubing, thru 4/15. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Kathy Kramer–Inconsistent abstractions, thru 4/2. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

John Lennard–Acrylic abstractions on canvas, thru 4/1. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Niki Logis–Copper and brass right-angle structures, thru 4/1. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Margaret Miller–Log sculptures and drawings reconstituting the constellations, thru 4/5. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Patsy Norvell–New sculpture, thru 4/5. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Beatrice Riese/Sandra Stanton–Modified grid systems as intellectual analogues /Street scenes, thru *3/30. West Broadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).*

Jane Rosen–Sculpture, thru 4/1. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Ben Schonzeit**–Views of a period piece music room, thru 4/6. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Sandra Sheppard–Sculpture, paintings, and drawings /A multi-media group, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

***Nora Speyer**–*Adam and Eve, the expulsion, and* trees by a pond, thru 4/7. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Don Stern–Interiors in paint, thru 3/30. Educational Alliance, 197 E Bdwy (475-6200). Sun-Thurs 10-10, Fri 10-5.

Lee W. Tiffany–Sculpture and paintings, thru 4/2. Alnico, 123 Prince (228-6586). Tues-Sun 12-5.

***Selina Trieff**–Figurative inner worlds, thru 3/29. Prince St, 106 Prince (242-1561). Tues-Sun 12-5.

OTHER

Thomas Goldenberg/Ron Janowich–Paintings/Drawings, thru 3/31. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192). Wed-Sat 12-6.

***Nancy Graves**–A 5,000 pound bronze fossil sculpture, thru 4/30. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

Jorge Hugo–Mixed-media on burlap and canvas, thru 4/8. Spanish Institute, 684 Park at 68th (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Maggie Kotuk/Nicholas Nappi–Large figurative paintings/Works on paper, thru 3/29. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Herold Lehr–An installation of sky-clocks, light measuring devices creating day-time patterns, thru 4/7. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Mel Pekarsky–Death Valley and the Mojave Desert in pencil and oil wash, thru 4/15. Einstein, 243 E 82nd (628-8782).

Irene Peslikis–Photographic blow-ups of collages, thru 4/2. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

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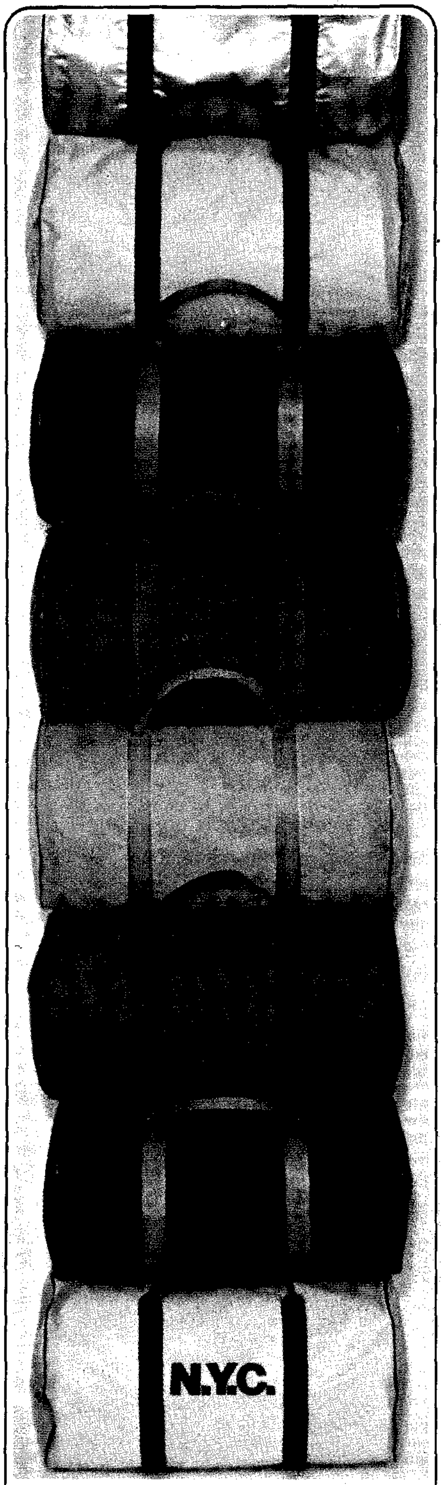

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Sylvia Plimack Mangold–Recent paintings and drawings, 3/28-4/22. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Norman Rockwell–Oils and signed graphics, thru 4/29. Studio 53, 424 Park Ave (688-1300).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Works on paper, including the thick acrylic collage-drawings of Hudson and the ruins at Cuzco by Pearlstein, thru 3/30.

***Goodman**–38 E 57th (755-3520). Objects by Agnetti, Johns, Marisol, Porter, Rauschenberg, others, thru 4/1.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Hockey in works by Arman, Feigen, others, thru 4/1.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***ACA**–25 E 73rd (628-2440). American flower paintings from 1850 to 1950 including Demuth, O'Keeffe, Rosen, Stella, others, 4/1-22.

African Tribal Arts II–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Masks and helmets used in puberty rites of Sierra Leone and Liberia, thru 3/30.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Sarsony, others, thru 4/1.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Raku wall plaques and sculpture by the Kemenyffys, glass by Reed, and woven neck pieces by Elston, thru 4/8.

Ericson–963 Mad Ave (737-6155). Four contemporary Californians, thru 4/8.

***Forum**–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Four American Sculptors: Gross, Lachaise, Nadelman, and Robus, thru 3/29.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). 20th century paintings and sculpture from Brancusi to Lichtenstein, thru 4/8.

French Institute–22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 11-8, Fri 11-5:30, Sat 11-1:30. French picture postcards from 1889-1919, thru 5/5.

***L'Isis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Julie–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). "Circus" by gallery artists, thru 4/1.

NY Academy of Sciences–2 E 63rd (838-0230). Mon-Fri 9-5. Six artists with a scientific point of view, thru 4/21.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists Dix, Feininger, Heckel, others, thru 4/29.

***Stone**–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Ducmanh and Hyatt and airplanes by Williams, thru 3/31.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Ten years at this co-op, including works by Admiral, De Niro, Reiner, Wexler, thru 4/29. Wed-Sat 12-5.

Caldwell–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Works on paper by Hart, large oils by Shedletsky, others, thru 4/1.

***Cuningham Ward**–94 Prince (966-0455). Nine artists from Australia, thru 4/15.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Paperworks by 100 artists, thru 4/15.

Pretto–176 Franklin (925-3430). Tues-Sat 3-6. Contemporary Europeans, thru 3/30.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Sculpture by Reiland and Saganac, 3/30-4/22.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6. Enamel art, thru 3/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Tapestries and colored burning wood by Albu, collages by Bloom, paintings and sculpture by Di Falco, and oils by Hoxter, thru 3/30.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Tapestries from Senegal by thirteen artists, thru 6/10.

American Academy–633 W 155th (286-1480). Tues-Sun 1-4. Beck, Gillespie, LaHotan, Lucchesi, others, thru 4/9.

Arsenal–830 5th (858-1416). Mon-Fri 9-5. Civello's linear portraits and Sheirr's colorist landscapes, thru 3/31.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Video, posters, illustrations by faculty, thru 4/1.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Paintings, sculpture and environment pieces from the 'Holocaust Haggadah' by Sandy Relis, thru 4/30.

***Pratt Graphics**–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Cast paper pieces using pulp by Boyle, Kelly, Lutz, Nevelson, others, thru 4/1.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Waldman–231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Fri 9:30-6:30. Sat til 5. Pictographs from the Warlis, an East Indian tribe, thru 3/31.

Photography

***Micha Bar Am/Harold Edgerton/Frank Rinehart**–Begin and Sadat by this Mid-East photojournalist / High-speed, freeze frame shots /American Indian portraits, thru 4/22. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Baron Adolphe De Meyer–Nijinsky dancing in the 1912 "L'Apres-Midi D'Un Faune", thru 4/8. Washburn, 42 E 57th (PL3-0546).

George Chinsee–Fashion portraits, thru 4/10. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Daniel Deitch**–Italy, thru 3/31. Diana, 21 W 46th (246-1770). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Foto–492 Broome (925-5612). 25 contemporaries including Margolis and Rexroth, thru 4/8.

Beryl Goldberg/Julie Mihaly–West Africans /Swimmers in a pool, thru 4/3. Double Exposure, 340 Ave of the Americas (541-7600).

Helios–18 E 67th (988-5593). Recent acquisitions by Atget, Muybridge, Weston, others, thru 4/15.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). Survey of current attitudes towards color, including the fragmented images of Link and the surreal middle-American landscapes of Lopez and Medina, thru 4/1.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

Jay Maisel–Dye-transfer prints, thru 4/21. The Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776). Tues 10-5.

Tom Marotta–Romanians in black-and-white, thru 4/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Elaine Mayes–First NYC solo thru 4/29. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

***Nickolas Muray**–*Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair* celebrities of the 20s, thru 4/15. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Aristides Pappidas**–Soho faces, thru 4/1. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

Richard A. Roaman–Scenes from Rome to Rio, thru 3/29. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Nature by Brown, rapid transit by Firestone, others plus aerial landscapes by MacLean, 4/2-5/2.

***John Thomson**–19th century China, Cambodia, Cyprus, and England, thru 4/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

Andre Villers–Portratis of Picasso, Miro, Arp and works from the Art album "Diurnes", 3/31-4/30. French Cultural Services, 972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Personal Visions, Places, Spaces:* Works which stress the individual vision; thru 4/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Look Again:* Decorative arts from the permanent collection; thru May.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in*

East Hampton: His first major museum exhibition in a decade; thru 4/23. *American Sculpture:* from the permanent collection.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue:* The architecture of a neighborhood; thru 4/30. *The Photographer at the Museum:* Color photographs of works of art in some of the world's great museums; 4/1 thru 4/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Munkacsi—Spontaneity and Style:* The first retrospective of the work of Martin Munkacsi; thru 4/30. *Future Scientific Place and Other Spaces:* Lynne Cohen's photographs of the decorated interiors of public spaces and private dwellings; thru 4/14.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings;* thru 5/15. *Irwin Untermyer Collection:* 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30. *Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century;* thru 5/7.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. Exhibition celebrating the 500th anniversary of Oxford University Press; thru 5/7. Exhibition of French and English flower books and drawings from the 15th to the 19th century; thru 5/14.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *In Loving Memory:* New York City tombstone rubbings; thru 4/30. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *New Stained Glass:* Small-scaled glass panels. Ceramics by David Gilhooly. Jewelry from the permanent collection. Thru 4/2.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Sol LeWitt:* The first comprehensive retrospective of his work to be presented in an American museum; thru 4/4. *Steichen:* The master prints (1895-1914); thru 3/28. *New Standpoints, 1940-55:* Photos by various artists taken on American streets and characterized by extreme graphic economy; thru 4/30. *Mexican Art:* Engravings, prints paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/25.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Private Myths:* Unearthings of contemporary art; thru 5/7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Duane Hanson's Sculptures;* thru 4/16. Exhibition dealing with the formal properties of color photography; thru 4/23. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Denver Nuggets, 3/28; vs. Washington Bullets, 3/30; vs. Atlanta Hawks, 4/4. At 8:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Milwaukee Bucks, 3/31 at 8:05.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Washington Capitals, 4/1; vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 4/4. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. New York Islanders, 3/29 at 7:35.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (484-6010); vs. Fort Lauderdale Strikers, 4/2 at 2:30.

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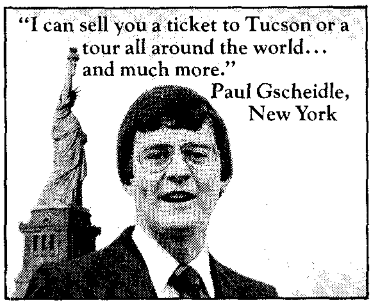

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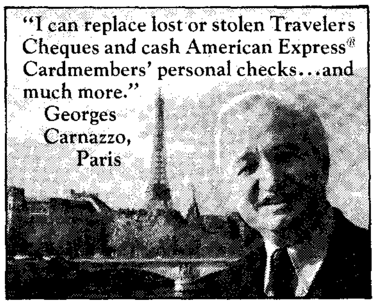

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The South Bronx Shall Rise Again

By Michael Harrington

> ". . . Bedford-Stuyvesant proves there are community energies which people, given a chance, can use to help themselves . . ."

The streets are lined with elegant, well-kept brownstones which could easily serve as a backdrop for a Henry James novel about upper-middle-class life at the turn of the century. Only they are located in the middle of the city's largest black ghetto (and the nation's second-largest black community). On the periphery of this Shangri-La—most dramatically in the Bushwick section to the north—the scenery is more typical of the times: an urban war zone of burned-out and abandoned buildings rotting in the aftermath of the Great Blackout of the summer of 1977. But in Bedford-Stuyvesant, there was hardly any looting.

The Bedford-Stuyvesant restoration is a living remnant of the social imagination and innovation of the sixties—a dream, it would seem, that works. Or does it? That question is an important one in the discussion of President Carter's urban policy, which will be announced this week. For if there is even one neighborhood which was headed toward the fate of the South Bronx—New York's municipal Appalachia—and then reversed the disastrous trend, that is important news for the nation as a whole. It means that the prime domestic tragedy of recent years—the deterioration of the great cities—is not inevitable.

The South Bronx. It is a legendary symbol for the despair of the seventies. In the sixties, there was Pruitt-Igoe, the housing project in St. Louis that failed so badly that part of it was dynamited, not by vandals, but by the city fathers. Only the South Bronx is more menacing than Pruitt-Igoe. It is not a planner's mistake, a single development gone wrong, but the indictment of a civilization, a man-made lunarscape of empty fields where tenements once stood and hulking wrecks of buildings wait to be demolished.

Is Bedford-Stuyvesant an answer to this desolation? Jimmy Carter, whose casual trip to the South Bronx last fall committed the prestige of his administration to the daring proposition that something can be done, would like to know. And so would every American with a shred of decency.

To begin the outline of a response to that question, it is necessary to go back in the chronology of social time by one entire epoch, which in this case is twelve years back. This excursion into history is not in the least academic, for it raises the central question about the relevance of Bedford-Stuyvesant today: Granted that the Bed-Stuy restoration is a modest success—which, in the context of so many failures, is to say a remarkable success—is it the result of unique political and economic factors which will never again be repeated? In short, can Bed-Stuy be reproduced elsewhere?

In the mid-sixties, Bedford-Stuyvesant was on the well-greased road to economic and sociological hell. True enough, 90 percent of the houses had been built before 1920 and were—still are—first-rate structures. But the white middle class had long since left and the black migrations into the area, at first as a result of the desperation of the thirties which drove people out of the rural South and then because of the prosperity of the Brooklyn Navy Yard during World War II, had changed its character. With the decline of the navy yard, the economic base was disappearing. As a 1967 NYU study put it, "Bedford Stuyvesant is more depressed and impaired than Harlem—i.e., fewer unified families, more unemployment, lower incomes, less job history. . . ."

In all of this accelerating misery, there were, however, a few extremely hopeful facts. About 22 percent of the brownstones were owner-occupied; homeowners had lived in the area for fifteen years on the average; and another 9.7 percent of the houses were owned by people who lived in close proximity to them.

Enter Robert Kennedy, then moving farther to the left than any major American politician before or since. It was almost inevitable that he would want to do something basic about black poverty, an issue which combined two of the central social concerns of the decade. And there were other, nonideological reasons for his trying to do something about Bedford-Stuyvesant. It had become painfully clear that we could not have both guns and butter, because of the war in Vietnam; tapping private funds in an economic-development project thus might deal with a serious new problem. Not so incidentally, it might also provide Kennedy with a pro-business image for a presidential campaign, something sorely needed by the man who had sent FBI agents to wake up steel-corporation executives during a crisis in his brother's administration. Indeed, there was a peculiar convergence of left and right in the notion of community development, and that too must have been politically attractive. To militant black-power advocates it meant local control of local resources and, in some of the extreme images, a kind of socialism in one neighborhood. Those themes also spoke to a significant section of the radicalizing, college-educated young, the members of Students for a Democratic Society, who were becoming more and more suspicious of liberal, technocratic planning from Washington. At the same time, the no-

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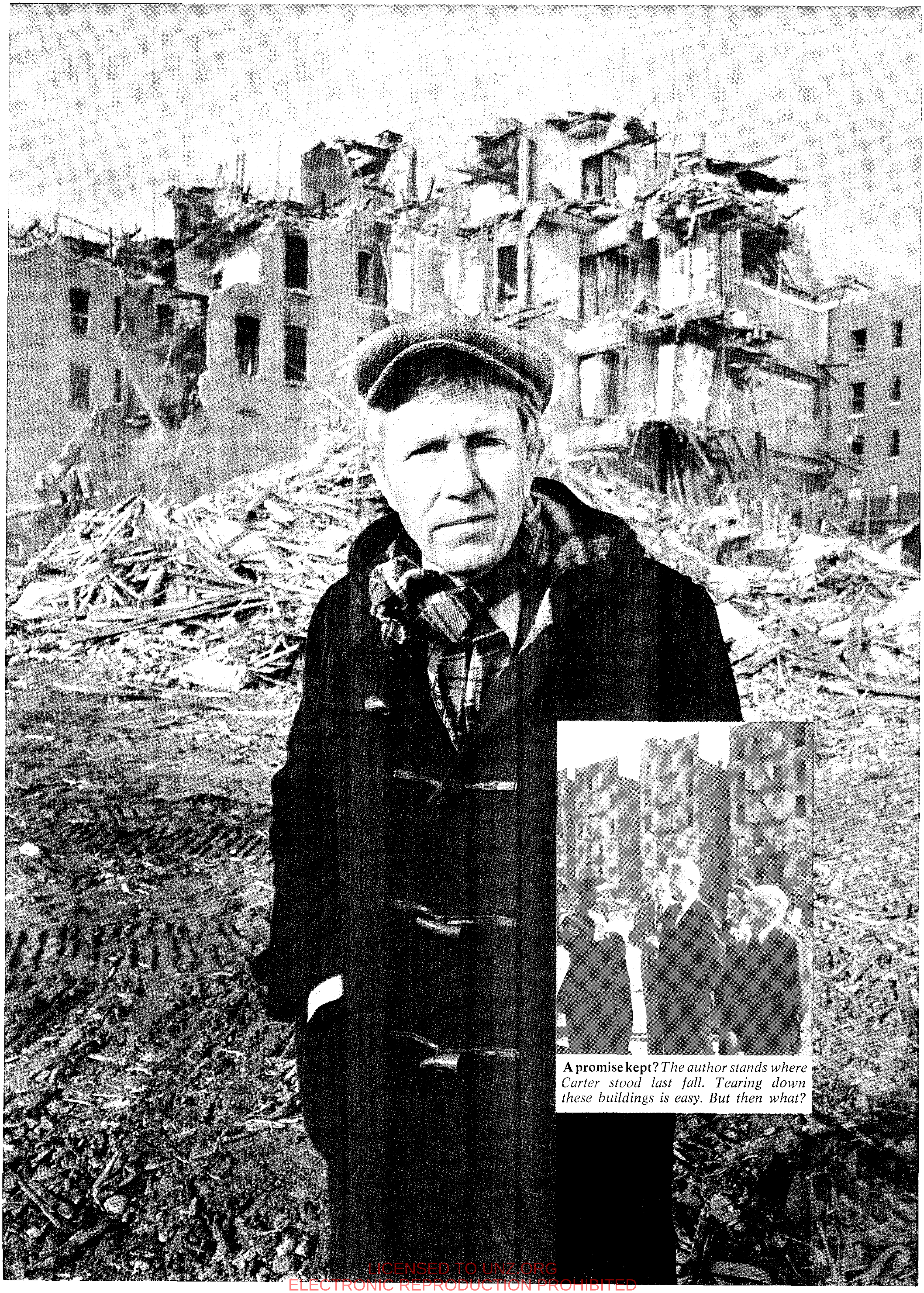
Michael Harrington is the author of The Other America.

Photographed by Bob Adelman/ UPI



A promise kept? *The author stands where Carter stood last fall. Tearing down these buildings is easy. But then what?*

"...Passing through the artful space of the Fulton Street center, one can see an important fact: Urban decay is not inevitable..."

tion fit in with new theories of black capitalism. So William Buckley responded to some Kennedy bills articulating the Bed-Stuy philosophy by calling the program "so sensible that it made recommendations I made three years ago."

Thanks to Kennedy, then the junior senator from New York, a special impact program was written into the Economic Opportunity Act in 1966 which offered specific support for the Bedford-Stuyvesant project.

In 1967, the first funds began to flow into Bedford-Stuyvesant: a modest $6.9 million. That, to be sure, did not happen automatically, not the least because Lyndon Johnson was not interested in having his administration finance successful projects promoted by Robert Kennedy. Still, there was another reason. A debate was raging within the Office of Economic Opportunity: Should the government seek to make life supportable for the poor and the minorities where they were living—in the central cities—or should it encourage their dispersal?

Kennedy won enough of that debate to get Bedford-Stuyvesant started in April 1967. Two organizations were set up: the Restoration Corporation, which was to be run by a board of twenty people from the neighborhood, most lower-income and one third of them female, and the Development and Services Corporation, which was to give Establishment support to the locals. That second organization enrolled New York's *haute bourgeoisie* in its efforts—people like Thomas Watson of IBM; Douglas Dillon, the former Treasury secretary; William Paley of CBS; George Moore of First National City Bank; and a man who would become a key figure over the years, Benno Schmidt of J. H. Whitney & Company.

Predictably, the whole idea met with intense hostility from elements in the community. There was, remembers Franklin Thomas, the man who was to head the program for a decade, a "terrible suspicion." The militants were suspicious of the black middle class and the white bourgeoisie; some of the black men, resentful of what they took to be matriarchal patterns of power in their world, were suspicious of the women on the board; local officials from other poverty programs were suspicious of an effort which pulled an end run on their own work; and so on. There were stormy meetings and the community corporation had to be broadened to include militants and representatives of the Puerto Rican minority in the area. Some of the middle-class people tried to maintain the old corporation, but Kennedy, after intense personal involvement, had achieved the beginnings of his alliance.

A successful social experiment should look and feel successful. The Bedford-Stuyvesant restoration does.

You walk down Fulton Street and there is a red tenement façade floating alongside a modern building. Next door there is a converted milk-bottling plant which had been abandoned for eight years before the planners took it over. Banners flap in the wind and you pass through an entryway which opens under the façade into a courtyard ringed by a new structure which contains shops and offices. The mood is not unlike that of a suburban shopping center, only more restrained and tasteful. That space flows into another plaza, with a skating rink. Beyond that, there is a low-rise housing development, also put up by the Restoration Corporation. In good weather, all of these public spaces can be, and are, used for picnicking, concerts, and the like. Across the street, a series of apartments encircle a courtyard. Solar equipment is being installed. In the neighborhood around the center, there are those blocks of marvelous, intact brownstones.

Franklin Thomas remembers starting the center on spec with an analysis that projected a 50-50 chance of succeeding. That was enough to persuade the Ford Foundation to put up a 70 percent guarantee on a construction loan; Chemical Bank came across with the money and the project was on. But its secret, says Thomas, is not in its striking physical success. Rather, it is that the Bedford-Stuyvesant effort—unlike many other attempts at community development—combined physical rehabilitation with economic growth and social services. Others did one or another of those jobs; no one integrated them as comprehensively as the Bed-Stuy planners.

It was the existing home-ownership pattern that allowed Bed-Stuy to go ahead with the obviously successful rehabilitation program. From the start, the residents were chary and suspicious. But after a few blocks were fixed up, young blacks from the neighborhood, taught by older blacks mainly from the neighborhood as well—and at a fraction of the commercial cost—became so proud of their efforts that they started wearing their hard hats outside of working hours, as a kind of status symbol. The physical upgrading of the entire neighborhood tied into the economic drive. On the one hand, the rehabilitation provided work. Thomas was in touch with Peter Brennan, the building-trades leader, who was quite cooperative. The instructors in the rehab program were often union members and the young trainees were doing jobs created only because of the program; they were not, therefore, com-

Salvation begins at home: *Government-funded summer-employment programs provide the manpower for restoration crews as they sweep through Bed-Stuy. So far, 106 blocks have been painted and restored. The work is continuing.*

Photographed by Bob

peting with other unionists. At the same time, the corporation aggressively went out to stimulate new employment. It brought IBM into the area, and it is now keeping it there. That meant a factory and 400 jobs (and will soon mean a new factory which will push the job total to 500).

And finally, there were social services as well as economic development and physical rehabilitation: employment programs, a summer camp, parties for the children, a project dealing with sickle-cell anemia—and more. So it was that a neighborhood was saved and then passed its final exam by remaining calm during a time when surrounding areas were looted and burned. That, clearly, is a substantial and important success. But, again, is it transferable? Is anything that was learned there relevant to the South Bronx, where Jimmy Carter is committed to doing *something*, however unspecific at this point?

Yes and no.

The "no," alas, is easier to document and perhaps more important to state, since the unwary tourist of misery could be misled by passing through the ruins of Bushwick and entering into the calm and beauty of Bedford-Stuyvesant. Indeed, that physical beauty is part of the problem of transferring the experience. Bed-Stuy began with the advantages of the brownstones and, even more important, the social presence of their owners. In 1976, according to a recent city report, in the South Bronx—an area with more than 3,000 vacant lots and buildings spread over 500 acres—one out of three people was on welfare. Indeed, even 30 or 40 years ago, when the South Bronx was a Jewish working-class community, it was already one of the poorest of those areas. It did not have the middle class that persisted in Bedford-Stuyvesant because of those lovely houses; it certainly does not have it now.

Second, there is another advantage enjoyed by Bedford-Stuyvesant which, by its very nature, is limited and perhaps unique: that support from the *haute bourgeoisie* of New York. The single most important source of new jobs was that IBM plant. More recently, when there were problems with mortgages, it was possible to make contact with the banks through some of the powerful figures involved in backing the program. And last fall, when some of the Bed-Stuy executives complained of a lack of publicity at a meeting with a group of their prestigious sponsors, their comments led, within a week, to a *Times* editorial and a picture of the Fulton Street center in *Time* magazine.

Third, and most important, even with the success of the restoration, Bedford-Stuyvesant has had a very limited record in generating new jobs. The rehabilitation work for the young people is temporary (although it is useful in many other respects). There have been a certain number of jobs generated by the businesses which have been brought into the neighborhood, but what would that mean in the South Bronx, where approximately 30 percent of the work force is on the streets? Indeed, even the outstanding Bed-Stuy accomplishment in this area—the IBM plant—is not without its ambiguities.

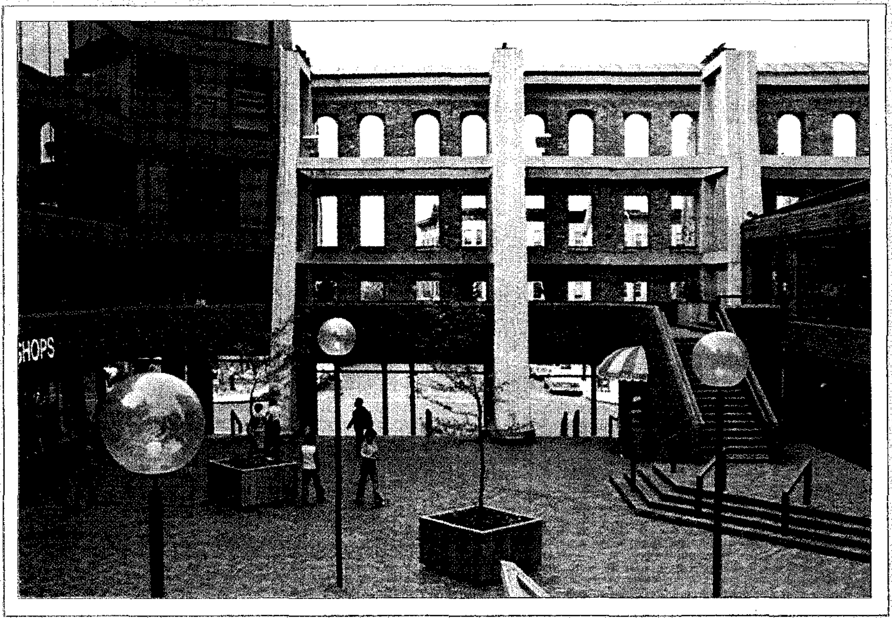
IBM had installed the plant at Nostrand and Gates avenues ten years ago. It turned out to be a very good investment as well as the source of 400 jobs for the community. The computer-cable-construction factory was located in a renovated 68-year-old building which also happens to be architecturally pleasing, even charming. It became one of IBM's top-ten plants in efficiency and productivity. But then the company had to relocate for technical reasons. The Restoration Corporation obviously wanted to keep those jobs in the neighborhood, so it set out to convince IBM that it should stay. The operation was a model of the kind of efficiency and competence the corporation has been demonstrating all along.

First, the corporation found four sites which it offered to IBM for its consideration. One was chosen and it was agreed that it would be delivered to the company at a certain price per square foot. But the same area had already been picked for a new school and a model-city project. Neither of those was likely to ever be built, but they placed the land in a legal limbo. So the corporation assembled the political leaders, put pressure on City Hall, and finally, six months after the original search, was able to tell IBM that it had its deal.

What is ambiguous in this success is that it took such an incredible mobilization of energy and imagination to hold on to the only major plant which had located in Bedford-Stuyvesant during the decade. There have been other such successes here and there: The Harlem Commonwealth Council managed to retain the Washburn Wire Company in 1976. But what this means is that major battles are required to win skirmishes. It is not that the corporations involved are vicious. They are, after all, engaged in making money. So they have to be bribed into staying—legally, honestly, openly bribed. The communities involved have to go to work, in effect, for the corporations that are supposed to help them.

This problem relates to an even larger difficulty. If the Carter administration doesn't improve its efforts to reduce unemployment, the successes within a neighborhood like Bedford-Stuyvesant will be menaced, and even subverted, by the failures of the larger economy.

And it is quite possible that Carter has already effectively sabotaged the urban program which he will unveil this week. In his budget proposals, the president came up with an investment tax credit with a new wrinkle: If passed by Congress, it will apply to structures as well as to capital equipment. The old investment tax credit was already a handsome subsidy to companies that wanted to move out of New York, since it meant that the feds paid a



Out of poverty, beauty: *The Bed-Stuy Restoration Plaza, a mall-office-shop complex complete with ice-skating rink and auditorium, was once, years ago, a farm. Then it became a slum. In the background, the façade of an old tenement.*

". . .The South Bronx can be saved. One reason: It is ideally located within the most impressive rail complex in America . . ."

significant portion of the cost of new machinery. Now, if that largess is extended to structures—if a corporation can deduct from its taxes a chunk of the price of that new, linear plant in the Sunbelt or the suburbs—there will be one more reason for companies to flee depressed areas. In effect, Washington will have mobilized the Treasury to fight against groups like the Restoration Corporation.

However, even if Carter makes a dramatic turnaround, the problem with areas like the South Bronx is that even in good times they do not make gains. The vast exodus of jobs from New York over the past ten years has gone on during booms as well as in the midst of busts. There have to be mechanisms, planned mechanisms, to make sure that the poor areas get a piece of the governmentally induced prosperity.

And this is where the "good side" of the Bedford-Stuyvesant effort emerges. If it is conceived of not as a panacea which will bring capitalist wealth or socialist justice to the poor, but as an important technique to mobilize people on their own behalf in the context of a booming national economy, then it has a relevance.

Bedford-Stuyvesant proves that there are community energies which people, given half a chance, can use to help themselves. But that is going to take a much wider base than the one achieved in Bed-Stuy. The corporate rich will support one or two such efforts, out of noblesse oblige; but they do not have the time, the money, or the political inclination to enlist in a national struggle. The banks did not redline Bedford-Stuyvesant, not least because some of their board members were patrons of the experiment. Yet at the same time that they were engaged in what was a laudable, but minor, act of decency, they were redlining much of the rest of New York City, unloading municipal paper, and engaging in all the rest of the vile practices designed to shift the burden of the crisis to the backs of those least able to pay. So the network of support has to be extended far beyond the lords and ladies bountiful.

Unions, for instance, have been involved in some of the community-development projects; so have the churches. And there is an important grid of community-organizing groups emerging in the United States, often led by the veterans of the sixties movements, people who the press and the public think have disappeared. They can bring some money and even organized political power; they could use the techniques pioneered in Brooklyn. And if they do, they would be well advised to follow a central principle of the Restoration Corporation's effort: to look for comprehensive solutions which provide housing *and* jobs *and* services according to an integrated plan.

It is at this grim point that a shocking fact emerges: The South Bronx—and all the neighborhoods of lesser desolation—can be saved.

For that to happen, the nation will have to care about such concentrations of urban misery. It doesn't now. But that callousness need not be terminal, since it rests upon an eminently rebuttable myth. It is one of the prime tasks of the Koch administration to challenge that belief. A carefully documented case, showing how this city—and many others in the Northeast and Middle West—has been victimized by federal policy, is an essential element in a program for genuine revival.

In the popular imagination, the South Bronx and like areas of municipal decay are the result of Great Society failures and bleeding-heart politics in general. New York's mushy liberalism, it is thought, priced the city out of a market which went on dutifully transmitting the desires of many people to move from Snowbelt to Sunbelt, or at least from central city to suburbia. In fact, the sweeping urban plans of the sixties were never implemented. They glittered in Lyndon Johnson's rhetoric, they were passed into law, and then, under the Nixon administration, they were administered by the "true disbelievers," as Robert Wood has labeled them.

As for the market, a de facto federal anti-urban policy rigged it against New York. Billions in agricultural subsidies to wealthy corporate farmers enabled them to mechanize jobs out of existence and send millions of systematically undereducated poor people to the cities. The Puerto Rican development programs had a similar effect. At the same time, federally funded highways were speeding jobs and the middle class out of town, taking them to suburban houses and factories built with subsidized credit and tax deductions. Adam Smith's invisible hand had almost nothing to do with this publicly funded social calamity.

Many people generalize this experience and come to an understandable, and completely wrong, conclusion: The old cities, like New York, are not worth helping. That is the rational deduction made from the irrational premises of a political system which paid billions to make the traditional urban centers unattractive when compared with the new possibilities. It leads to a serious underestimation of the value of those cities. We have to deal with "people, not places," said HEW Secretary Joseph Califano recently. In part, that is probably just a bureaucratic ploy in Califano's battle with Patricia Harris over at HUD. But it also treats cities as mere geographical coordinates—as places—rather than as living entities which are crucial for culture, for ideas, and, for that matter, for commerce.

If Koch and company could educate the people, and even Senator Proxmire, on this point, that would be the beginning of hope. And, to reiterate my shocking proposition, that applies even to the South Bronx.

If that area lacks all the advantages of Bed-Stuy, if it is empty lots and decaying tenements rather than brownstones, it also has some pluses. It is, for instance, ideally located within the most impressive rail complex to be found in the United States, and, for intolerable reasons, it has empty space. It has physical potential for industrial development; it has, God knows, an abundant unemployed labor force. Something could be done *if* Carter gets much more aggressive in the fight for full employment; *if* the administration stops paying corporations to leave New York; *if* there were imaginative plans and government moneys and community organizers to make sure that the outcasts are not, as usual, cast out of the prosperity; *if* . . . Looking at all of these qualifications coldly and soberly, one is not permitted to hope too much. The likelihood, on this eve of the government's new urban policy, is that the human and physical agony of the poor of this city will go on.

And yet, for all the criticisms and limitations of the Bed-Stuy experiment, it is extremely satisfying to witness a social idea that works. Passing through that tenement façade into the artful space of the center on Fulton Street, driving past the brownstones, savoring the calm of the place, one can see an immense and important fact: The blight of urban decay is not inevitable; there are alternatives.

Something good is happening in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Does TV Have a Future? Yes! Will It Be as Good as the Past? No!

...Remember when TV was "The Wasteland"? Those were the good old days. Compare these 29 moments from the past with TV now...

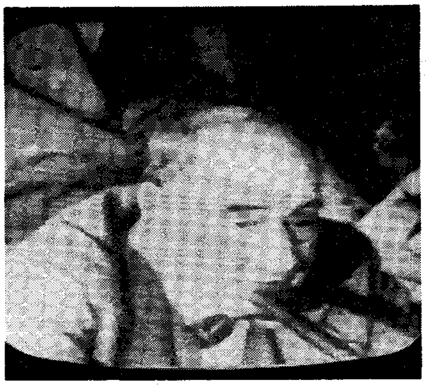
"I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just," wrote Thomas Jefferson. And suppose God is not only just but also has some intelligence and taste? Will he not smite with his terrible swift sword a nation that has made *Laverne & Shirley, Happy Days,* and *Three's Company* its favorite programs?

Things were not always like this. In its short, exciting history (short as these things go), TV has given us some marvelous moments: not always edifying but lively, quirky, gripping. Twenty-nine of these moments, covering a period of 25 years, are laid out before you on this and the following pages.

What went wrong? Recently, a small, disturbing (or encouraging) fact has been bruited about: Since 1973 the Nielsen figures for the hours per day per household for TV watching have shown a small but unmistakable decline. This isn't the handwriting on the wall, of course. TV is here to stay because it's a gold mine of infinite resource and it's the easiest, cheapest narcotic around. Its executives will be lunching at "21" as long as there is life on this planet. But let them remember over the brandy and cigars that there were giants on the tube once—or, if not giants, Sid Caesar.

1

Away we go: *"Break a leg" is the traditional show-biz wish, but only Jackie Gleason had the grace to do it—live on camera—during a sketch on his show in 1954. Ed Sullivan filled in for him the next week.*



2

"Have you no sense of decency, sir?" *Joseph Welch fired his famous question at Senator Joseph McCarthy as the nation was spellbound by the army-McCarthy hearings, televised in 1954.*

3

Q.E.II on TV: *Millions of viewers watched Elizabeth take her place on King Edward's chair and under St. Edward's crown on June 2, 1953. The coronation was filmed and the film flown to America in record time.*

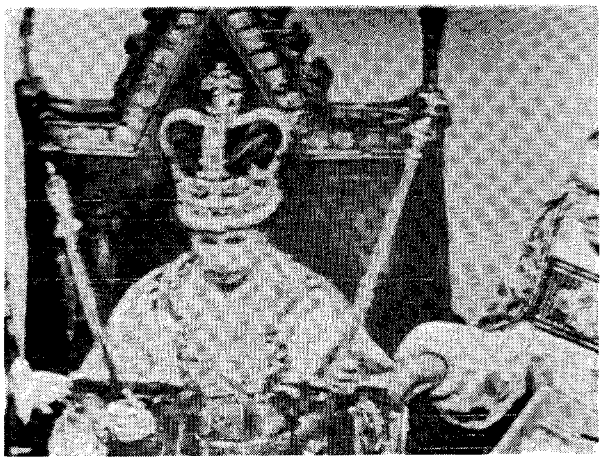
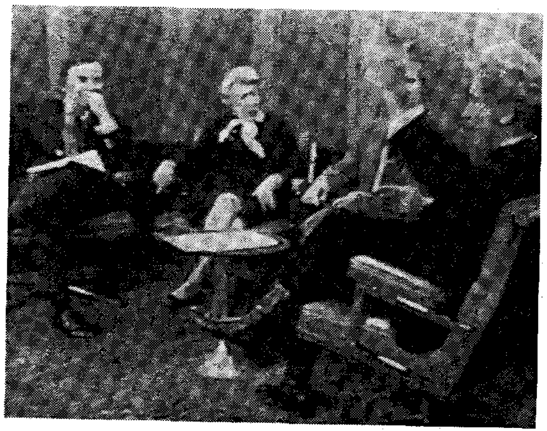


Photo credits: 1. UPI; 2. Larry Williams; 3. Wide World

4

Round one: *At the Democratic Convention in 1968, Gore Vidal called William Buckley a crypto-Nazi; Buckley called Vidal something else, and they both hired lawyers. The decision was a draw.*



5

Round two: *Vidal faced a new contender, Norman Mailer, on Dick Cavett's show in 1971. The lady is Janet Flanner, who said: "I'm becoming very, very bored." A return match occurred at Lally Weymouth's apartment a few months ago.*

6

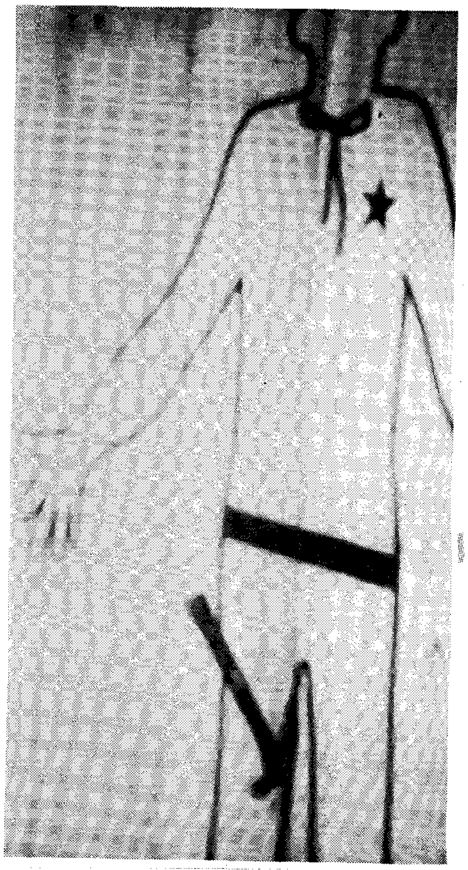
Deadlocked dozen: *A number of talented young writers found a forum as live televised drama flourished in the 1950s (and never since). Among them was Reginald Rose, whose* Twelve Angry Men *appeared on CBS's* Studio One *in 1954.*

7

The show no one saw: *As host Dick Cavett and guest Pete Hamill looked on in shock, nutrition expert J. I. Rodale (not shown here) suffered a fatal heart attack on Cavett's show in 1971. Rodale had just said: "I'm so healthy that I expect to live on and on."*

8

Hatchet job: *Ed Ames missed the mark but brought down the house when his aim was low during a tomahawk-hurling demonstration on the* Tonight *show. Johnny Carson claims that the moment produced the longest sustained laugh (two minutes) in the history of television.*

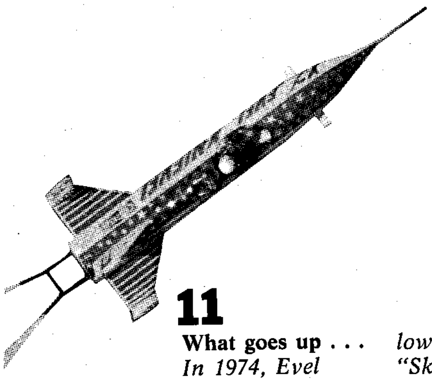


9

"I am not a crook" (Part I): *Accused of mishandling campaign money in 1952, Nixon defended himself in the famous "Checkers" speech. That time it worked.*

10

Sign-off: *Depressed by the seemingly endless supply of bad news, Florida talk-show hostess Chris Chubbuck interrupted her morning program to take a gun from a shopping bag, put the barrel to her head, and pull the trigger. July 1974.*



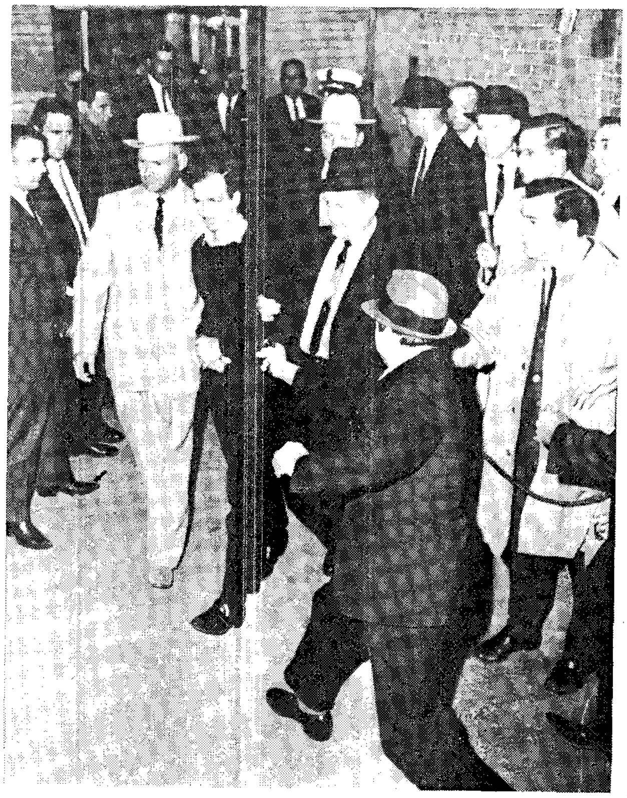
11

What goes up . . . *In 1974, Evel Knievel's attempted jump across the Snake River Canyon ended when a parachute opened prematurely and lowered his "Sky-Cycle" to the riverbed below. Knievel lived to crash again in other adventures.*

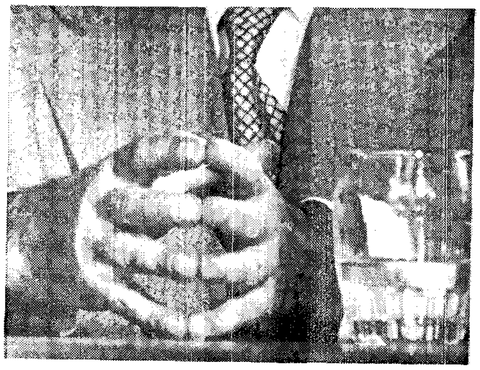
12

Remember Christ our Savior: *Menotti's* Amahl and the Night Visitors, *the first opera commissioned for television, had its premiere on NBC at Christmas 1951 and became television's first classic.*

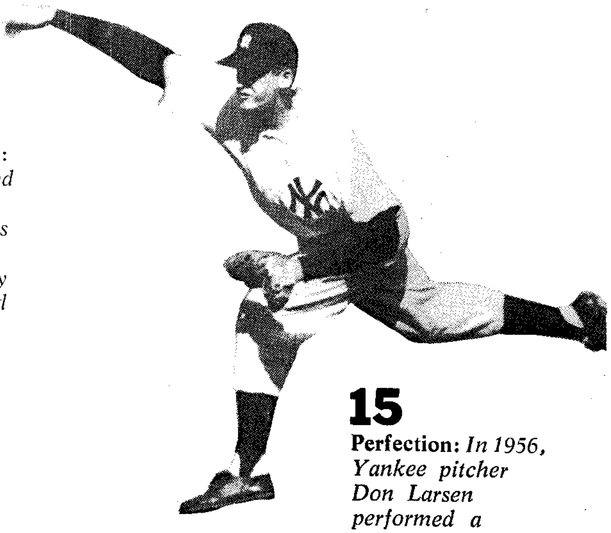
Photo credits: 4. The Bettmann Archive; 5, 7. Larry Williams; 6. CBS; 8. Raul Vega; 9, 10, 11. Wide World; 12. Eliot Elisofon, *Life* magazine © Time Inc.



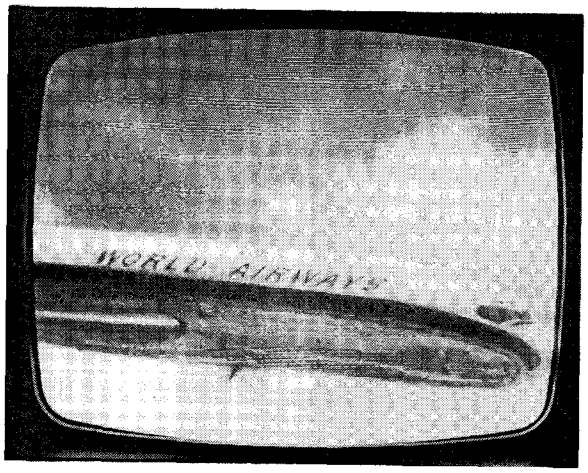
13
Ruby vs. Oswald: *Jack Ruby stepped before the watching cameras and reporters to shoot Lee Harvey Oswald, who died in the same hospital where JFK had died a few days earlier.*



14
Hands of the "capo": *Mob boss Frank Costello allowed only his hands to be televised when Estes Kefauver's Senate Crime Committee grilled him in 1951.*



15
Perfection: *In 1956, Yankee pitcher Don Larsen performed a perfect miracle: a perfect game in the World Series. The 27 men who went up and down were all Brooklyn Dodgers.*



17
Flight from Da Nang: *A refugee plane headed for Saigon was supposed to carry women and children. It carried 263 Vietnamese enlisted men and five women and took off with desperate people still hanging from the open cargo hatches. Eight of them fell to their deaths.*

16
Their royal highnesses: *Twenty-five years ago, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin joined forces for the first time for a salute to American musical comedy. They sat on stools, there were no commercials, and people are still talking about it.*

18
Genius at work: *So far television has produced nothing better than (or as good as) Sid Caesar's* Your Show of Shows. *Of the many brilliant movie parodies he did with Imogene Coca, perhaps the most celebrated was "From Here to Obscurity" (1953). Here they play the sand-strewn lovers, Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr.*

19

Let us entertain you: *Television's most bizarre moments were not always attractive. Fellow guests on the Johnny Carson show, David Susskind and Shelley Winters edified America by getting into a spat during which he called her a* yenta *(Yiddish for "busybody") and she thought fit to bring up the subject of his womanizing. About all that can be said for this performance is that it was spontaneous.*

20

Tiptoe to the altar: *Television stooped about as low as any could have feared or hoped (and Johnny Carson drew his biggest audience ever) when Tiny Tim exchanged perishable vows with Miss Vicki (Budinger) on December 17, 1969. Such beginnings touch their end: The couple split and Miss Vicki went on to become a topless dancer.*

21

"The waterworks": *That became Jack Paar's nickname at the networks after he walked off his show in tears after a censorship quarrel with NBC in 1960. Incredible as it seems, the phrase objected to was "W.C." in some now long-forgotten joke.*

22

The envelope, please! *David Niven (in the tuxedo) was glad to find his audience so receptive at the 1974 Academy Awards, until he realized that it was streaker Robert Opel who was getting the laughs. Note the "peace" sign, reflecting larger issues.*

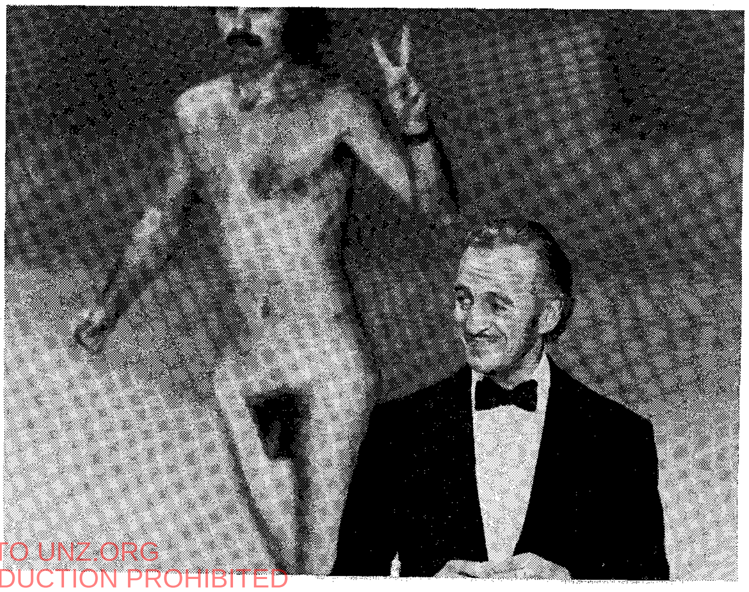


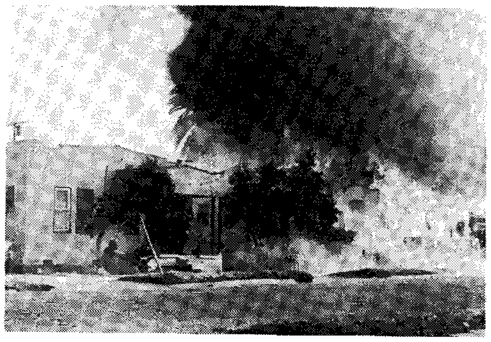
Photo credits: 13, 15, 20, 22. Wide World;
14. Alfred Eisenstaedt, *Life* magazine © Time Inc.; 17. Larry Williams;
18, 19. NBC; 21. Albert Fenn, *Life* magazine © Time Inc.

23

I cannot tell a lie: *Key witness John Dean lured us away from the soaps and launched himself (and his wife) to stardom during the Watergate hearings of 1973. It was Dean, more than anyone, who set Nixon on the road to ruin.*

24

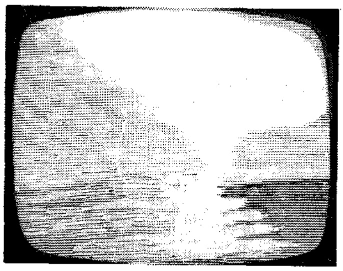
L.A. vs. the SLA: *TV cameras whirred as a Los Angeles SWAT team launched a full-scale attack against a hideout of the Symbionese Liberation Army, the abductors of Patty Hearst. After the battle, five charred bodies were found in the ruins.*



25

One small step for man: *Neil Armstrong took it on July 20, 1969, and on the moon. On the moon! It was the greatest voyage in the history of the human race and, thanks to TV, we all went along.*

LIVE FROM THE MOON



26

Icarus: *Four months after Armstrong landed, Apollo 12 placed a camera on the moon's surface to transmit color TV back to Earth. Unfortunately, it pointed at the sun a moment too long and the world saw a brilliant feat go up in smoke.*

27

Sullivan and the Pelvis: *When Elvis Presley made his debut on the* Ed Sullivan Show *it was thought necessary to protect America from the sight of his gyrating hips, and the camera stayed above stomach level. Those were innocent and happier times.*

28

Sullivan and the Beatles: *Going from strength to strength, Sullivan nabbed the fab four for their American TV debut, on CBS in February of 1964.*

29

The shot heard round the world: *Dodgers left-fielder Andy Pafko looked up hopelessly as Bobby Thomson's ninth-inning home run sailed over the wall. The three-run blast won the game and the National League pennant for the Giants in 1951.*

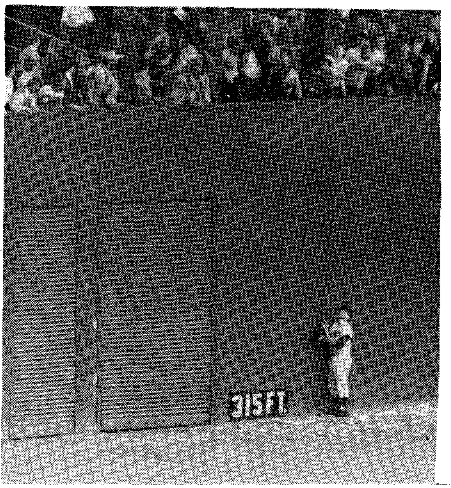


Photo credits:
23. Dennis Brack/Black Star;
24, 28, 29. Wide World;
27. *Ed Sullivan Show.*

A Last Look at the Tube

By Marshall McLuhan

"...When you are 'on TV' or 'on the telephone' you do not have a physical body. In these media the sender is sent..."

With TV, Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage" flips into "All the stage is a world," in which there is no audience and everybody has become an actor, or participant. When one says that "the medium is the message," it is to point out that every medium whatever creates an environment of services and disservices which constitute the special effect and character of the medium. Tony Schwartz adds that one of the major aspects of the TV image is that it uses the eye as an ear, since it is a resonating audile-tactile form of innumerable gaps that have to be filled in by the viewer: "In watching television, our eyes function like our ears. They never see a picture, just as our ears never hear a word. The eye receives a few dots of light during each successive millisecond, and sends these impulses to the brain." It is this open-mesh image that is so entirely involving, even to the point of inducing semi-hypnotic trance; and this raises a matter that confuses many people not familiar with the structural character of our sensory experience. It was the Symbolists who had stressed the character of the discontinuous as the key to tactility and involvement: Their structures were never continuous or connected statements so much as suggestive juxtapositions. As Mallarmé put it: "To define is to kill. To suggest is to create."

Any medium presents a *figure* whose *ground* is always hidden, or subliminal. In the case of TV, as of the telephone and radio, the subliminal *ground* could be called the discarnate or disembodied user. This is to say that when you are "on the telephone," or "on the air," you do not have a physical body. In these media the sender is sent, and is instantaneously present everywhere. The disembodied user extends to all those who are recipients of electric information.

Discarnate man, deprived of his physical body, is also deprived of his relationship to natural law and physical laws. As a discarnate intelligence, he is as weightless as an astronaut but able to move very much faster. Minus the physical mesh of natural laws, the user of electronic services is largely deprived of his private identity. The TV experience is an inner trip and is as addictive as any known drug. The discarnate TV user lives in a world between fantasy and dream and is in a typically hypnotic state which is the ultimate form and level of participation.

The discarnate TV user, with a strong bias toward fantasy, dispenses with the real world, even in the newscasts. The news automatically becomes the real world for the TV user and is not a substitute for reality but is itself an immediate reality. Death on TV is a form of fantasy, and all the fantasy violence of TV is a reminder that the violence of the real world is motivated by people questing for lost identity.

A more characteristic form of identity quest under electric conditions is the universal theme of nostalgia. When our world exists only in fantasy and memory, the natural strategy for identity is nostalgia, so that today revivals occur so frequently that they are now called "recurrences" (in the recording industry).

The social myth is a kind of mask of one's time, a "put-on" which is also a form of body language. It is this body language which relates the TV form to the right hemisphere of the brain and brings us directly into relation to TV politics. Whereas the left hemisphere is sequential and logical, verbally connected and syntactic, the right hemisphere is simultaneous and acoustic, emotional and intuitive. The electric environment tends to give a lot of stress and power to the right hemisphere, just as the old industrial and literate environment had given corresponding dominance to the left hemisphere. The left hemisphere had been favored by the worlds of literacy and market organization with its quantitative goals and specialist structure.

Electronic or discarnate man is automatically committed to the primacy of the right hemisphere. In political terms, the instant mask, a mythic structure, gives sudden prominence to the charismatic image of the political leader. He must evoke nostalgic memories of many figures that have been admired in the past. Policies and parties yield to the magic of the leader's image. The arguments in the Ford/Carter debates were as insignificant as the fact of their party affiliation.

If discarnate man has a very weak awareness of private identity and has been relieved of all commitments to law and morals, he has also moved steadily toward involvement in the occult on one hand and loyalty to the superstate as a substitute for the supernatural on the other hand. For discarnate man the only political regime that is reasonable or in touch with him is totalitarian—the state becomes religion. When loyalty to natural law declines, the supernatural remains as an anchorage for discarnate man; and the supernatural can even take the form of the sort of megamachines of the state that Mumford talks about as existing in Mesopotamia and Egypt some 5,000 years ago. One of the great megamachines of North America, for example, is the $53-billion ad industry that exists to manipulate our corporate psyches.

Our own megamachine for daily living presents us with the world as "a sum of lifeless artifacts"; the phrase is Erich Fromm's. In his book *The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness*. he explains the problem:

> The world becomes a sum of lifeless artifacts; from synthetic food to synthetic organs, the whole man becomes part of the total machinery that he controls and is simultaneously controlled by. He has no plan, no goal for life, except doing what the logic of technique determines him to do. He aspires to make robots as one of the greatest achievements of his technical mind, and some specialists assure us that the robot will hardly be distinguished from living men. This achievement will not seem so astonishing when man himself is hardly distinguishable from a robot.

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

IMPORTED
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ORIGINAL GRANT TO DISTIL 1608
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The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
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THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Bushmills.
The world's oldest whiskey.
Individuals have poured this
smooth mellow whiskey since 1608.

The "Mountain Climber" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1974

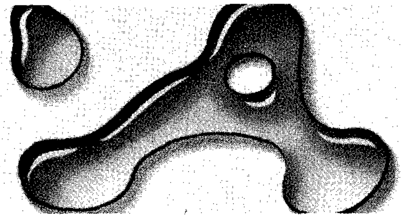
What's Free in April

By Jane Weisbord Perin

"...Juilliard String Quartet, Balalaika Symphonic Orchestra, Thunderbird Dancers, Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York..."

Music and Dance

Chapel concerts—In the chapel of St. George's Church (16th St. east of Third Ave.), Sundays at 4 P.M.: 4/9, Scarlatti sonatas, Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; 4/16, Bach viola da gamba sonatas, Ruth Siegler, viola, and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; 4/23, Baroque cello music, Richard Locker, cello, and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; 4/30, "Bach and the Elizabethans," William Zito, lute, and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. Wednesdays at noon: flute and harpsichord music; coffee is served, and you may bring lunch. At the church next door, 4/2 at 4 P.M.: "An Afternoon of Brahms," Merill Sachs, clarinet, Nancy Streetman, cello, Elizabeth Rodgers, piano.



Dance in the Bronx—The Allnations Dance Company: at the William Hodson Senior Center (1320 Webster Ave.), 4/20 at 1 P.M.; at the Burnside Concourse Senior Center (2064 Grand Concourse), 4/27 at 2 P.M.; at the Northeast Bronx 60+ Club, St. Luke's Church (661 East 219th St.), 4/28 at 2 P.M. The Ballet Hispanico of New York: at the Casita Maria Center (928 Simpson St.), 4/21 at 1:30 P.M., and at Betances Community Center (401 St. Anne's Ave.), 4/27 at 1 P.M. The Ballet Repertory Company of the American Ballet Theatre: at Bronx House (990 Pelham Pkwy.), 4/11 at 2 P.M., and at Kingsbridge Jewish Home and Hospital (2545 University Ave.), 4/12 at 6:45 P.M. Charles Moore and Dances and Drums of Africa: at Betances Community Center, 4/19 at 1 P.M.; at Mott Haven Community Center (375 East 131st St.), 4/21 at 2 P.M.; at Morrisania Hot Lunch Center (1074 Washington Ave.), 4/26 at 1 P.M. Call 931-9500 for reservations.

Send information for "What's Free in May" to Jane Weisbord Perin by April 7.

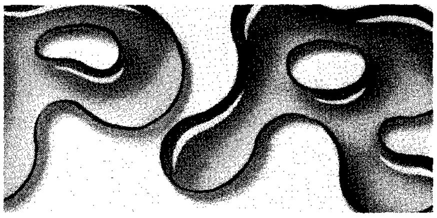
Dance project—At the Juilliard Drama Theater (144 West 66th St.), 4/6, 7 at 8 P.M., *Poe*, choreographed and directed by Anna Sokolow; call 799-5000, ext. 235, for free tickets.

Juilliard concerts—At Alice Tully Hall (Broadway and 65th St.), Juilliard students perform Wednesdays at 1 P.M. Evening performances requiring free tickets will be held on 4/7, 11, 21, 28 at 8:30 P.M. At the Juilliard Theater (155 West 65th St.), 4/10 at 8:30 P.M., the Juilliard String Quartet. Tickets are available three working days before concerts; call 799-5000, ext. 235.

Midnight concerts—At Calvary Church (Park Ave. S. at 21st St.) on Fridays, Calvin Hampton, organ.

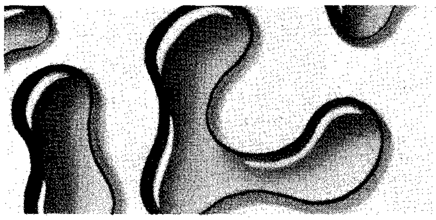
Music in the afternoon—At the Central Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library (Grand Army Plaza), Saturdays at 2:30 P.M.: 4/1, Carmen Czernik, piano; 4/8, Claudia Bloom, violin, and Marilyn Bloom, piano; 4/15, Alexandra Eames, piano; 4/22, Marcel de Taranto, piano, Mary Jo Carlsen, violin, Miriam Lubin, piano.

Music at the College of Staten Island—On the St. George Campus (130 Stuyvesant Pl.): 4/2 at 2 P.M., the Collegium Musicum, music of the German Renaissance; on the Sunnyside Campus (715 Ocean Terr.): 4/19 at 3 P.M., the Staten Island Chamber Music Players, Scarlatti's "Endimione e Cintia"; 4/30 at 2 P.M., the Staten Island Chamber Players Jazz Quartet.



"Music of Haydn"—At the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn Heights (127 Henry St.), 4/16 at 8 P.M., the Brooklyn Heights Music Society.

Music at Lincoln Center—Concerts and recitals at the Lincoln Center Branch of the New York Public Library (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St.): 4/1 at 2:30 P.M., Peggy Pruett, soprano; 4/11 at 4 P.M., Jennifer Quinn, mezzo-soprano; 4/12, 26 at 5:30 P.M., "Joy in Singing," conducted by Winifred Cecil; 4/14 at 4 P.M., Philip Klein, viola; 4/15 at 2:30 P.M., Gretchen Van Hoesen, harp; 4/21 at 4 P.M., International Bach Society; 4/22 at 2:30 P.M., Young Artists Concert; 4/25 at 4 P.M., Renay Landsman, piano; 4/28 at 4 P.M., Oded Pintus, oboe; 4/29 at 2:30 P.M., Balalaika Symphonic Orchestra.



Music at the museum—At the Queens Museum (NYC Bldg., Flushing Meadow Park) at 3 P.M.: 4/9, the Boehm Quintet, chamber music; 4/16, Mother Chord, women's chamber ensemble; 4/23, Hoffmeister Winds, octet; 4/30, Alfonso Borghese, classical guitar.

Music-school recitals—At the 3rd Street Music School Settlement (235 East 11th St.) at 2:30 P.M.: 4/1, Alex Komodore, classical guitar; 4/29, Brooklyn Philharmonia.

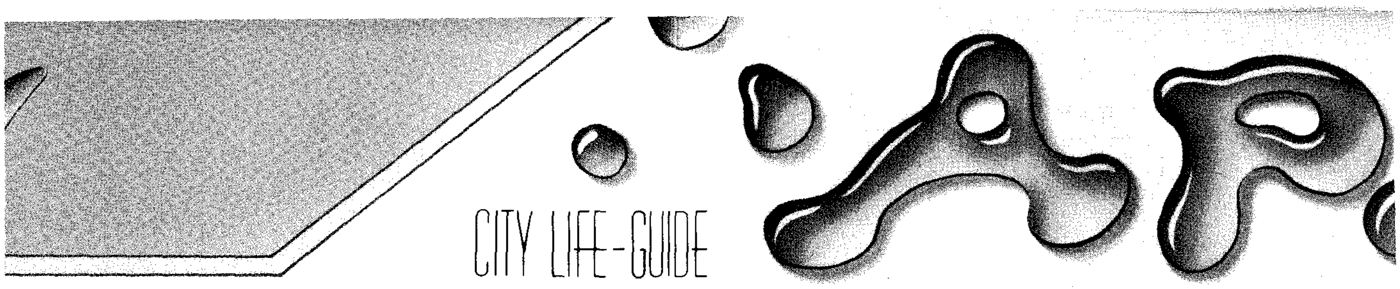
Organ recitals—At the First Presbyterian Church (12 West 12th St.) at 4 P.M.: 4/9, Murray Somerville; 4/16, Robert Moncrief; 4/23, William Entriken; 4/30, Randolph Hehr.

Performances at Cooper Union—In the Great Hall (7th St. and Third Ave.) at 8 P.M.: 4/7, the Thunderbird Dancers; 4/14, Ralph Votapek, piano.

Pub concerts—In the Pub of NYU's Loeb Student Center (566 LaGuardia Pl.) at 8 P.M.: 4/5, Rick Little, folk music; 4/12, Bob Fair, jazz ballads; 4/19, Steve Stein, classical and folk guitar; 4/26, Shelley Roth, folk music.

"Renaissance Choral Music"—In the chapel of the Catholic Center of NYU (58 Washington Sq. S.), 4/28 at 8 P.M., Walter Parker directs choral music in conjunction with the Collegium Musicum of NYU.

Youth Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, 4/2 at 3 P.M., the Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York will perform works by Horatio Parker, Aaron Copland, Rimsky- *(Continued on page 54)*



TUESDAY

APRIL HOCKEY HOME GAMES
Islanders, Nassau Coliseum
***(Ticket information:* 516 794-9100)**
Saturday, 4/1, 8:05 P.M.—Washington Capitals
Tuesday, 4/4, 8:05 P.M.—Philadelphia Flyers
Saturday, 4/8, 1:15 P.M.—New York Rangers
Playoff games to be announced.
Rangers, Madison Square Garden
(Ticket information: 564-4400)
Wednesday, 4/5, 7:35 P.M.—Atlanta Flames
Sunday, 4/9, 7:35 P.M.—Chicago Black Hawks
Playoff games, should the Rangers qualify, to be announced.

4

Irish Fortnight
Today through April 14, celebrate Irish history, literature, music, drama, and other arts. It's free and begins at 7:30 P.M. at Fordham's Lincoln Center campus.

Samurai Farmhouse
Have a cup of hot sake and a hibachi meal at a 400-year-old Samurai farmhouse. Gasho of Japan is located 1.5 miles from Thruway Exit 16, in Central Valley, New York.

1

"The Tommy Sands Revue"
See the teenage idol of the fifties at the lofty Rainbow Grill (30 Rockefeller Plaza) through April 15. There are shows, at 9:15 and 11:30, every night but Sunday.

"Brain Control: Fact and Fantasy"
Psychology professor Elliot Valenstein lectures at the New School (66 West 12th Street) at 8 P.M.; $5.

8

Brooklyn Academy of Music Theater Company
See Shakespeare's tragedy *Julius Caesar,* directed by Frank Dunlop, featuring Richard Dreyfuss, Thomas Hulce, Rene Auberjonois, Rex Robbins, Austin Pendleton, and George Rose. It's at 8 P.M. at 30 Lafayette Avenue in Brooklyn. The prices are lower than they would be in Manhattan, and the run will end April 23.

5

The American Cinematheque
There will be a screening of *Liliom* tonight at eight. Directed by Fritz Lang, this classic stars Charles Boyer and Madeleine Ozeray and is the second film version of the Molnar fantasy which eventually became Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel.* See it in the Junior Museum Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum. Tickets are $2.50 and are available at the door from 7 P.M.

WEDNESDAY

APRIL BASEBALL HOME GAMES
Yankees, Yankee Stadium
***(Ticket information:* 293-4300)**
Thursday, 4/13, 2 P.M.—Chicago White Sox
Saturday, 4/15, 2 P.M.—Chicago White Sox
Sunday, 4/16, 2 P.M.—Chicago White Sox
Monday, 4/17, 8 P.M.—Baltimore Orioles
Tuesday, 4/18, 2 P.M.—Baltimore Orioles
Friday, 4/21, 8 P.M.—Milwaukee Brewers
Saturday, 4/22, 2 P.M.—Milwaukee Brewers
Sunday, 4/23, 2 P.M.—Milwaukee Brewers

5

Teresa Brewer
That versatile, indestructible songstress gives her first Carnegie Hall performance tonight at eight with jazz violinist Stephane Grappelli and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie.

The Joffrey Ballet
It opens tonight at eight at City Center Dance Theater (131 West 55th Street) with *Les Patineurs, Brouilliards,* a pas de deux, and *Rodeo.* Bravi!

12

Nureyev Dances Nightly
He's with the Murray Louis Dance Company and the Dutch National Ballet, and he won't miss a performance, God willing, through April 30. He opened yesterday at the Minskoff Theater (200 West 45th Street) and dances Tuesday through Saturday evenings and Saturday and Sunday matinees. Prices are $13, $17, $20, and $25. Break the piggy bank.

19

"The Battle for the Acropolis"
Another wonderful *Nova* program on Channel 13 tells of the crumbling temples of the Acropolis. Can they be saved? Watch at 8 P.M. and find out.

"Les Orgueilleux"
This French-language film is showing today at 1, 3, 6, and 8:30 P.M. at the French Institute/Alliance Française (22 East 60th Street); $2.

26

"Ringo"
Ringo Starr dons both rags and riches in a double role—himself and a sad sack named Ognir Rrats. See it at 9 P.M. on Channel 4.

The Duke Ellington Lecture Series
At seven tonight at St. Peter's Church (Lexington Avenue at 54th Street), Edmund Anderson lectures on "Jazz in the Musical Theatre." This promises to be a fascinating, lively event; $3.50.

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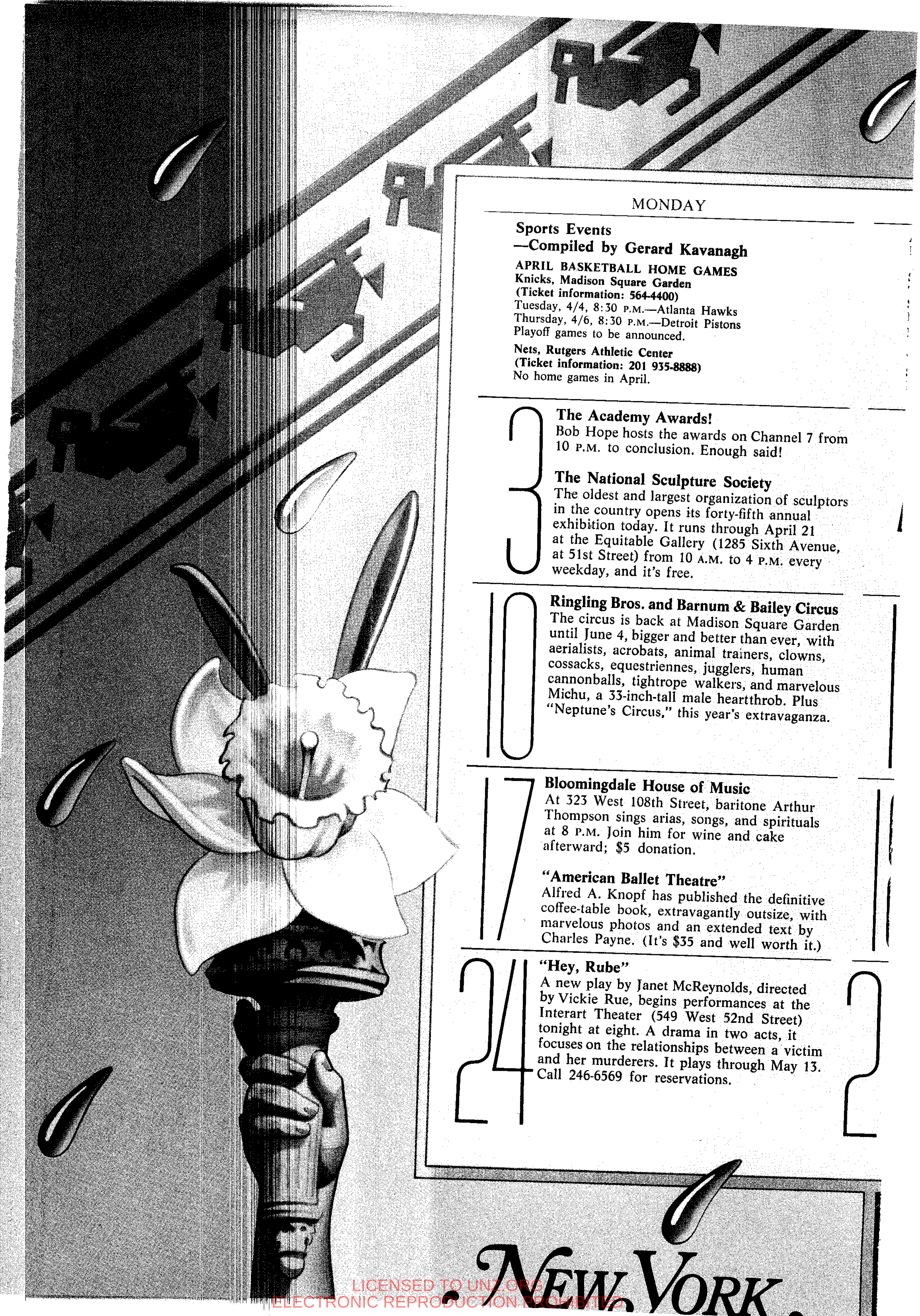


MONDAY

Sports Events
—Compiled by Gerard Kavanagh

APRIL BASKETBALL HOME GAMES
Knicks, Madison Square Garden
(Ticket information: 564-4400)
Tuesday, 4/4, 8:30 P.M.—Atlanta Hawks
Thursday, 4/6, 8:30 P.M.—Detroit Pistons
Playoff games to be announced.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center
(Ticket information: 201 935-8888)
No home games in April.

3

The Academy Awards!
Bob Hope hosts the awards on Channel 7 from 10 P.M. to conclusion. Enough said!

The National Sculpture Society
The oldest and largest organization of sculptors in the country opens its forty-fifth annual exhibition today. It runs through April 21 at the Equitable Gallery (1285 Sixth Avenue, at 51st Street) from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. every weekday, and it's free.

10

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus
The circus is back at Madison Square Garden until June 4, bigger and better than ever, with aerialists, acrobats, animal trainers, clowns, cossacks, equestriennes, jugglers, human cannonballs, tightrope walkers, and marvelous Michu, a 33-inch-tall male heartthrob. Plus "Neptune's Circus," this year's extravaganza.

17

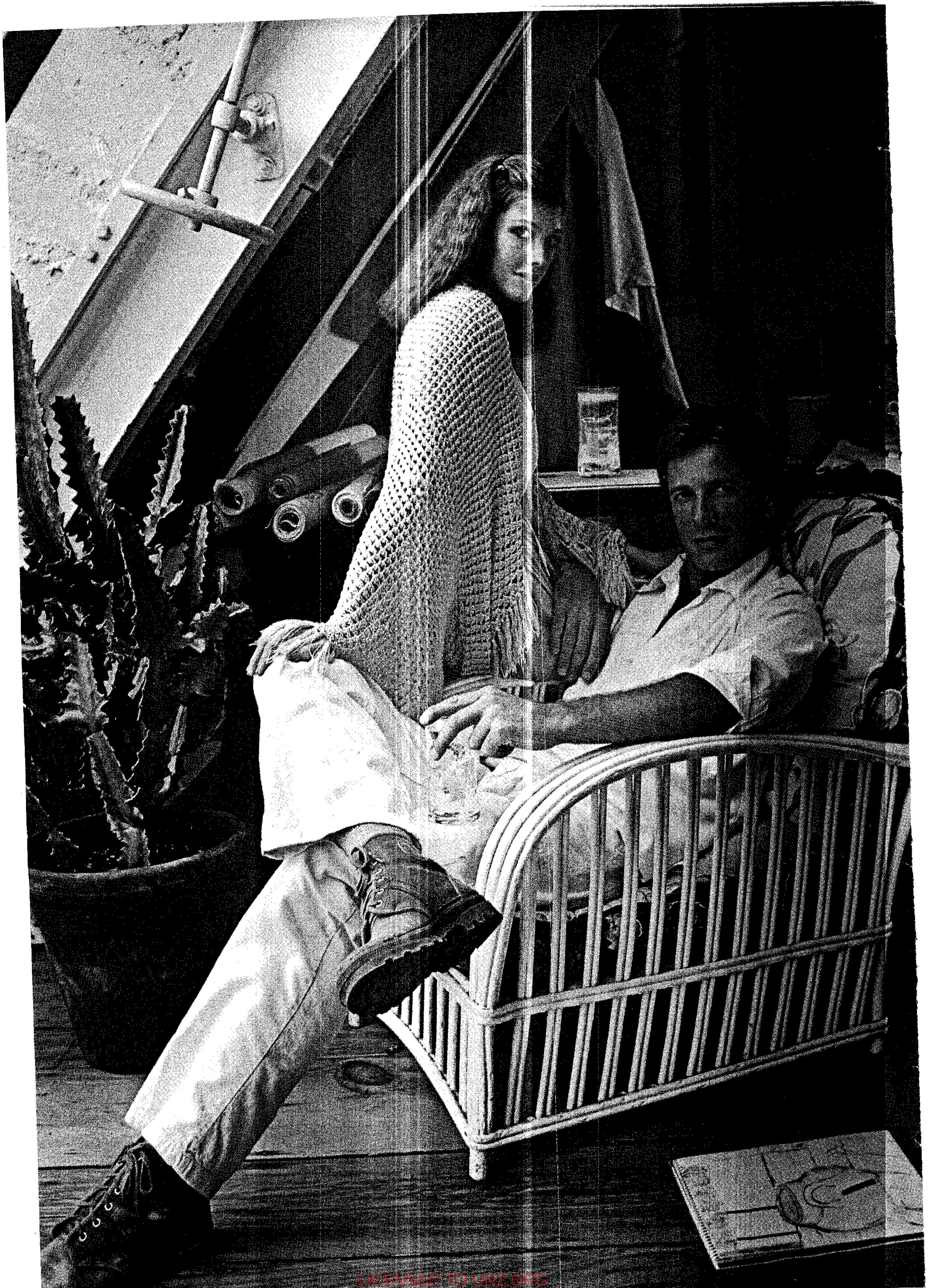
Bloomingdale House of Music
At 323 West 108th Street, baritone Arthur Thompson sings arias, songs, and spirituals at 8 P.M. Join him for wine and cake afterward; $5 donation.

"American Ballet Theatre"
Alfred A. Knopf has published the definitive coffee-table book, extravagantly outsize, with marvelous photos and an extended text by Charles Payne. (It's $35 and well worth it.)

24

"Hey, Rube"
A new play by Janet McReynolds, directed by Vickie Rue, begins performances at the Interart Theater (549 West 52nd Street) tonight at eight. A drama in two acts, it focuses on the relationships between a victim and her murderers. It plays through May 13. Call 246-6569 for reservations.

NEW YORK



"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

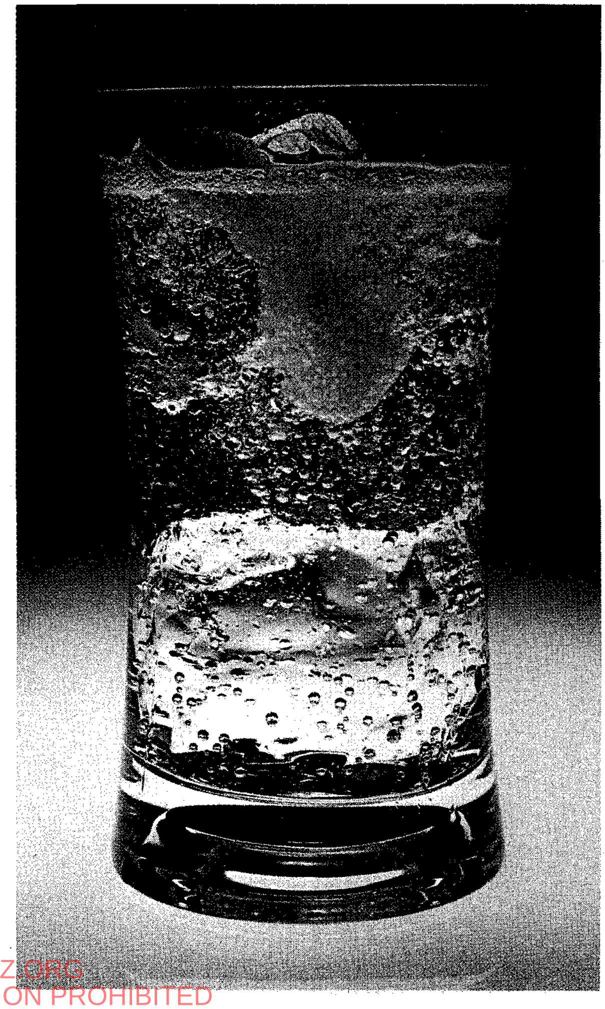
We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.



Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums,
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SUNDAY

2

The Interpex '78 Show
This comprehensive stamp show opened Friday and has its last showing today. It's at the New York Hilton (Sixth Avenue at 53rd Street), the admission is $3, and the hours are 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

National Easter Seal Telethon
It started on Channel 11 last night at eleven and winds up tonight at seven. Stanley Siegel hosts, and the guests are legion.

9

"A Family Upside Down"
Tonight at nine on Channel 4, watch a drama about a couple determined to keep their marriage right side up. Fred Astaire and Helen Hayes are the upside-down couple. Hard to believe.

Paper Bag Players Mini-Musical
Today at 1 or 3 P.M., take your children to *Hot Feet* at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA (Lexington Avenue and 92nd Street, 427-6000).

16

Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend"
Mutilated corpses are fished out of the murky mire of the Thames, and dastardly deeds are devised and executed along its banks Sunday evenings starting at nine on Channel 13. Jane Seymour, Lesley Dunlop, Jack Wild, Polly James—you know them all from past *Masterpiece Theatre* productions—once more come alive in a classic.

23

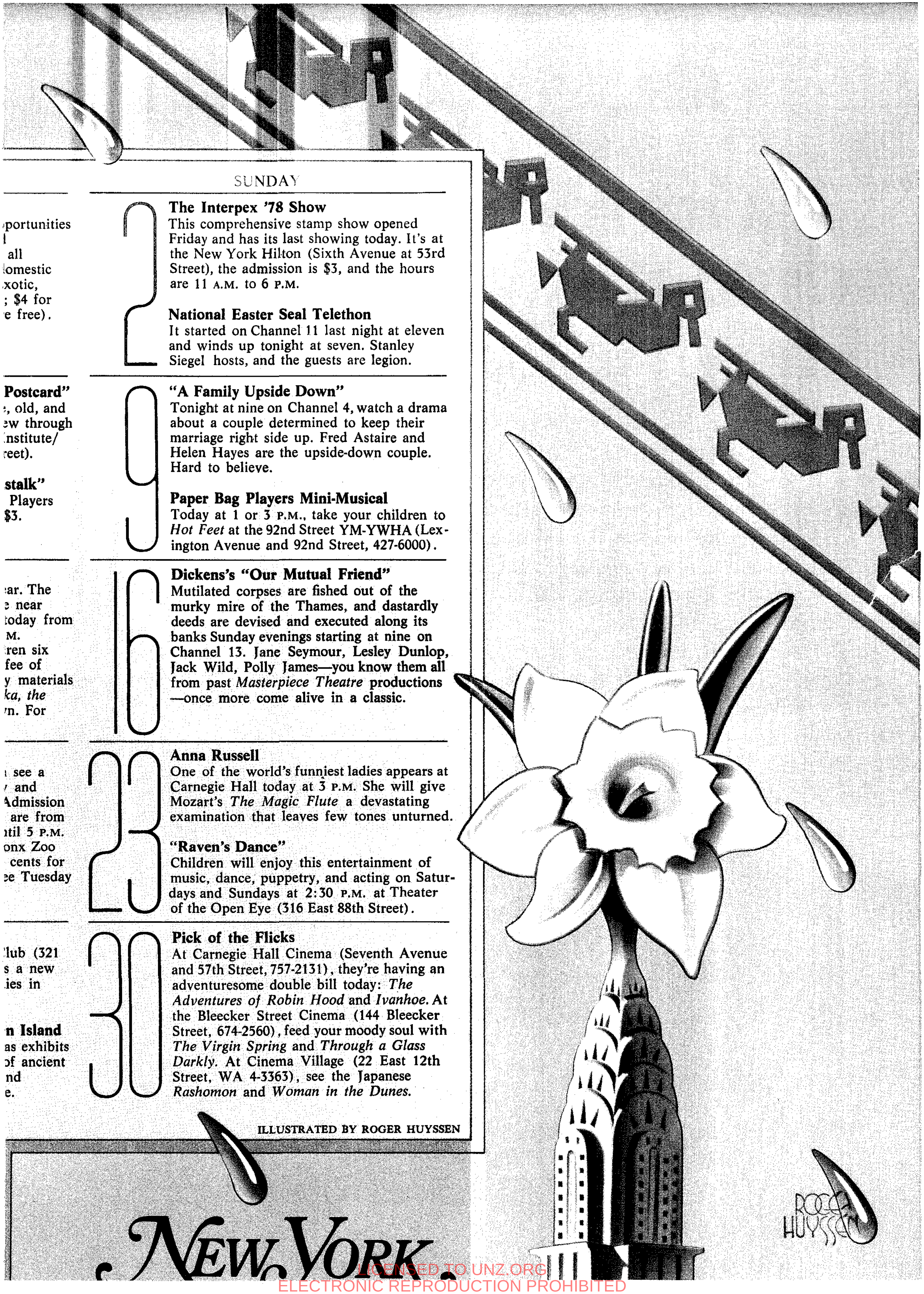
Anna Russell
One of the world's funniest ladies appears at Carnegie Hall today at 3 P.M. She will give Mozart's *The Magic Flute* a devastating examination that leaves few tones unturned.

"Raven's Dance"
Children will enjoy this entertainment of music, dance, puppetry, and acting on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 P.M. at Theater of the Open Eye (316 East 88th Street).

30

Pick of the Flicks
At Carnegie Hall Cinema (Seventh Avenue and 57th Street, 757-2131), they're having an adventuresome double bill today: *The Adventures of Robin Hood* and *Ivanhoe.* At the Bleecker Street Cinema (144 Bleecker Street, 674-2560), feed your moody soul with *The Virgin Spring* and *Through a Glass Darkly.* At Cinema Village (22 East 12th Street, WA 4-3363), see the Japanese *Rashomon* and *Woman in the Dunes.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROGER HUYSSEN



BY RUTH GILBERT

RSDAY

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ıal Craft Show
ınd the world may be seen
Sunday at the Coliseum, and
latest crafts materials may be
open noon to 9 P.M. daily; $3.

of the Shrew"
:'s comedy tonight at eight at
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:t, 663-2028).

Music Fair
count on the Fair to offer a
a trip to the island. This
through 16), it offers the
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Road, Exit 40, Long Island
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Galleries (406 East 79th Street,

Birding"
at the American Museum of
includes films, a bird-
ıiz, field guides, and lots more

Your Family Roots"
P.M., author Timothy Field
the lunchtime lecture audience
ıvern Museum (54 Pearl Street)
:r its ancestors.

Antiquarian Book Fair
el is the site of this beautiful
ɔitors and collectors from all
l. See it from 6 to 10 P.M.; $10.

FRIDAY

APRIL SOCCER HOME GAMES
Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands
(Ticket information: 265-8600)
Sunday, 4/9, 2:30 P.M.—Fort Lauderdale Strikers
Sunday, 4/16, 2:30 P.M.—Tulsa Roughnecks
Sunday, 4/23, 2:30 P.M.—Dallas Tornado

APRIL TENNIS HOME GAMES
Apples, Felt Forum
(Ticket information: 661-8070)
Friday, 4/21, 7:30 P.M.—Anaheim Oranges
Tuesday, 4/25, 7:30 P.M.—New Orleans Nets
Thursday, 4/27, 7:30 P.M.—Indiana Loves

7

Actors' Fund Bazaar
At this shop at 210 West 44th Street, you are waited on only by actors and pay bargain prices for theatrical memorabilia, *objets d'art,* jewelry, and clothing. It's open Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., Wednesdays and Thursdays from 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. Proceeds go to the Actors' Fund.

14

"Reminiscences on Dance"
At Roseland (239 West 52nd Street), Lester Lanin and Walter Terry will lecture at 6 P.M. Demonstrations by dancers follow; $10.

Annual Book and Spring Fair
Today from noon to 3:30 P.M. at the Madison Presbyterian Day School (Madison Avenue at 73rd Street), you'll find toys, books, baked goods, ceramics, and handmade creations.

21

"Nigeria: Art in Everyday Life"
An unusual exhibition of Nigerian wood, bronze, and ivory artifacts from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries is on view at the American Museum of Natural History. The museum is open every day of the week until 9 P.M.). There is a pay-what-you-wish admission fee.

28

A Double Bill
Adaptation, by Elaine May, and *Next,* by Terrence McNally, will be presented tonight at 8:30 at the Emelin Theatre for the Performing Arts (Library Lane, Mamaroneck, New York, 914 698-0098); $3.50.

Choreographer James Waring
A festival of works by the late choreographer takes place at 8 P.M. at Judson Memorial Church (55 Washington Square, 777-0033).

SATURDAY

The International Auto Show
It's drawing to an end. Your last op
are today (11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.) anc
tomorrow (11 A.M. to 8 P.M.) to see
1978-model imports and top-selling d
small cars, plus a special exhibit of e
antique, and professional racing cars
adults, $2 for kids (under six, they'r
It's at the New York Coliseum.

8

"The Golden Age of the Picture
A private collection of over 700 rare
delightful French postcards is on vie
May 5 at the gallery of the French l
Alliance Française (22 East 60th Str

"Clever Jack and the Magic Bean
Take the kids to see the Meri Mini
(37 West 65th Street) at 2:30 P.M.;
For reservations, call 873-6400.

15

Ukrainian Easter Eggs
Learn how to make some for next ye
Ukrainian Museum (Second Avenue
12th Street) is holding workshops
10 A.M. to 1 P.M. and from 2 to 5 P.
Adults pay $3 per session, and child
to twelve are free (with a minimal
50 cents for supplies). All necessar
will be provided, and a film, *Pysan*
Ukrainian Easter Egg, will be show
reservations, call 228-0110.

22

Children's Zoo at the Bronx Zoo
It's open now, and the children car
fuzzy, cuddly young Sicilian donkey
bottle-feed calves and baby lambs.
is 50 cents for everyone. The hours
10:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M daily and ur
on Sunday and holidays. General Br
admission is $1.50 for adults and 75
children Friday through Monday, fr
through Thursday.

29

"Safe House"
At 8 P.M. the Manhattan Theater C
East 73rd Street, 472-0600) present
play by Nick Kazan about the sixt
Berkeley.

Museum of Archaeology at State
A new museum at Wagner College h
arranged to foster an appreciation
cultures. Call 273-3300 for hours a
directions. Take the ferry, of cours

ferent drink for every day in April
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"...*The Idiot*, 'Folk Art Images of George Washington,' *Modern Times*, Native American Festival, *The Trial of Joan of Arc*.."

(Continued from page 47) Korsakov, Hindemith, and Grieg. To reserve tickets to be picked up the day of the performance, call Ms. Donnie Brown (581-5933).

Poetry, Talks, Exhibits

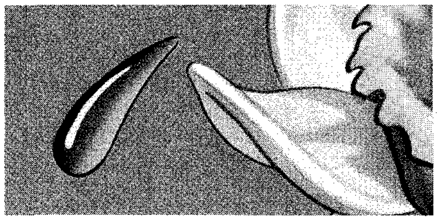
Academy of American Poets—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), poets will read from their own works at 6:30 P.M.: 4/20, Rosellen Brown and Louise Glück, introduced by Daniel Halpern; 4/27, Albert Goldbarth and Lauren Shakely, introduced by Robert Hershon.

Art at Teachers College—At the Macy Gallery (525 West 120th St.), weekdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., 4/1–14, "The Seventeen: Nineteen to Littlehampton," paintings by Frank Katz.

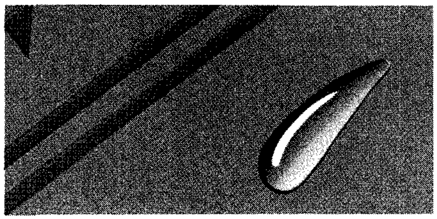
Book fair—At the YM-YWHA (92nd St. and Lexington Ave.), 4/9, 10 from noon to 9:30 P.M. and 4/11 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Among the authors who will appear are Avery Corman, Lois Gould, Meyer Levin, and Isaac Bashevis Singer.

Exhibits at NYU—At the 80 Washington Square East Galleries: 4/4–15, works by Linda Bastian, Marian Muller, Jill Marie Hain; 4/18–29, works by Mark Johnson, Edward Warner, Susanne Kanalieh, Amy Cappell. Receptions at 6 P.M. on the opening day of each exhibit. Gallery hours are Tuesday through Friday from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., Saturdays from 11 A.M to 5 P.M.

"Families in Crisis"—At the YM-YWHA at 7:15 P.M., a series of panel discussions by experts with question-and-answer sessions: 4/5, "Teen-Age Drug Abuse and Alcoholism: How Can You Tell and What Can You Do"; 4/12, "Adult Alcoholism: Its Impact on the Family"; 4/19, "Children With Special Needs: Where to Go for Medical, Educational, and Financial Assistance."



Folk art—At the Fraunces Tavern Museum (54 Pearl St.), weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., 4/6 through October, "First in the Hearts of His Countrymen: Folk Art Images of George Washington"; the exhibit will include examples of nineteenth- and twentieth-century folk art; 4/19 at 12:30 P.M., lecture on American folk art by George Schoellkopf.



Lunchtime readings—At the Downtown Branch of the Whitney Museum of American Art (55 Water St.) at 12:30 P.M.: 4/5, Jon Yau, poetry; 4/19, David Ignatow, poetry; 4/26, Constance DeJong, narrative writing.

Drama, Films, Outdoor Events

Brooklyn premiere—At the Triangle Theater of Long Island University (Flatbush Ave. Ext. at University Pl.), 4/7 at 7:30 P.M., the First Family Theater Company will present a new play, *Mister Mayor's Blues*.

Drama at the library—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), 4/22 at 2 P.M., the High Star Playhouse; at the Hudson Park Branch (10 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St.), 4/10 at 6:30 P.M., *Mother of the Year*, presented by Playwrights Ink; at the Kips Bay Branch (446 Third Ave., at 31st St.), 4/18 at 7 P.M., selections from Samuel Beckett performed by Harold Oringer; at the Lincoln Center Branch (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St.), 4/17–19 at 4 P.M., Equity Theater Informals; at the Riverside Branch (190 Amsterdam Ave., at 69th St.), 4/26 at 7 P.M., selections from Samuel Beckett, performed by Harold Oringer.

Farmers Market festival—At the Farmers Market (Parsons Blvd. and Jamaica Ave., Queens) from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.: 4/28, 29, Native American Festival with American Indian entertainment and authentic food.

Films at NYU—At the Catholic Center (58 Washington Sq. S.) at 4:30 P.M.: 4/2, *The Idiot*, directed by Akira Kurosawa; 4/30, *The Trial of Joan of Arc*, directed by Robert Bresson. Panel discussions follow screenings.

Garden tours—At the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (1000 Washington Ave.), Sundays at 2 P.M. Tours begin at Magnolia Plaza. (The Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden will open this month.)

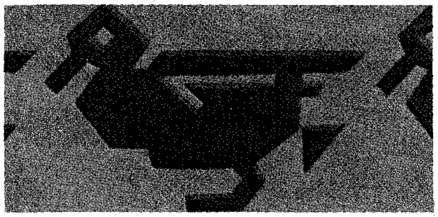
Movies at the library—At the Baychester Branch of the NYPL (2049 Asch Loop N., Bronx), 4/1 at 2:30 P.M., *Modern Times;* at the Bloomingdale Branch (150 West 100th St.), 4/25 at 2:30 P.M., *Brief Encounter;* at the Dongan Hills Branch (1617 Richmond Rd., S.I.), 4/18 at 3 P.M., *Hollywood: The Dream Factory;* at the Donnell Branch, 4/4 at 2 P.M., *Floorwalker* and *The Time Machine.*

Revolutionary War pageant—At the Cornell Farm (73-50 Little Neck Pkwy., Bellerose, Queens), 4/15 from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 4/16 from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., fully costumed re-enactment of a Revolutionary War battle, demonstrations of firearms, Colonial music.

Zoo tours—At the Bronx Zoo (Pelham Pkwy. and Southern Blvd.), Friends of the Zoo conduct tours on Saturdays and Sundays from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. For reservations, call 220-5141 weekdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

For Kids

"Design Your Own T-shirt"—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), 4/15 at 2:30 P.M., a workshop for children ages seven and up. Bring a freshly washed T-shirt.



Films in Queens—At the Central Branch of the Queens Borough Public Library (89-11 Merrick Blvd., Jamaica): Saturdays at 10:30 A.M., children's movies; Wednesdays at 10:15 and 11 A.M., movies for pre-schoolers.

Magic show—At the Wakefield Branch of the NYPL (4100 Lowerre Pl., Bronx), 4/21 at 3:30 P.M.; for grades 3–7.

Poetry workshops for teenagers—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL, 4/8, 15, 29 at 2:30 P.M., led by Sabra Loomis and co-sponsored by the Academy of American Poets.

Puppets in Central Park—At the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater (south of the Delacorte Theater; enter at 81st St. and CPW) on Saturdays at 1 and 3 P.M., *The Reluctant Dragon Marionette Show.* Call 988-9093 for reservations.

Science fair—At the Hall of Science (111th St. and 48th Ave., Queens), 4/6, 7 from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. and 4/8 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., 75 finalists selected from 20,000 New York City public-school students will exhibit their science projects. ■

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Blind in New York

By Joey Nash

"... Going over Niagara Falls in a barrel would have been less scary than my first solo effort crossing First Avenue ..."

My mobility instructor told me I was going to walk unaccompanied. He wasn't going to stay behind and shadow me. For the first time it was just my red-and-white cane and me crossing 14th Street and First Avenue, alone. My teeth were clenched, my heart was thumping like a military-band bass drum. The screeching car brakes, honking horns, the voom-voom of motorcycles, and the thundering of First Avenue buses exhausted me. An early-morning, Arctic-tinged wind snapped my head back, but I was sweating as if I were on the equator.

A misty green light signaled me to get going. My legs were gelatinous. Somehow I was crossing First Avenue. People were here, there, everywhere, coming toward me. My cane was hit by a portable radio, blasting rock 'n' roll. Double fortissimo. POW-POW-POW. Going over Niagara Falls in a barrel couldn't possibly have been as scary as my solo effort in getting to the east side of First Avenue.

In August 1975, when a Bellevue Hospital ophthalmologist told me he would have to declare me legally blind, I was emotionally mugged. "You have retinitis pigmentosa." After asking a barrage of questions I learned there is no known treatment that can stop the progress of R.P. or cure it. The first symptoms are night blindness and stumbling, followed by a narrowing of side vision until the victim has what is called "tunnel vision." In some cases R.P. leads to total blindness. (The Retinitis Pigmentosa Foundation adds: Retinitis pigmentosa affects the retina, which slowly degenerates and loses its ability to transmit pictures to the brain.) The normal field of vision (peripheral vision) with both eyes is 150 degrees to 180 degrees. My chart showed 2-to-3-degree-field vision. This finding was corroborated by the New York State College of Optometry.

I had known for a long time that my full-range, panoramic view of objects and people was severely restricted. I was colliding with poles in subway trains, hitting my skull against bedposts, doors, and walls. Bending and hunting for dropped coins or keys was dangerous; there was always a chair, table edge, or standing lamp smacking me in the face or forehead; doorknobs seemed to wait in ambush, cracking my wrists, elbows, and arms.

Ties and shirts were easy targets for food and drink. After a meal, my kitchen table was a smorgasbord of food debris. Dimly lit restaurants discomforted me; I soaked countless tablecloths with knocked-over beverages.

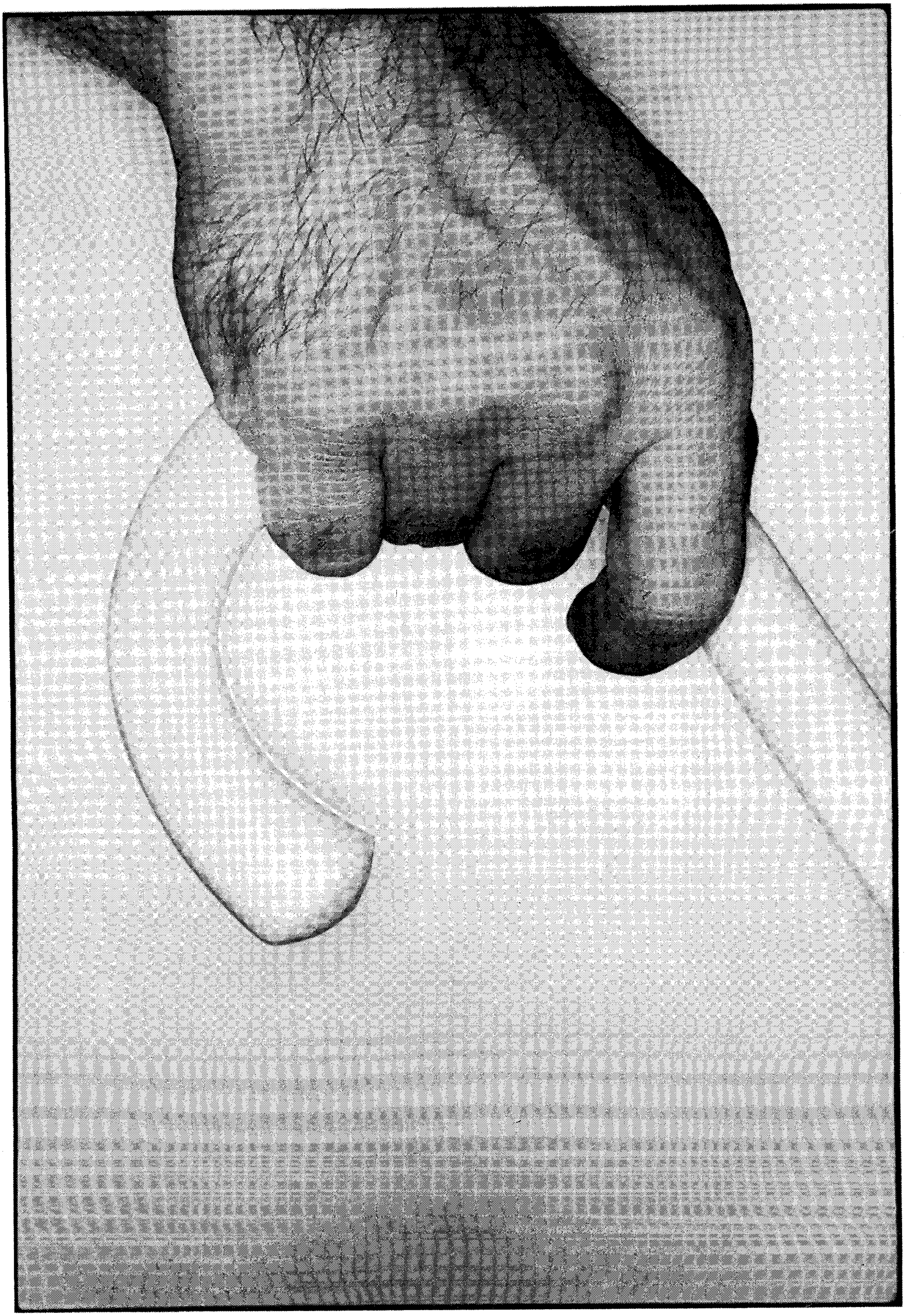
If a person or an object wasn't focused dead center—bull's-eye—it was nonexistent. When introduced to someone, I couldn't see outstretched hands offering a handshake. I snubbed friends on the street. An alarming deficiency in depth objectivity made walking up and down stairs a hazardous adventure. There were no side views, oblique glimpses. Exterior, interior, I was boxed in, wearing blinkers in a murky, minuscule world.

Following certification of my legal blindness, I was given a six-digit number from the Commission for the Blind and Visually Handicapped, New York State Department of Social Services, and I began to receive letters from various organizations for the blind in New York City, informing me of their programs.

I was especially impressed by a brochure from the New York Infirmary/Center for Independent Living (CIL), a rehabilitation school for blind and visually handicapped men and women who are over 55 years old. I applied, and after a personal interview and a week of evaluation (physical checkup, intelligence and psychological tests), CIL told me I would be hearing from them.

Four agonizing months passed before I started my rehabilitation program. I was drowning in angst. Self-esteem had vanished; gnawing insecurity made me timid. Forever smoldering in my psyche was the fear of continued deterioration of my sight, of total blindness.

The CIL has sixteen students and eight teachers. Classes run from 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Monday to Friday, and there are never more than three students in a class. One can board at the CIL school, but I preferred to live at home and go to classes three days a week. Lunch and round-trip car service



Photographed by Jeré Cockrell

"...It's the senior citizens who will step in front of me in checkout lines. They're running away from the specter of blindness..."

between home and school were provided. There were courses in sensory development, Braille, how to use communication instruments, script, typing, activities of daily living, grooming, and mobility.

The classes were stimulating. Sensory development made me aware of different traffic street sounds, and we were taught to identify the parallel and perpendicular flow of traffic, both invaluable aids for blind and visually handicapped persons crossing streets. I learned how voices can guide you to the person or persons talking to you. Activities of daily living gave special attention to preparing meals at home so as not to scald or burn yourself, tips on keeping a dining area neat, how to avoid food stains and organize your clothes so you can dress faster. Script teachers made a student familiar with gadgets especially for the blind and visually impaired so postcards and letters written in longhand would be legible. Communication-systems classes showed how to dial a phone, work a cassette, have your wristwatch or clock tell you the time, all by touch. I wasn't taught Braille because my central-focus acuity enabled me, with the aid of a special lamp, to read a newspaper or magazine, though the printed word was fuzzy and becoming smaller and smaller. When my reading ability noticeably fails, I can return to the CIL and be given Braille.

On Wednesday mornings, there was a two-hour talk session where students were encouraged to air their grievances, frustrations, and observations. A visiting psychologist was the moderator and always opened the meetings with "Let's hear what's on your mind. Say anything you want. Don't hold back."

I was shocked by what I heard. Angry, cynical voices filled the room. A fiery orator made known his contempt for Congress and the Civil Aeronautics Board for stalling on legislation which would give the handicapped the same privileges on commercial airlines that Greyhound, Trailways, and many other bus companies throughout the United States and Canada do. (A blind or low-vision person, with identification issued by the American Foundation for the Blind, can ride at no charge if accompanied by a paying escort. An exception is the Suburban Transit Corporation of New Jersey, which does not give any concessions to blind people.)

"Why don't the airlines on night flights, when so many seats are empty, accommodate us like Greyhound or Trailways?" he asked.

A stentorian blast ricocheted off the walls. A retired New York detective was speaking. "How about Amtrak? They're a cheap, inconsiderate outfit. They don't treat us the way the bus lines do."

A tremulous tirade was delivered by Alice, a Jamaican. Her soft, bubbly accent, which usually made words and sentences pirouette through the air, was now strident and fanged. Alice had been served an eviction notice by her landlady because she was blind. "I don't buy this 'brother and sister' bunk," she scornfully said. "My landlady is black and she wants me out. I am constantly being tongue-lashed and harassed. There is no hot water or heat. Why does a blind person have to take all this abuse?"

Alice was told she couldn't be evicted. "I wouldn't live there even if I paid no rent," she said. "I'm looking around and I'm learning that landlords and renting agents aren't eager to rent me an apartment, though there are supposed to be laws forbidding discrimination against the blind."

A speaker said her married daughter, who drives a Cadillac and lives in a high-rise luxury apartment less than two miles from her, hasn't visited her since her eye trouble began six years ago. "And she hasn't given me a dime."

An irate lady told us, "I've been taking mobility lessons for some time and my teacher suggested I start using my cane around the project where I live. Senior citizens stopped me and said, 'Are you looking for sympathy or a handout? What's your racket?' I'm not using the cane after what I heard."

A man said he wasn't welcomed at the local senior-citizens center. "You sit there like a dummy. You're boycotted, unnoticed. No one comes over to talk to you."

At the conclusion of every Wednesday talkout, I was shocked, saddened, and dismayed. If I had been endowed with prescience, it would have been a preview of the real world I was going to face when I left CIL.

The students' lounge, where we relaxed and talked between classes, gave me my first contact with blind and visually handicapped people. I heard lengthy case histories, confessions of self-neglect and ignorance, tales of huge fees for surgery that failed to prevent blindness ("going total"); the irreparable damage caused by glaucoma and diabetes. Two diabetic students were amputees. Three R.P.'s told me how, imperceptibly, their vision had dimmed. They were now totally blind.

Mobility lessons offered the biggest challenge. Most important, one has to overcome the stigma and personal humiliation of being seen with a red-and-white cane. Every student who was taking mobility instructions admitted this to me.

Helplessness and fear grip you as you learn, slowly plodding the streets, sweeping the cane ("scanning") in front of you. Your eyes constantly look to the right, left, up, and down, your neck swivels in the same manner, never relaxing for a moment. Your assured steps and snappy gait are gone. You now creep along in an indecisive, super-cautious way. An instructor is in back of you, closely watching every move. Crossing streets when traffic is snarled causes terror. Though I had a death grip on the banister, I panicked many times as I tapped my cane going up and down stairs. (The instructor would never allow me to look down; my head was to be held high at all times.)

Many students quit after hitting countless garbage cans, doors, hydrants, walls, gates, and fences, and bumping into people. They opt for a Seeing Eye dog or say someone in their family will be their escort when going out in the street.

After every mobility lesson (I never missed one), I was exhausted, emotionally and physically. I knew I had to learn to use the red-and-white cane. The cane was my identity. Protection? Yes and no. Many blind and visually impaired persons have told me the cane is an invitation to be mugged as they enter their apartment lobby, elevator, or apartment.

For over 50 years (I'm 69 years old) I had been very active and successful in the music world. There had been very few "at liberty" interludes in my career. As a sax player I tooted with many name bands, worked splendiferous hotels, was on the bandstand at countless Palm Beach, Newport, and New York society events. As a vocalist I made records with Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, and appeared in scores of theaters and nightclubs.

During my three months at CIL, many people were interested in my welfare: rehabilitation teachers, ophthalmologists, the New York State College of Optometry staff members who issued me new walking, reading, sun, and infrared glasses. Leaving CIL was like losing a close friend.

I was on my own. For professional guidance I had only William Pickman, my counselor from the State of New York Commission for the Blind and Visually Handicapped. Mr. Pickman proved to be a staunch friend, ready to help whenever I contacted him. But he was a busy man, and I didn't feel that I could bother him with my personal woes.

For over a week after finishing my CIL rehabilitation course, constant fatigue overpowered me. I was deeply depressed. There were 180 minutes to the hour. Tea and toast was my daily diet. I didn't shave or attempt to dress. Macabre dreams haunted me: I saw myself laid out in a plain pine coffin, and all mourners had Seeing Eye dogs; countless red-and-white canes performed Busby Berkeley precision routines; throngs of garish red-yellow-green traffic lights blinked incessantly; a phalanx of DETOUR—NO LEFT TURN—NO RIGHT TURN—BUS STOP—NO PARKING traffic stanchion signs encircled me.

The pep talks I had given myself now sounded phony. Bravado wasn't going to help me. I had two choices: either use a cane or waste my remaining years, a recluse in a rocking chair, drowning in nostalgia, sealed off from the activities of the world.

I chose the world. A changed world, far different from what I knew before R.P. damaged my sight. I became acutely aware of feral motorists, bicyclists, and moped-truck-motorcycle drivers who flout New York City traffic laws. Their collective credo is "Get the hell out of my way—if you don't, it's your funeral." It is a nerve-shattering experience, when the green light beckons, to find oneself in the middle of the street, stranded, sandwiched between hordes of advancing, honking, converging vehicles; as they whiz by, the sound of their growling motors tells you that they're only a few inches from your body.

If a tight situation occurs when I'm out, I hope to meet a kind person who will aid me. With a friendly arm to cling to, my morale perks up tremendously. Unfortunately, this is the exception. I can't understand the callousness and indifference of most teenagers and aged folks when I walk the streets, ride subways and buses, enter and leave elevators and supermarkets. Between grandchildren and grandparents there is a complete unanimity, no generation gap or polarization in their coldness toward low-vision and blind persons.

PIZZA
BUS STOP

Through New York, darkly: *"I could use a cane or waste my remaining years."*

Teenagers at snarled traffic intersections can't be bothered to offer assistance. "Won't you please give this seat to the elderly or handicapped" is the plea printed on the two front seats on New York City buses. Give me a bus seat? Don't be silly. I'm faceless, a cipher. The insensitivity of senior citizens, my peers in age group, never fails to shock me. Seldom will they hold a door open or allow me to enter a subway train ahead of them. In a supermarket, they elbow, jostle, step on me. You'd think the Red Army was around the corner as they frantically gather up their food. Seeing my dark glasses and cane, it's an elderly person who will brazenly step in front of me at the checkout line. I've learned never to walk anywhere near a bus stop: Senior citizens will crash into me and kick my cane in their frenzied charge to get aboard.

I don't expect a band to be playing "Mr. Wonderful," or to have rose petals strewn in my path wherever I go. The geriatric clan, of all people, shouldn't deny a person gripping a red-and-white cane the courtesy and consideration he or she should be given. For me, the Golden Years are a bit tarnished.

I asked a psychologist who has aided many persons traumatized by serious eye problems why the elderly behave in such a deplorable manner. I was told, "They're running away from the specter of blindness. That's why they're so uncomfortable in the presence of a person with a red-and-white cane and dark glasses. Such confrontations release their hidden fears of sightlessness."

To have retinitis pigmentosa and possess an ineluctable peripatetic urge must mean I have a strong masochistic streak. Challenging New York's onrushing, hyperkinetic pedestrians, crowded subways, disarrayed traffic, and endless caravans of vehicles is unabashed self-flagellation.

Fueling this demonic drive is the realization that my sight is vanishing. In time the abyss of everlasting deep night will imprison me. Hand wringing and asking "Why did it have to be me?" won't help.

However restricted and blurred my vision is, I want to go on visiting friends, journeying to museums and art galleries, the Bronx botanical garden, window shopping on Fifth and Madison avenues, watching luxury ocean liners, freighters, and tugboats passing under the majestic Verrazano Bridge. Wait a minute till I get my red-and-white walking cane. I'm going somewhere. ■

The War of the Roses (and Marigolds)

By John J. Tarrant

"...The marigold forces do not resemble the legions of the rose. They are mere guerrillas pitted against a mechanized army..."

Maybe you haven't noticed, but the United States has been struggling along for more than 200 years without a national flower. There are powerful forces bent on remedying that situation soon.

What will our national flower be? Well, what's the first flower that comes to your mind? Most people think of the rose. And why not? The rose seems inevitable. Indeed, the rose would have the field to itself—were it not for the upstart marigold.

That's what it comes down to: rose vs. marigold. The struggle has been going on for a long time. Many contenders have fallen in the fight—the carnation, the violet, the apple blossom, the Shasta daisy, the corntassel, the mountain laurel. The bluegrass was once a vigorous contender, though with strictly regional backing. No one talks seriously of the columbine anymore.

The rose people are through fooling around. Bob Lederer, executive vice-president of the Washington-based American Association of Nurserymen, says that "it was fun—great publicity—to have all this talk about the dogwood, the marigold, and all the others. But the fun's over. Now we need a national flower."

That's perhaps the one thing the rose and marigold advocates agree on—that it's time for action. The trouble is that the national flower must be designated by a resolution of Congress, and at any given time Congress seems to feel there are more pressing matters. In past sessions the rare congressional exchanges on this topic have been, on the whole, occasions for levity. This pains flower partisans, who tend to be intensely serious about the cause.

On January 14, 1978, a consortium of rose proponents met in Chicago. Potent groups were represented: the American Horticultural Society, the Garden Centers of America, the Mailorder Association of Nurserymen, the Society of American Florists, and six others.

Illustrated by Paul Deger

They designated 1979 as "The Year of the Rose." We will witness rose fairs, rose promotions, rose TV specials. And they hope that a major element of the Year of the Rose will be the selection of this blossom as the American floral insignia.

The rose forces are sure that the next resolution introduced on behalf of their candidate will boast massive bipartisan sponsorship. They are prepared to lobby hard, and from the grass roots.

There is an air of calm assurance among those who are now marshaling under the banner of the rose. They talk like people who have counted the votes. One leading rose-warrior is George Rose (whose name, he states, is purely coincidental), secretary and treasurer of a group called All-America Rose Selections. Mr. Rose, an affable Iowan, showers facts and statistics on the interviewer like a soft rain of rose petals: No other flower approaches the rose in volume of sales. It grows everywhere; its season is long. In a poll of florists' customers, the rose by far surpassed all others, garnering 35 percent of votes, with no other flower getting more than 5 percent. "Did you know," asks Mr. Rose, "there are more than 4,000 songs with 'rose' in the title?"

And yet we must still consider the stubborn marigold. It too has its congressional partisans, its grass-roots campaigners, its stunts, its P.R. hype, its fierce supporters. But the marigold force does not resemble the legions of the rose. It is a guerrilla band pitted against a mechanized army. The marigold fight is sustained by two people—Charlotte Bass and David Burpee.

Charlotte Bass is a 52-year-old self-styled "nutty housewife" from La Porte, Indiana. She is married to a retired air-force colonel. Mrs. Bass was seized with marigold fever fifteen years ago while living in Washington, D.C., where she taught sewing and wrote a column on crafts. Since that moment the marigold has been her life. She roams the country making speeches and local TV appearances. She is on hand at all major gatherings of growers or flower fanciers, tugging at lapels. She materializes periodically in Washington to plead for the marigold. One of her prime targets is John Brademas, number-three man in the House of Representatives, who happens to represent her home district and who, years ago, incurred her wrath by asking, "Do we really need a national flower?"

Mrs. Bass, an ample, ebullient woman, envelops the interviewer, not with statistics but with love for the marigold. Her style is staccato bursts: "Little people are for the marigold *in the true sense of the word!*" . . . "We are *still* getting some nonsense about the corntassel!" . . . "Somebody says 50 percent of the House has to sponsor us before we are called up—I say *baloney!*" She tills the grass roots, but she does not neglect the famous: "John Warner [Elizabeth Taylor's husband] has been with me on many platforms—and *he loves marigolds!*"

Between trips, Charlotte Bass somehow manages to conduct a full-time mail campaign. In 1976, she distributed 250,000 packages of marigold seeds, amounting to some 50 million seeds. (If you send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Charlotte Bass Marigolds, P.O. Box 1776, Stillwell, Indiana 46351, she will send you some, free.)

Free seeds are by no means all her correspondents get. They receive chatty newsletters about the progress of the campaign. They get elaborately lettered poems on colored paper. One begins:

> O marigolds, Saint Mary's gold they say,
> How glorious your colors and your shades!
> How bright and cheerful is the atmosphere
> You spread about us, e'en on gloomy days!

The verse is by a Benedictine monk, the calligraphy by an inmate of the Indiana State Penitentiary, both recruits to the cause. Besides poetry and progress reports, the faithful are regaled with hints about many things, including the crocheting of marigold bedspreads and the preparation of marigold recipes.

Where does the money for all this

"...'Little people are for the marigold,' says Charlotte Bass. 'But we're *still* getting some nonsense about the corntassel!'..."

come from? Charlotte Bass spends her own money, and the Basses have borrowed on his life insurance. She sometimes gets discouraged, and when that happens she seeks reinvigoration at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, the home of the man she reveres as a god—David Burpee, the seeds man.

David Burpee is 85 now, stooped and somewhat frail, courtly in a countryman's way. He lives with his wife, Lois, herself a botanist, at Fordhook Farms, the 300-acre Burpee home and experimental growing station since 1888. David Burpee's father, W. Atlee Burpee, started the business in 1876. The elder Burpee's flair for innovation and sure instinct for mail order revolutionized the seed business. When he died in 1915, David, his elder son, took over. He was 22.

Crisis struck almost immediately. The sweet pea, for many years the most popular flower grown from seed in the United States, was suddenly devastated by a fungus root rot. Young David Burpee looked around for a replacement, finally choosing the marigold. The marigold was not, in those days, a charmer. It was scrawny; it was a late bloomer with a limited color range; its foliage had an unpleasant smell. "But underneath," says Burpee, "I saw a garden Cinderella."

"A garden Cinderella." Mr. Burpee—D.B., they call him—talks like that. In an interview he is courteous, lucid, helpful. Puffing on forbidden cigars, he speaks easily, fluently retelling anecdotes that, the listener senses, have been told many times before, polished to a high and seductive gloss. He tells of such things as his long search for a marigold with odorless foliage, finally rewarded by a letter from a missionary in China who had grown odorless marigolds and who offered to send an ounce of seeds for $25. Ultimately, as D.B. tells it, he paid $250 for a half ounce. Planted on the Burpee farm at Lompoc, California, the seeds proved, indeed, to grow plants with odorless foliage. But then—disaster. They had been planted among thousands of other marigolds and had somehow gotten lost. What to do? Burpee hired relays of college students to go down the rows, sniffing out the priceless plants.

David Burpee rolls out story after story. Only rarely is one inclined to challenge him. For example, Mr. Burpee mentions his "cousin," the great Luther Burbank. Promotional material for the Burpee company has, down the years, referred to this relationship. I press Mr. Burpee a little on this. He smiles gently and then explains that, well, many years ago Burbank had said to W. Atlee Burpee, "I have been buying my seeds from you for years, and now I want to *claim* cousinship with you." Too courteous to insist, he passes over the kinship, which I later find out is real, though distant.

To hear D.B. tell it, he has merely followed a path marked out by his father. There is a lot more to it than that. David Burpee transformed the flower business into an industry based on scientific method. And he brought to the selling of seeds a genius that is peculiarly his own.

David Burpee pioneered hybridization, sold the idea that hybrids are hardier and more beautiful than original stock, and conceived methods that have made hybridization cost-effective. His "Red and Gold" marigold, introduced in 1939, was the first hybrid flower to be sold commercially.

Burpee's sure promotional sense was in full spate in the 1920s and early 1930s, when his annual showings of new varieties were as significant events in the garden world as the unveiling of the Dior line came to be in the fashion sphere. However, the most sustained evidence of his sweeping approach may be found in his search—over more than half a century—for the white marigold.

He began crossbreeding for a white marigold in 1920. Nothing much happened for about 30 years. Then an amateur gardener approached Burpee to show him an oddity. Mrs. Burpee describes it: "A scrawny, ugly little thing—but it had three white petals." The Burpee breeders seized upon this ugly duckling and bred from it.

In 1954 Burpee announced a $10,000 prize for a full-size white marigold. In the ensuing years more than 8,000 samples were submitted. At last, in 1975, a full-scale all-white marigold—submitted by Alice Vonk of Sully, Iowa—won the $10,000. In 1976 Burpee's introduced its "Best Whites" to the market. The growers are still working on it, and Burpee expects that within six years or so the white marigold will be a hardy, glorious bloom. "And of course," he remarks, "we got reams of publicity out of all this."

Although David Burpee sold the company to General Foods in 1970, he remains involved. The Burpee catalogs are still prepared at Fordhook Farms, and the old place is still an experimental station. Burpee's place in gardening history is secure: He is the Henry Ford of flowers.

One goal remains: He longs for the marigold to be the national flower.

Burpee began to work toward this goal in 1959. He went to his home senator, Hugh Scott, but Scott was committed to the rose. Then he met Everett Dirksen. He sent Dirksen marigolds. He educated the Illinois senator in the folklore and history of the flower.

All connoisseurs of oratory know the result. Senator Dirksen's annual discourse on behalf of the marigold packed the galleries and made that week's *Congressional Record* a best-seller. But his golden words could never push the marigold through.

Today Howard Baker, Everett Dirksen's son-in-law, has taken up the torch as sponsor for the marigold. Inevitably, he is criticized. Occasionally an editorial writer will ask, irritably, why Baker spends any time at all on this when he confronts such momentous decisions as the disposition of the Panama Canal.

It may be that at last the Congress will give us a national flower. For David Burpee, there is no choice but the marigold: "It costs little. It is not an aristocratic flower, or the flower of another country, as the rose is of England. It is the flower of the people."

True, the big battalions are on the side of the rose. And yet I would like to think the marigold has a chance. Congress has other things on its mind, of course—but, as Charlotte Bass asks, "Why can't they for once do something happy?" ■

Art/John Ashbery

1976 AND ALL THAT

"... Is it possible that our greatest scenic resources exist merely to be framed and publicly adored as somehow good for us?..."

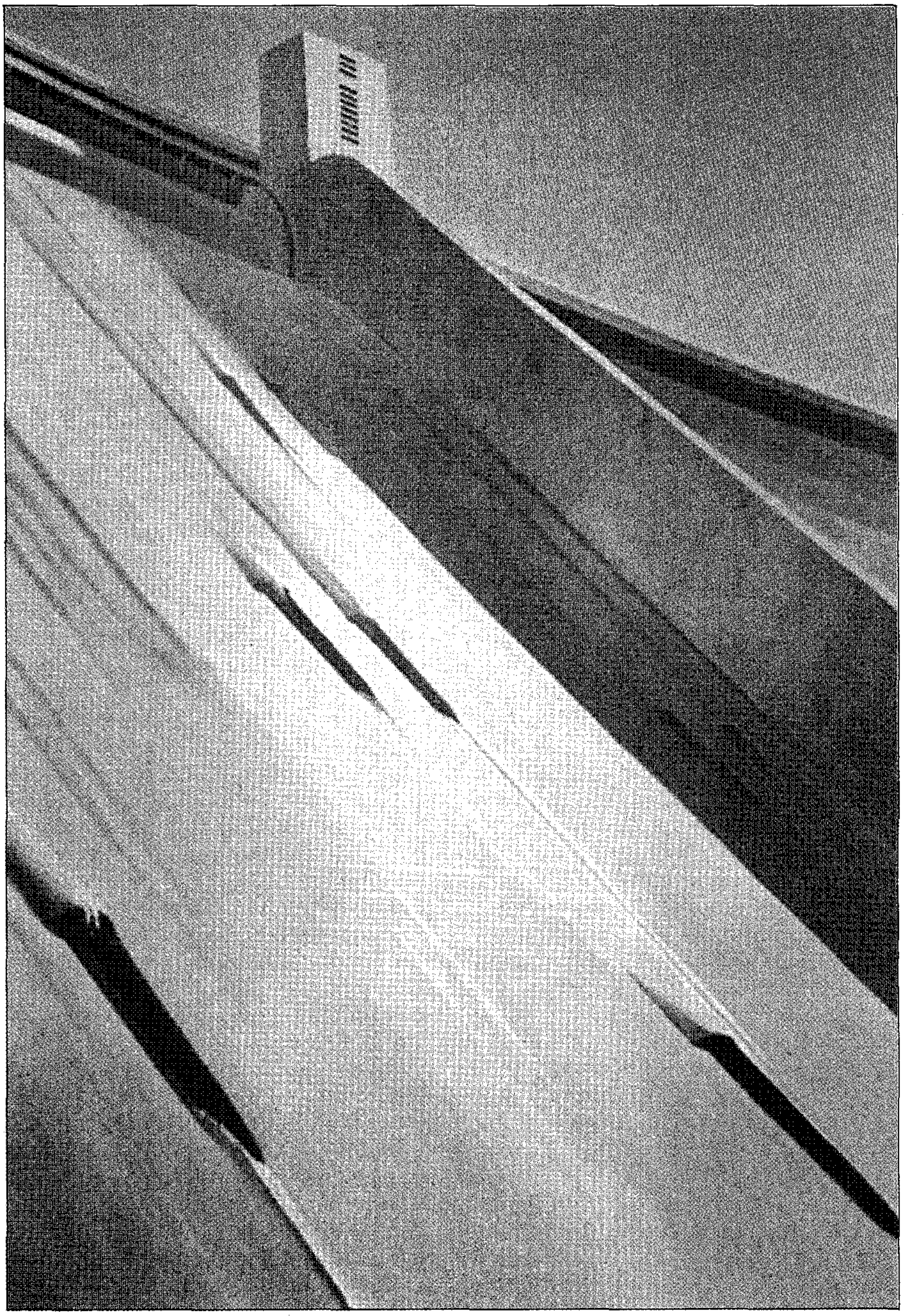
"America 1976," a show of paintings of the American landscape commissioned for the Bicentennial by the Department of the Interior, has just opened at the Brooklyn Museum.

When it was first unveiled two years ago in the august, if stuffy, ambience of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the show had a bright and festive quality which seems to have partially evaporated during its long out-of-town run. The Bicentennial now seems as remote as Art Nouveau, and the paintings, all more or less celebratory even at their most subversive, have a slightly forlorn air, like yesterday's bunting. The works by first-rate artists still look good, but the weaknesses of some of the lesser ones are more apparent now, as is the somewhat artificial concept of the show itself.

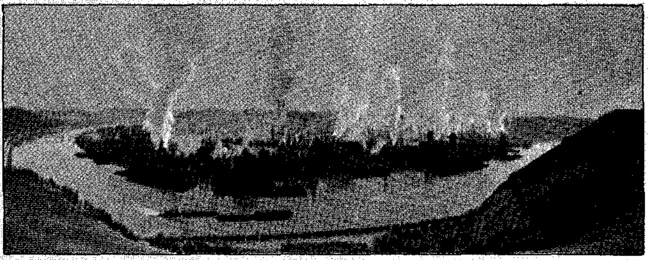
The idea was to "bus" artists to any part of these United States that they wished to celebrate in pigment—any part, that is, which could be somehow related to the projects of the Department of the Interior. It sounds like any landscapist's dream, but what seems to have happened is that the more scenic the locale chosen and the more remote from the artist's usual concerns, the more stilted and flat the resulting picture.

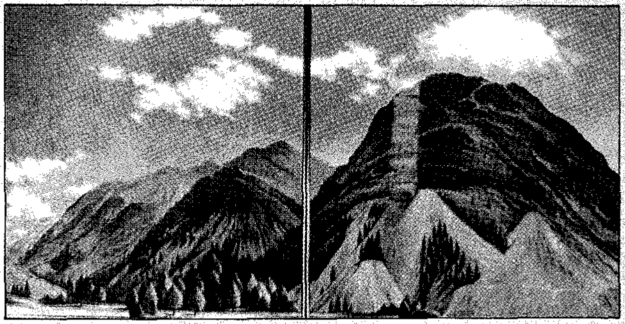
Another drawback is the concentration on painters who are strictly landscape painters. The American scene is more than scenery, and the landscape is a vital presence in the work of a number of major artists who aren't really landscape painters (de Kooning, Rivers, Diebenkorn, Joan Mitchell come to mind) but whose work has altered the way we look at the space around us. This sense of "inscape" could have transformed a collection of mostly ingratiating, sometimes magnificent landscapes into something more provocative: a look at how the American artist confronts his landscape, whether he is painting it or just living in it and feeling it.

An example of how it might have turned out is offered by Red Grooms's *Dame of the Narrows,* a batty replica of a Staten Island ferry boat that is installed so close to the "1976" show that



Dam site: *John Button's* Spillway: Shasta Dam *peers through cement to get at what is concrete in the American landscape. It is part of the show "America 1976," works by 45 contemporary American artists commissioned for the Bicentennial by the Department of the Interior. The exhibit will be at the Brooklyn Museum through May 21.*





The sky above: *Downes's* The Coke Works at Clairton, Pa. *(above), and a detail from Nesbitt's* Animas Valley '75.

"... This is an illustrious group show by anybody's standards, even if it's mostly the stay-at-homes who come out looking best..."

many visitors will assume it's part of it. Besides being just plain fun, Grooms's work is also a mad Mannerist exercise in out-of-whack perspectives—the life preserver at the far end of the boat is several times bigger than the passengers in the foreground—and it also says something important about how the spaces of this city treat its citizens. Divagations like these might have transformed the present travelogue into something resembling an American epic.

Still, this is an illustrious group show by anybody's standards, even if it is mostly the stay-at-homes who come out looking best. One of these is Jane Freilicher, who was offered a junket to Cape Cod but decided to stay in the Hamptons and paint the wetlands there, having no doubt noticed that one wetland very much resembles another. Her *Wetlands and Dunes* is one of the treasures of the show—vibrant, glowing, its assortment of hummocks and tussocks lovingly differentiated with the care that only a truly "concerned" painter (in the post-ecological sense) can command. Another is the Maine-based painter Neil Welliver, whose *Anonymous Freshet* has everything but a name to keep it from anonymity: a sun-flecked glade is re-created in purely painterly terms, so that not just the final image but the processes that resulted in it seem to reproduce nature. Alex Katz, who also has a home in Maine, has contributed a vivacious rear-end view of a moose that is for laughing out loud.

It seems unlikely that Richard Estes asked to be shipped to Philadelphia—if so he deserves some kind of special mention for the most modest proposal. But his view of it, entitled *B & O*, is one of the strongest pictures in the show. A medium-tacky street, one side plunged in shadow, the other sunlit, recedes toward some brick buildings which the catalog identifies as "the restored Head House Market and Square . . . designated a National Historical landmark." The title of the painting, however, comes from a bar sign in the middle distance. But the painting is unanecdotal even by this tight-lipped realist's standards. Instead it dwells on the fresh spring light and dank shade falling over ordinary buildings, with a sparseness, accuracy, and austere gaiety that suggest Canaletto's *vedute* of London.

Another painter who comes off surprisingly strong is Philip Pearlstein—surprisingly not because he is a weak painter but because we don't associate him with landscapes. But he informs us in a videotaped interview accompanying the show that he was originally drawn to paint nudes because they suggested rocks to him. In *White House Ruin—Morning,* he has imparted the juiciness and mystery of flesh to some Pueblo Indian ruins and the canyon wall beetling above them. Both here and in a companion piece, *White House Ruin—Afternoon,* he organizes and orchestrates details on a massive scale which will surprise those familiar only with his intimist figure paintings.

Other successes include the slanting sheer concrete of John Button's *Spillway: Shasta Dam,* slipslidin' majestically into your lap; and Alfred Leslie's *View From the Summit Tower of Mount Greylock,* a wall of lush gray cloud parting to reveal some pines and a parking area at the bottom. Edwin Dickinson's *Guinea Boat* is a sort of homage to Whistler except that the light seems opaque, perhaps as an antidote to Whistler's limpidity. George Nick's *Third Powerplant—Before Dawn* celebrates the richness of earth and water in a composition that is organized like an abstraction. Rackstraw Downes's delicate, Sickert-like view of *The Coke Works at Clairton, Pa.,* belching forth noxious vapors like it was going out of style (it isn't), was impressive though without the breath-taking bravura of his recent show at the Kornblee Gallery.

Elsewhere, the documentary mission imposed on the painters seems to have worked to their disadvantage. I haven't seen Yosemite or the Grand Canyon and suppose that they are beautiful, but I have never seen a picture or photograph of them that wasn't ugly or somehow melancholy, in a didactic way. Is it possible that our greatest scenic resources exist merely to be framed and publicly adored as somehow good for us? The thought crossed my mind when I was faced with a number of big—almost life-size—and static renderings of certified topographical wonders: Lowell Nesbitt's *Animas Valley '75,* Vincent Arcilesi's *Grand Canyon,* Ben Schonzeit's *Continental Divide,* Roy Schnackenberg's *Mount Brooks With Roses,* Johan Sellenraad's *The Maze* (in Canyonlands National Park, Utah). The urge toward grandeur is there, coexisting with the intent to subvert it through a deadpan, no-comment rendering. It is true that just plain solemnity will no longer do; the days of Bierstadt are no more. But the majesty of our landscape has its own built-in note of self-parody, and it has eluded these artists. Today the romance of the American scene has drained off into unlikely places—the coke works and that B & O Bar sign, for instance—and it takes an expert eye and hand to make it live again. ▬

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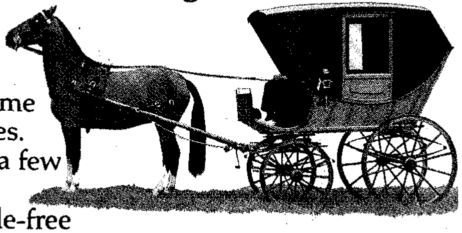

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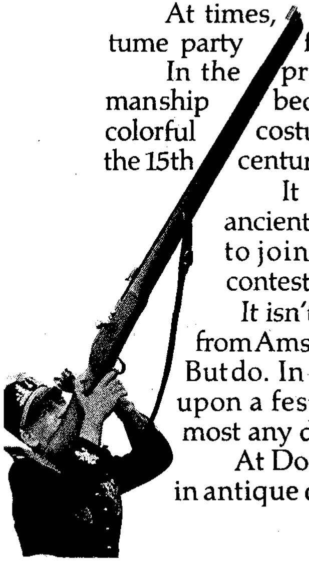

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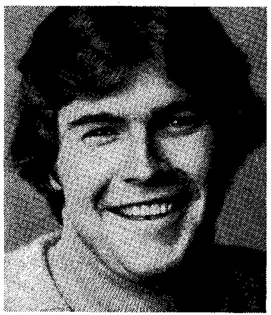
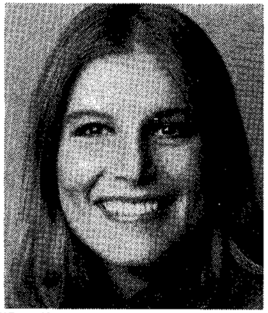
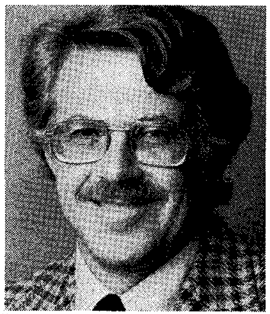


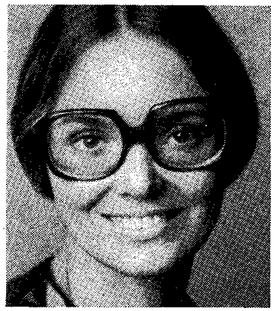
"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.



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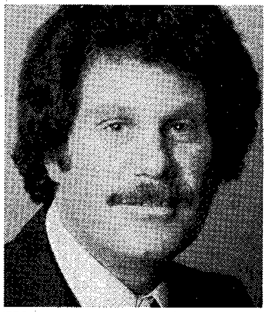

"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
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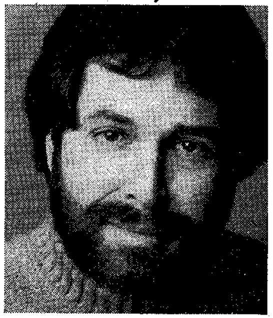
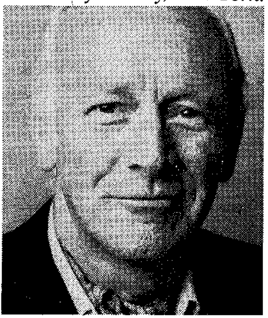
—Iby Korody, New York.

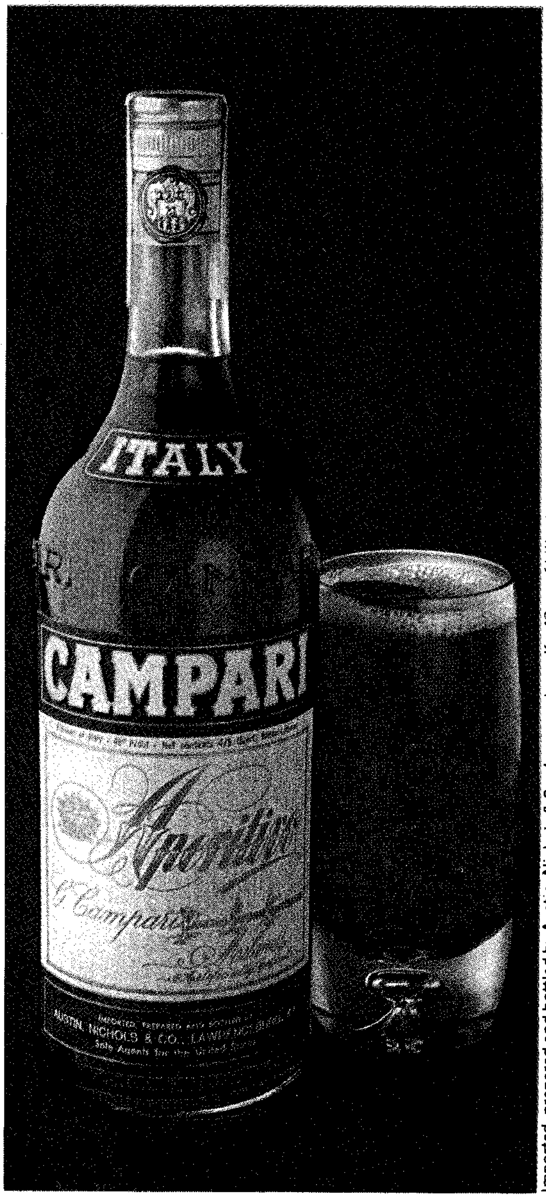


"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.



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Movies / Molly Haskell

PROFITEER WITH HONOR

"...The Brooklyn of *Hot Wax*, filmed in Hollywood, feels even more real than the location shots of *Saturday Night Fever*..."

American Hot Wax, an aural magic carpet through fifties rock 'n' roll, is the first of the new cycle of "period" musicals devoted to the antique rumblings of the recent past. As one who was weaned on the car radio in the middle-to-late fifties, I could immerse myself in wall-to-wall Chuck Berry and the Platters and Little Richard and the Drifters and Jerry Lee Lewis and the memories they evoke for at least several more go-arounds, but I don't know how many fellow travelers there are down this particular Memory Lane. I suppose the idea is to enlist the post-disco crowd, in which case there's no reason why *American Hot Wax* shouldn't have a whole new generation of teenyboppers rocking in the aisles.

Although fifties rock 'n' roll came to be upstaged by its better-educated and musically more complex hard and soft and electric variants, it was better than I remembered, though simple enough that when some of the songs are reproduced by new, made-up groups, they sound exactly like the originals. Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis are present in the still-firm flesh, while most of their important r 'n' r contemporaries (excluding Elvis) are represented by their original monaural records on a track that is, in effect, the film . . . though the film is much more than an illustrated sound track.

Director Floyd Mutrux *(Bobby, Aloha and Rose)* and screenwriter John Kaye *(Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins)* concentrate on one week—the last week—in the career of Alan Freed, the disc jockey from Ohio who became the pied piper of rock 'n' roll (a term he invented) and was indicted—though you'd never know it from the film—for payola. Played by Tim McIntire with the pasty-faced shyness of the radio man, he is the revolutionary whose preference for "spook music" makes him the *bête noire* of first the station head, then the record industry, and finally the law. To local teenagers and would-be musicians, he is a messiah.

The film is at its best in capturing the excitement of a period in which the musical floodgates were opening wide, and talent was pouring in, or rather up, from the bottom, from blacks and lower-class whites, while teenage listeners, like moths in their tenement cocoons, were suddenly finding their identities, their wings, in the vibrant music. From the singers who pop in and out of Freed's life, to the kids who manage to get close to him, the supporting cast is wonderful, and in their fierce, entrepreneurial spirit they offer an antidote to the drab Brooklynites of *Saturday Night Fever.*

YOU CAN PLAY!

Laraine Newman, of *Saturday Night Live,* plays a scrawny, would-be songwriter; thirteen-year-old Moosie Drier is uncanny as the president of the Buddy Holly fan club; and as Freed's secretary, Fran Drescher is hilarious, particularly in her ongoing verbal combat with Freed's driver (Jay Leno). A zaftig, expensively dressed brunette, she has that wonderful blend of vulgarity and pseudo-refinement of the teenager who prides herself on being more mature than everybody else.

McIntire gives a beautiful performance, even down to the physical awkwardness of the Anglo-Saxon who hasn't got rhythm but knows it when he hears it. He conveys the sweet generosity of a man who doesn't so much generate electricity as act as its conductor. But in turning the Freed scandal into the Freed legend, the movie overplays its hand. I don't mind the selectiveness of the film's portrait of the fifties, but if I were a stickler for realism, I might object to the notion that rock 'n' roll was invented at the Brooklyn Paramount by Alan Freed. My buddies and I were tooling around to "Mr. Lee" and "Splish Splash" and "Roll Over Beethoven" several years before the Freed scandal, and without interference from the guardians of morality. And, bless our naïve souls, we thought it was all happening right where we were, in Virginia or points south and west. But then New York wouldn't be New York if it didn't take credit for every interesting phenomenon developed elsewhere in the country.

It is not liberties like these that I object to—they are the prerogative of the medium that blends fact and fantasy in ways that will always confound the sociological nitpickers and reality experts. (In fact the Brooklyn of *Hot Wax,* filmed in Hollywood, looks like no place on earth, but it *feels* more

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Montego Bay, Jamaica

real than the shot-on-location Brooklyn of *Saturday Night Fever.*)

What I do object to is that the movie gives us a myth of martyrdom—Alan Freed sacrificed to the forces of repression, Alan Freed dying of a broken heart—and asks us to accept it as documentary fact. By concluding the film with a photograph of the real Freed and a misleading epilogue about his demise—and with a speed that is itself suspect, like a lecturer who rushes offstage before anyone can ask questions—the movie almost forces us to ask questions about its fidelity to fact that need never have been raised.

It's too bad, because *American Hot Wax* is true in spirit to the importance of Freed and his championing of a music that really was subversive. I don't just mean Chuck Berry's wildly lascivious lyrics—which we only dimly "got" at the time—but the ethnic composition of singers producing music that was addressed for the first time to an age group rather than a class group. The rock 'n' rollers were pulling the rug out from under a white-supremacist nation, but without quite realizing it, so that it was a moment of innocence and rare good feelings. The sixties saw the articulation and refinement of these themes in rock and the counterculture, but some of the good feelings were lost.

The critics quoted in the ad for **Fingers** must have seen a different film from the one I saw. My guess is that whatever your response to it, you will neither love it, be angered by it, nor be stunned by it, as the teaser promises. You may be bored into fury (or into *The Fury,* next door) but that's not quite the same. For a film that has prompted the most visceral adjectives in years—"meaty," "hungry," "gutsy," "raw"—*Fingers* is remarkably, deviously uninvolving. Though the finger exercises do occasionally reach the inner intestines, the only hunger is that of writer-director James Toback for the status of moviemaker *maudit,* an ambition as yet unsupported by even modest proficiency in or feeling for the medium.

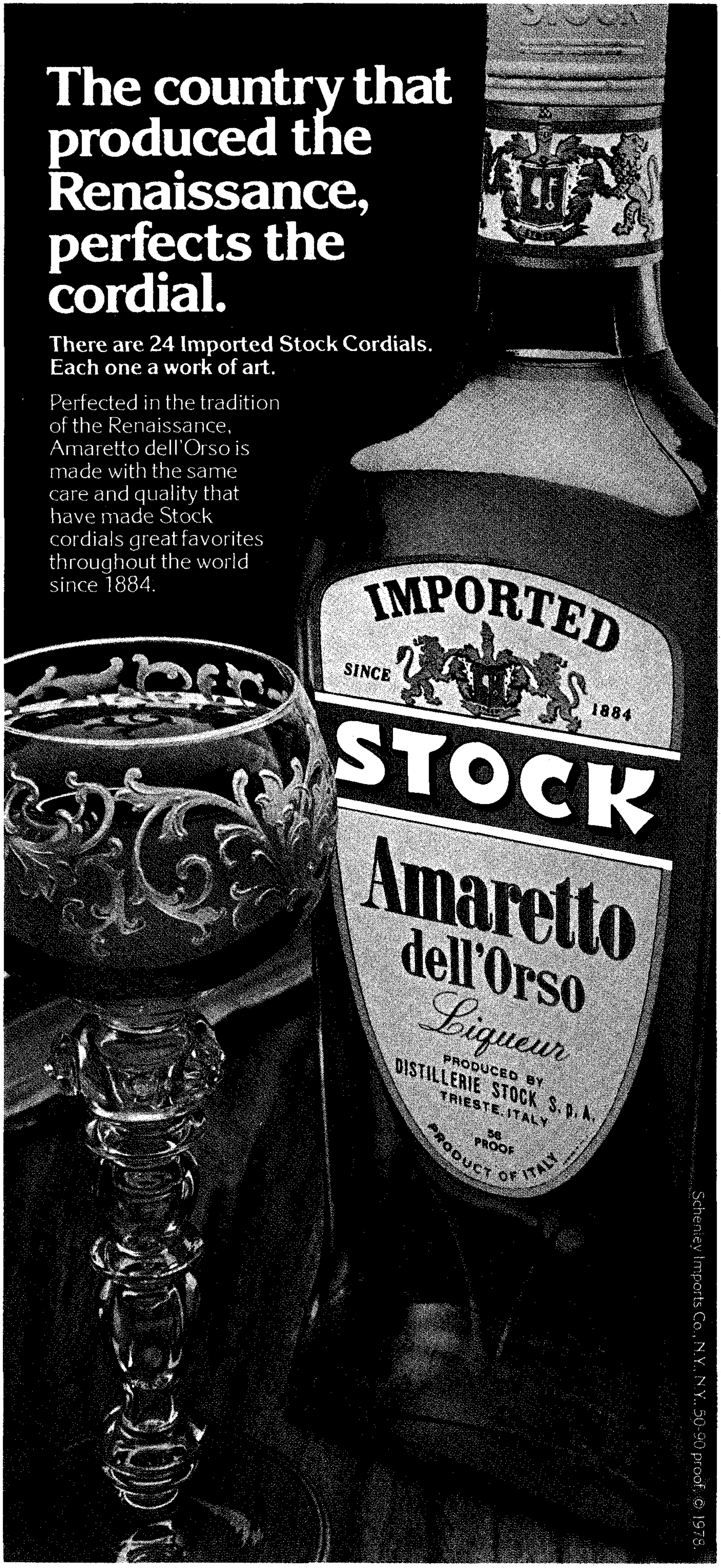
Like the Dostoevski-spouting gambler of Toback's first screenplay, *The Gambler,* the hero of *Fingers* is another cultural crossbreed and fantasy alter ego. Played by Harvey Keitel, he is the hybrid progeny (but not prodigy) of a gangster dad (Michael Gazzo) and a bluestocking mother (Marian Seldes). Half hit-man, half concert pianist, and wholly obnoxious, he traipses around the city with his tape recorder playing fifties hits at top volume, makes a running play for a sculptor chick, played with pre-faded beggar-bohemian drab by Tisa Farrow, and plays the piano with self-dramatizing virtuosity that isn't helped by the poorly matched post-synced studio sound recording.

The swaggering, kinky violence of the story's criminal elements produces more queasiness than excitement, particularly as the driving force is a sort of veiled, closet machismo. The fantasies are of the groupie rather than the participant, with Keitel/Jimmy as the stargazer and Jim Brown, who served a similar role in Toback's biography, *Jim,* as the stud icon. There, as here, the athlete and the intellectual shared names and girls, and a jock sanctuary in which the worshiper was at least as fascinated with himself as with the object of his crush.

Gray Lady Down is not, as the title suggests, another horse film, but a better-than-routine disaster film about a submarine that has plummeted to the depths off the coast of Bermuda. Charlton Heston, one of the few remaining old-line authority figures, is well cast as the captain on his last voyage, while his quivering-lower-lipped crew is of a later and less heroic film breed.

David Greene, the English director responsible for some interesting melodramas in the last few years, sticks with confidence to the mechanics of the rescue, a naval operation involving a podlike diving unit, its eccentric inventor-pilot (David Carradine), his faithful assistant (Ned Beatty), and assorted navy personnel (among them Stacy Keach, quite dashing with a mustache). The benign portrait of the armed services—its efficiency coupled with a grateful acknowledgment at the end—is enough to convince most New Yorkers that they are watching a propaganda film for the B-1 bomber. In a sense, disaster films are all commercials for American technology. Essential to the disaster myth and to our continued confidence in the planes we fly and the hardware to which we entrust our security is the idea that machines are brought to the brink by human error (hamartia). Like the ancient gods, they may not be infallible, but they are not accountable to human beings, to whose greed and folly they bear witness.

In *Gray Lady Down,* Greene develops his story with a fine ambiguity, both in his reticent handling of character conflicts and in some beautifully opaque underwater photography. The film relies for its effects on steadily developing interest rather than the gimcracky, multiple-bio *Ship of Fools* formula, or the bolts and spasms that turn us all into cardiac cases, and leave us feeling more drained than satisfied at the end. ■



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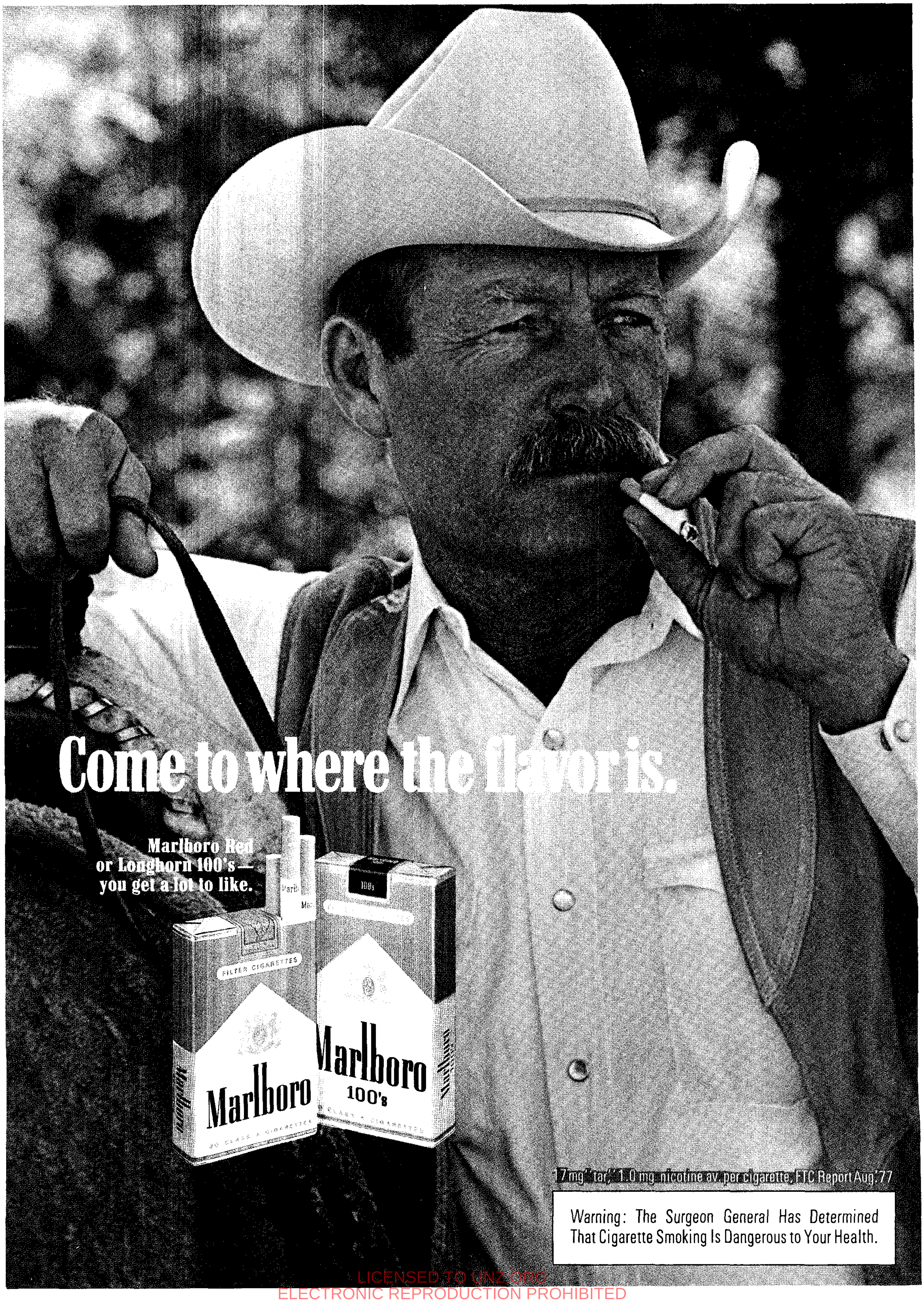
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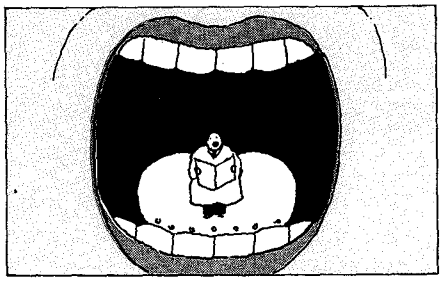
Records / Alan Rich

PAR FOR THE CHORUS

> "...The *Petite Messe Solennelle* shows Rossini, indolent, overfed, and crotchety, with his melodic powers greatly enriched..."



Twenty-five years after he had finished his last opera, Gioacchino Rossini, indolent, overfed, and crotchety, completed his **Petite Messe Solennelle.** The work is not popular today, although it deserves wider circulation. RCA's new two-disc album of the work (ARL2-2626) is advertised as the "first major recording," which is not quite accurate; the other "first major recording"—an Angel album conducted by Franco Caracciolo—was excellent in its day, although that day has long since passed. An abridged recording on Period, which used Rossini's later orchestration, has also been discontinued.

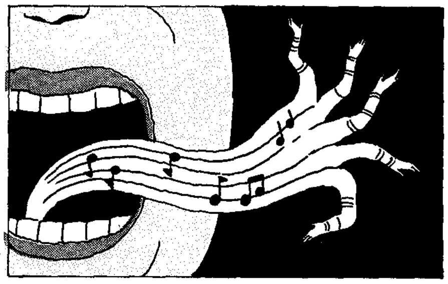
The Mass provides scholars with some amusing speculation. At close to 86 minutes' running time, the work is hardly "petite," nor is its content particularly solemn. Rossini, in his old age, was given to a joke or two, and the title of this sublime work may have been one of them. On the other hand, the "petite" may merely refer to the original scoring. The Mass was composed for the dedication of some Parisian aristocrat's small private chapel, and, to fit that space, Rossini scored the work for the modest accompaniment of two pianos and harmonium. Grand and exalted though the music may be, it sounds far better in its original proportions than with the dullish orchestration Rossini later provided.

In either form, however, this is a piece to cherish. It shows Rossini with his melodic powers enriched even beyond the level of his last operas. The harmony, too, is ravishing. There is a turn of harmony in the opening "Kyrie," several times repeated, that invests one of the most hidebound of Romantic cadence formulas with a radiance that almost blinds the eye. Other moments—the tenor solo at "Domine Deus," for example—could, possibly, be taken merely as delicious parody of Victorian religiosity at its gummiest. Little in the whole work cannot be reckoned as pure beauty.

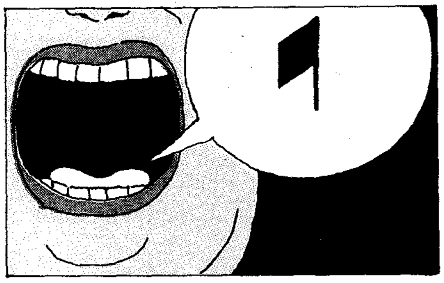
The new recording is splendid, with Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting a powerful, beautifully spacious performance from one of the pianos, and with a fine Munich chorus and four soloists (Kari Lövass, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Schreier, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau) of high merit. They all work with the mixture of solemnity and levity which is probably exactly what the composer intended.

Gustav Holst (1874–1934) may, in time, receive his proper recognition as the most interesting and important English composer of his time. He hasn't, as yet. His reputation is overshadowed, on the one hand, by that of Sir Edward Elgar, on whose inflated scores a grossly overinflated revival is now being perpetrated. And Holst suffers also from the equally undue popularity of his own least adventurous major score, *The Planets*, really a set of portraits of fat Edwardian gentlemen looking through toy telescopes.

On a new Angel record (S-37455), several of **Holst's choral works** are beautifully performed by London forces under the direction of Sir Charles Groves. One piece, the *Ode to Death*, is of negligible worth, a setting—apparently hastily made—of some Walt Whitman verses, written as a memorial piece after World War I. Two other works are masterpieces. One is a set of three hymns from the Sanskrit *Rig-Veda*, in English translations by the composer. These are extraordinarily lovely pieces; they evoke the mythic quality of Symbolist painting, and the sounds—women's voices and an orchestra used with great delicacy—are like the curling of incense.



Also on the record is the one longer work that I—working with limited access, to be sure—regard as Holst's masterpiece, the *Hymn of Jesus*. This, too, is a work of solemn mysticism. Holst had steeped himself in a collection of ancient Christian hymns from Greek sources, and combined his findings with other explorations into Gregorian chant, emerging with a composition of his own that sounds at once quite old and strikingly new. The choral writing here is incredibly rich; at time Holst uses men's voices with such sonority as to suggest the quality of bottomlessness. A strange, colorful, disturbing work, this *Hymn of Jesus;* there is nothing else in the twentieth-century choral repertory quite like it.



The **Requiem** of Maurice Duruflé also has its admirers; I seem to remember that fellow on WQXR referring to it one morning recently as the "most gorgeous" choral work of our time. *Ohne mich;* to me this overextended piece, now 31 years old, is as claustrophobic as the organ loft in which its 76-year-old composer still sits. It is an exceptionally meandering piece, full of wall-calendar religiosity, ponderous cantus firmi without melodic shape, and a choking ugliness in its scoring.

There is no denying the excellence of Columbia's new performance (M 34547), conducted by Andrew Davis and with Kiri Te Kanawa and Siegmund Nimsgern as the fine vocal soloists. The performance and its recorded sound are truly grandiose.

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

TAKE MUSIC'S NEXT STEP

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"...The Duruflé *Requiem* is full of wall-calendar religiosity, without shape..."

It was inevitable, considering the success of *Alexander Nevsky* in the concert hall, that someone would also attempt a similar treatment of another of Serge Prokofiev's film scores. Unfortunately, Prokofiev himself did not live to fashion his own cantata from his music to Serge Eisenstein's **Ivan the Terrible,** as he had from the *Nevsky* score. The job was done, instead, by Abram Stasevich, who had conducted the score in the film, but whose credentials were otherwise meager. The result is that, while one can revel in the *Nevsky* as a fine concert piece on its own, one hears this *Ivan the Terrible* with pleasure only with images from the films in the visual memory.

There is, to be sure, some stunning music here; the two parts of Eisenstein's film are worth reseeing at least once just to assess the role the score played in the total result. The richness of Prokofiev's imagination, the marvelous way he had of fashioning his own pseudo-folk style partly out of ancient material and partly from his own invention—all this can be sampled in the Stasevich scissors-and-paste job, especially in Angel's new album of the score (SB-3851), conducted by Riccardo Muti with Russian soloists and a London chorus and orchestra. But the work doesn't hang together; it starts, ends, starts, and then ends again. Sonorous and well performed as Muti's performance surely is, the result is little more engaging than one of those soundtrack albums you can now buy for practically every movie ever made.

Some exceptional recordings of **American choral music** have been issued by New World Records, that splendid new company funded to give our native music proper attention—and whose anthology in all musical fields has already reached awesome proportions. One new record (NW 219) is a collection of short works by Randall Thompson, Elliott Carter, and Seymour Shifrin, attractively sung by the University of Michigan Chamber Choir and an orchestra under Thomas Hilbish's direction. Another (NW 296) contains one of the authentic masterpieces of our time, the setting by Roger Sessions of Whitman's *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd.*

On the record of short works, I am most attracted by Seymour Shifrin's *The Odes of Shang,* two exceptionally graceful and resonant choral settings of parts of Ezra Pound's *Confucian Odes.* The music dates from the early sixties, when Shifrin was teaching in California and creating a considerable amount of exceptionally fine music. His style is harmonically quite free, tonal, but strongly propelled by a masterful use of dissonant counterpoint. His music is full of energy, emotionally rather tense, yet colored with extreme delicacy. If today's choruses were less delinquent in attending to the music of their own time, these Shifrin pieces would be popular; this, it almost goes without saying, is their first recording. The other works on the album are some charming, trivial choruses by Thompson, jolly but rather old-fashioned, and a graceful 40-year-old setting by Carter of Robert Herrick's "To Music."

The Sessions cantata dates from last year, recorded by the forces that introduced it: the Boston Symphony and Tanglewood Choir, with a solo vocal ensemble, conducted by Seiji Ozawa. The beauties in this long work are many. At 81, this noble composer has moved toward a compositional style illuminated with a wit, a lightness, and a love of pure sound that one seldom encountered even in his finest earlier scores. The music is difficult to approach, but the strength of the composer's insight into Whitman's wonderful poetry is easy to grasp. Simplicity and profundity are here masterfully blended.

And Still in There

One of the most interesting moments in sports comes at the beginning of a championship fight, when, out of genuine respect, or just to show that they're still alive, the old champions are brought into the ring to take a bow. Most of them look sad and broken-down, but just once I'd like to see one tear off his polyester suit, and, wearing his trunks underneath, go a couple of rounds just for old times' sake.

Lonnie Donnegan was already a veteran performer in England when, in 1961, his recording of "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?" introduced skiffle music to America. Skiffle took a kind of southern-American guitar-and-banjo folk style, added elements of jazz and blues, and put it all into the context of a rousing, sing-along, English-music-hall atmosphere. Its popularity here was short-lived, and its influences are sometimes difficult to discern, but the fact is, it was the music that a whole generation of English musicians grew up

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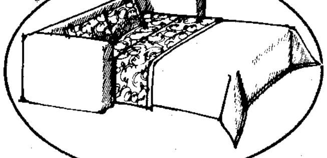
with. Now Donnegan has released an album called *Puttin' on the Style* (United Artists UA-LA 827-H) and the roster of performers who have come to play on the album is itself a strong testament to Donnegan's influence. Appearing are the likes of Ringo Starr, Leo Sayer, Elton John, Jim Keltner, Klaus Voorman, Ronnie Wood, Nicky Hopkins, and others. And though the result, inevitably, is more like a star-studded exhibition than a championship match, Donnegan proves that he still has *something* left.

Next week (April 4) will be **Muddy Waters**'s sixty-third birthday, and the most astonishing thing about his newest album, *I'm Ready* (Blue Sky JZ-34928), is not just the fact that he's still around and recording, and not even that, surrounded by near legendary sidemen and aided by Johnny Winter's inspired production, he seems rejuvenated, but that in many ways he sounds better than ever. Walter Horton and Jimmy Rogers, Chicago pals from way back, have been added to the "Hard Again" lineup, and the album credits include something called an "organic adviser."

Alan Toussaint got his start in records more than twenty years ago when he was asked to lay down the piano tracks on a Fats Domino record. But it was as a producer that he was able to combine his own strong New Orleans musical style with the talents of singers such as Ernie K-Doe, Lee Dorsey, Wilburt Harrison, Clarence "Frogman" Henry, and even Dr. John, to create a body of records that, as much as anyone's, define sixties funk. Now Toussaint the singer/songwriter is available on *Motion* (Warner Bros. BSK 3142) at the same time as Toussaint the producer is on Lee Dorsey's new album, *Night People* (ABC AA 1048). The song "Night People" appears on both albums, for those people who feel compelled to compare.

Without a doubt, this year's hot-new-rising-star is **Warren Zevon.** Just look at the list of celebrities in attendance at any one of his concerts, and there's no doubt that he's the new sensation. Of course, this overnight success has been making albums for eight years, but his latest, *Excitable Boy* (Asylum 6E 118), while providing what most albums do these days, i.e., sound musicianship and superb production, has an element that is totally bizarre—not bizarre in the sense that it reports on the strange happenings of real life, but in the sense of surreal fantasies. The title cut is about a grave robber, and there are songs about werewolves and headless gunners, and half the fun is sitting and wondering what they all *really* mean. **—Tom Bentkowski**



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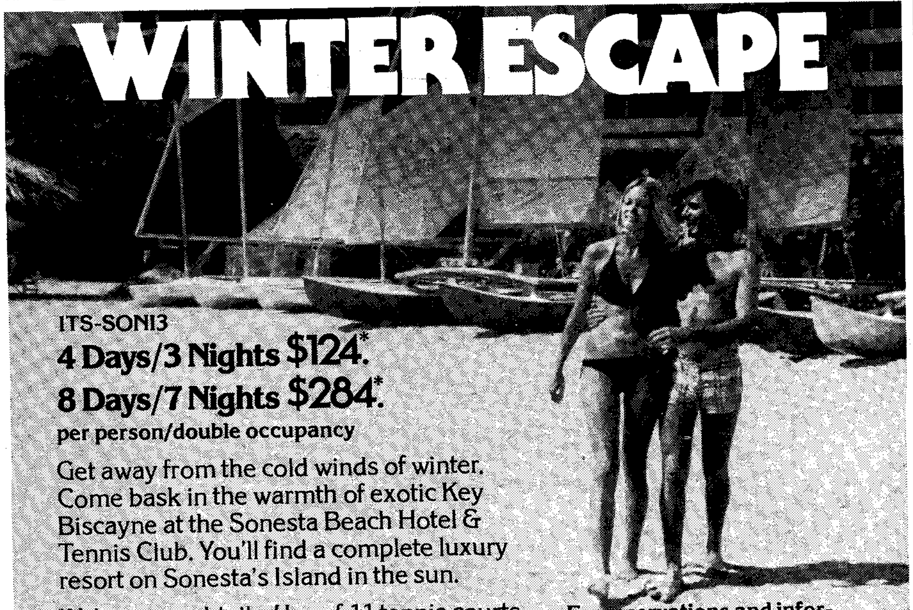

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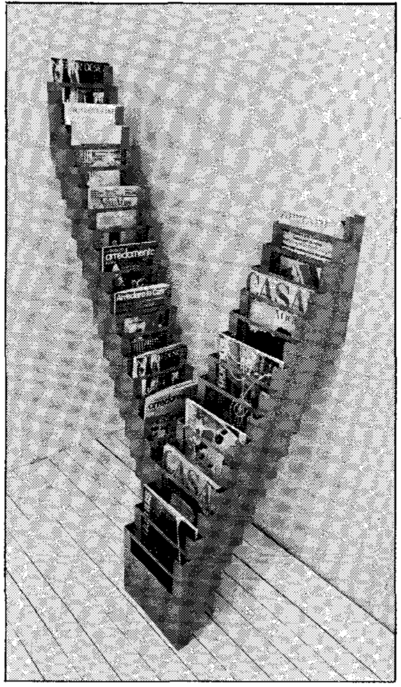
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Jay Good



Hard News

The industrial revolution has a new outlet in SoHo, and Tracy Rust and Rick Kaufman have a new business. These former oak and Deco dealers have moved on from claw-legged tables and etched glass to such goods as these wrinkle-metal standing or hanging magazine racks in beige or tomato ($75 and $90); adjustable stools ($48) with natural-ash seats, trunks and bases decked in red, white, black, or yellow automotive paint; and vinyl matting in black, red, gray, white, green, or two blues ($5.25 a square foot), currently being used in saunas and on Yugoslavian battleships.

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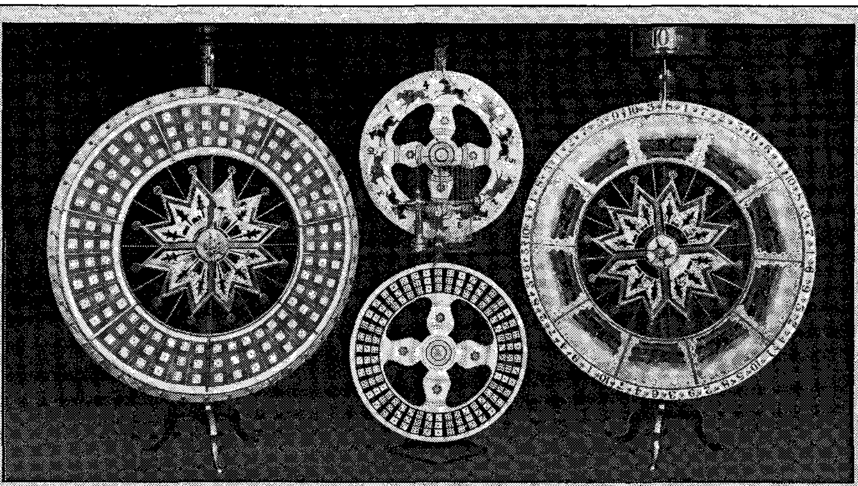


Whirly Gigs

Spring is here, and out of the attic comes a merry medley of games and wheels—the very ones that once rode the carnival circuit in New England. The games have names like Chug-a-lug, Pop's Old Barrel, and the Mouse Game; many of them were outlawed years ago. These and the wheels—all of which are wood, handmade, decaled, painted, or silk-screened—range from $65 to $3,000. Shown above, left to right: the Big Six ($2,000), the Horse Race ($300), the Small Six ($300), and the Pari-mutuel—a glittery piece with reverse paintings on glass of horses and jockeys ($3,000).

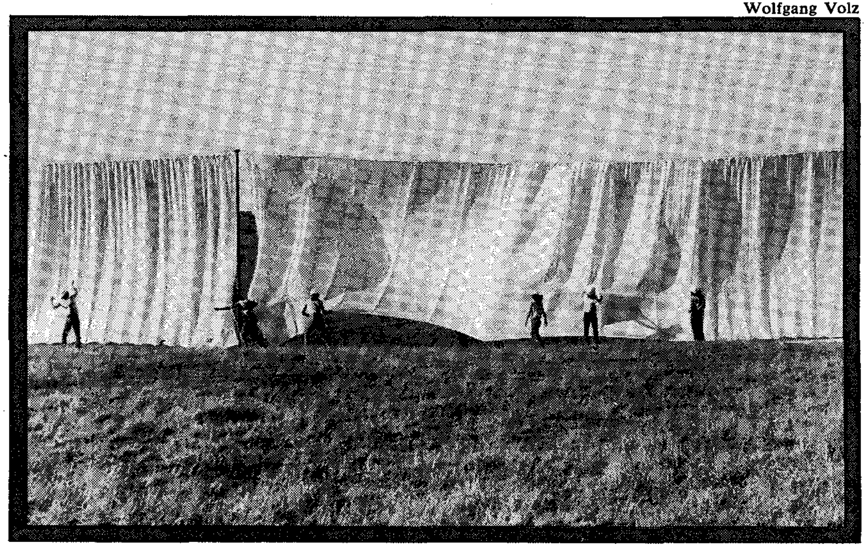
BARRY BECKER/*691-6770/By appointment*

Oompah Papa

John Philip Sousa. Our music man thinks fondly of him as "the operetta composer who went wrong and made a million dollars." Be that as it may, the Yale Band—in old-time-band costume—will play some Sousa suites as well as some marches. (As well as some Tchaikovsky and Rossini.)

SOUSA AND HIS BAND/*April 3 at 8 p.m./Carnegie Hall*

Wolfgang Volz



Christo Clear

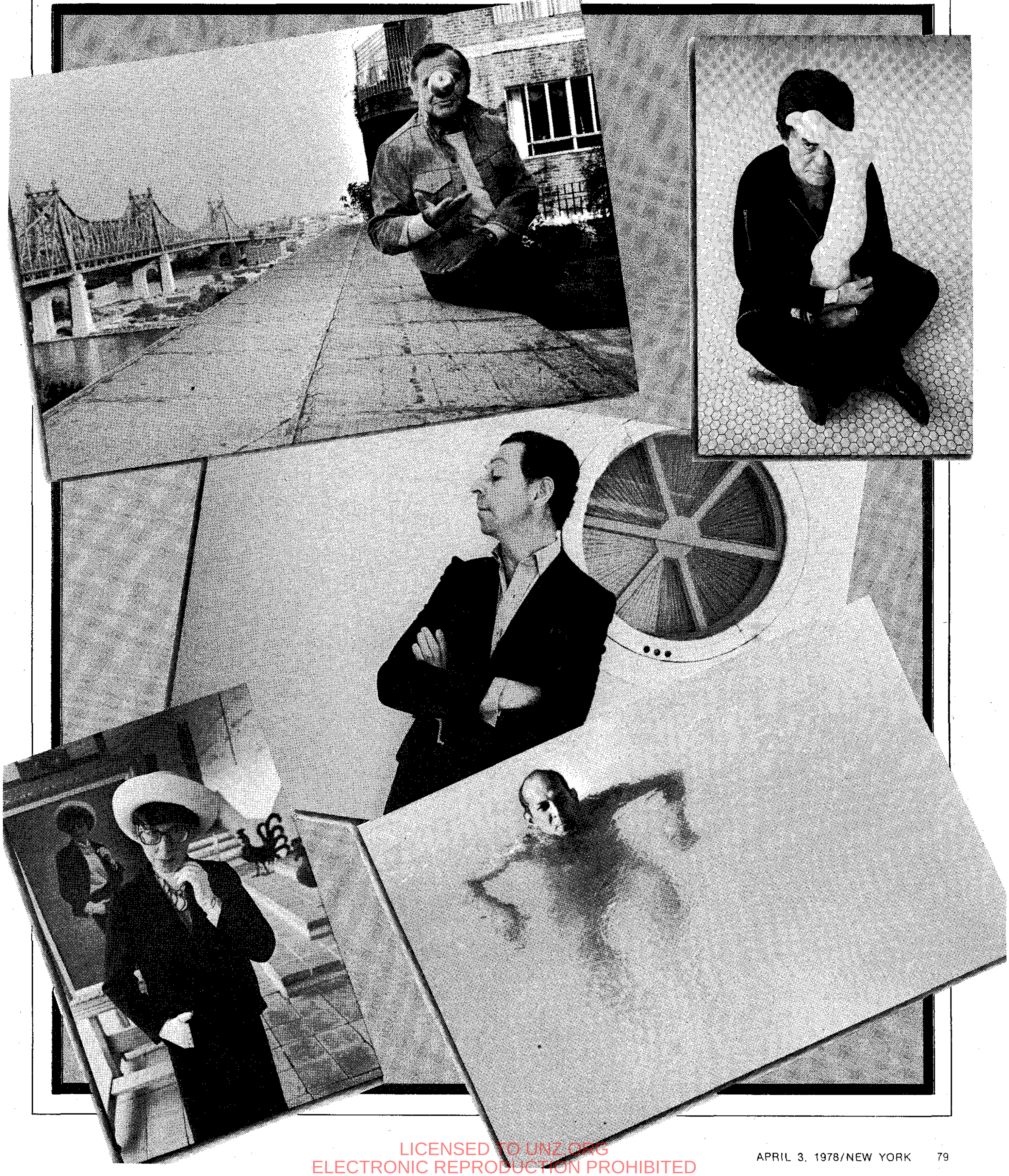
Christo's famous *Running Fence*—the 24-mile work constructed of steel poles and white nylon that meandered across the farmland of Sonoma and Marin counties and into the Pacific—was, thanks to small-town politics and red tape, a four-year project. It stood for two weeks. The new film from the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin—an artful account of the artist's dilemma—also took four years. It, too, will play for two weeks.

RUNNING FENCE/*April 11–23/Whitney Museum of Art*

Save Me the Walz

When she was seven, Barbra Walz was introduced to Fifth Avenue by her Aunt Louise. Time has passed, but Walz's passion for fashion has not. She is a photographer who shoots the designers: in their salons and in their planes, on the sidewalk and on horseback, eating apples and cuddling dachshunds, smooching and schmoozing and swimming and stretching. Her new book is more than a backstage view; it's tip-top. Clockwise: Bill Blass, Rudi Gernreich, James Galanos, Oscar de la Renta, and Edith Head.

THE FASHION MAKERS/*Photographs by Barbra Walz/Text by Bernadine Morris/Random House/$15*



Theater/John Simon

CHASED BUT CHASTE

"...There are some hearty laughs in *13, Rue de l'Amour*, but there is too much leering, winking, and conspiring with the audience..."

Georges Feydeau's *Monsieur Chasse,* or **13, Rue de l'Amour** as it is now called in the adaptation by Mawby Green and Ed Feilbert, is not the best Feydeau, but there is a supply of joy even in the lesser works of this madcap master. Nobody, not even a kamikaze with the gift of golden oratory, is going to inveigle me into attempting to summarize the plot. I will say, perhaps, that there is Monsieur Duchotel, who has been going on frequent hunting trips with his friend Birabeau; that there is also Dr. Moricet, the family friend, who has been chasing after Mme. Duchotel for a long time—"twelve years, come the Feast of the Immaculate Conception"; and that there is, of course, Mme. Duchotel, who will consent to adultery with the good doctor if ever she catches hubby cheating.

Well, what about those hunting trips? Could they be an alibi for some other kind of happy hunting? That, I think, is all I need tell you; the rest is that typical Feydeau construct, a most diabolically convoluted mechanism, full of wires that crisscross, intertwine, and lead back to their starting points, designed to create the greatest possible chaos with the utmost conceivable precision. In Feydeau's best plays, however, there is something more. When the fury of the plot abates, we become aware of the characters, who are usually ninnies, but ninnies with fascinating tics, eccentricities, manias. Their huge obsessions are like heroic landscapes into which they have painted themselves as tiny figures, just to give the viewer a sense of the magnitude of those mountains in contrast to the puny human frame. In *13, Rue de l'Amour,* the characters are just ninnies or near ninnies; the greatest fault is hating champagne or resisting adultery even when it is most indicated. No footling follies these, in the French scheme of things, but still, somehow lacking in grandeur.

So you must accept the fact that the play is a sandwich: a hilarious, meaty second act between two somewhat thin and dry slices of bread, by way of a first and third. Even there you will find some hearty laughs, but your mind *will* wander, and farce is such a precarious genre that it ought not to allow you time to start thinking about other things, such as, say, what you are doing there.

Basil Langton has picked some interesting players, and he has directed some suitably fancy business at a condignly punishing pace. But he has, to my mind, committed one very serious mistake: allowing his characters to disport themselves as if they knew they were in a farce. Hence there is, on the one hand, too much (literal and figurative) leering, winking, haw-hawing, and conspiring with the audience. On the other hand, there is not enough fear and trembling, potent or impotent rage when things go wrong, as they mostly do. Now, the most effective way of doing farce is in absolute, desperate earnest. Whether Moricet will bed Mme. Duchotel should be of as great concern as whether Friar Lawrence's letter reaches Romeo in time. Anything less than that is as bad as laughing at your own half-told joke.

Here, for instance, we have Louis Jourdan overdoing Moricet, but overdoing him in the direction of—anathema!—comedy. Just look at the amount of head bobbing we get from him. There is a great deal of intelligently funny work coming from the actor, energetically and conscientiously executed; but it is not quite easeful enough, and insufficiently serious. Such misdirected excess characterizes even more Patricia Elliott as Mme. Duchotel; for, like all serious business, farce must also be economical, whereas Miss Elliott seems to be going after a single grain of dust with two simultaneously brandished whisk brooms. But the supporting cast is solid, although Bernard Fox's Duchotel takes it a bit too easy in the third act. You could not, however, ask for a better Birabeau than Laurie Main, whose few surviving hairs, like his scant wits, are continually overextending themselves; for a more grandly overbearing Madame Spritzer than Kathleen Freeman, who could as easily oversee a menagerie of anthropophagous tigers as a *maison de passe*; or a more intrepidly and gallantly Gallic midget of a police inspector than Ian Trigger.

The translation seems acceptable, and Zack Brown's scenery and costumes are adequate. But now why doesn't someone discover the other great genius of French farce, Courteline, and give him equal time?

In one of his sketches, the incomparable Jules Renard conjures up critics as "useless, irresponsible, maddened and dolorous beings" for whom one must feel pity. Useless and irresponsible most of the time, no doubt; but maddened and dolorous only when confronted with items like Richard Nelson's **Conjuring an Event,** at the American Place Theater. This is one of those plays where one gets the general idea—that the new breed of newspapermen creates rather than records horrific events, and, out of sheer lust for power, will not rest until it has blown up the world—but where the details consist of murky symbols, opaque non sequiturs, and long, unstageworthy litanies in free verse.

Nelson was a journalist, and seems to be obsessed with the nefarious power of the press, to which, I gather, he devoted much attention also in his play *The Killing of Yablonski.* Actually, the outrages of journalism, having by now been endlessly discussed in a variety of media, have ceased to be the spellbinding subject Nelson takes them to be,

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even assuming one could follow his muddy meanders of thought. For example, why should the hero's hypertrophic sense of smell—heightened to the point where, blindfolded, he can ferret out olfactorily the exact provenience and writing thickness of a ballpoint pen—be the means for his blowing up the world? Metaphors and symbols must make some kind of sense.

More specifically, when Charlie, the megalomaniacal parajournalist, chants a thing like "I am Hunter Thompson and Laurence Harvey and everything in between," just what is between Thompson and Harvey? Much of *Conjuring an Event*, by the way, is so much list making, where such anaphoras as "I consume . . ." or "In vain are . . ." introduce endless catalogs of people and things that are consumed or done in vain. On and on the play monologizes, nattering and ranting in turn, till the thick layers of boredom cannot be shattered even by frequent onstage explosions.

The actor-playwright Michael Cristofer plays Charlie with manic gusto and a certain shallow but undeniable expertise. I admire his ability to memorize reams of near nonsense and rattle it off with such authority; but he is so lacking in charm that he makes Charlie, if anything, more opprobrious than Nelson wrote him. The supporting cast is good, except for an obvious performance by Frank Hamilton; and I particularly respect Dan Hedaya's and Sigourney Weaver's ability to endow absolute ciphers with semblances of life. Miss Weaver has a comely, richly feminine, gracious presence, of which there is an acute shortage in our theater; her future deserves to be bright.

Playwrights have sometimes in desperation turned producers, but no amount of despair, or anything else, can turn a producer into a playwright, as the case of Stuart Ostrow and his **Stages,** which lasted one night, bears out. In fact, the play was so bad that even Richard Foreman's direction, which consists of applying certain antiquated and tiresome avant-garde devices arbitrarily to any material that comes to hand, was a welcome relief. Even so, there were large patches where nothing was going on: The pitiful words ran out, the frantic commotion ceased, and there on the stage was, visibly and palpably, nothing. Than which, of course, there is nothing more embarrassing, unless it be Diana Davila giving her stock performance, consisting of a woman's impersonation of a female impersonator. Among the actors, only Philip Bosco scored here and there. Douglas W. Schmidt's scenery was amusing, but how long can you laugh at a set? ■

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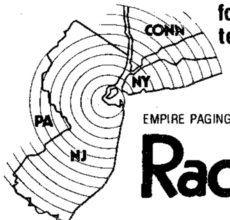

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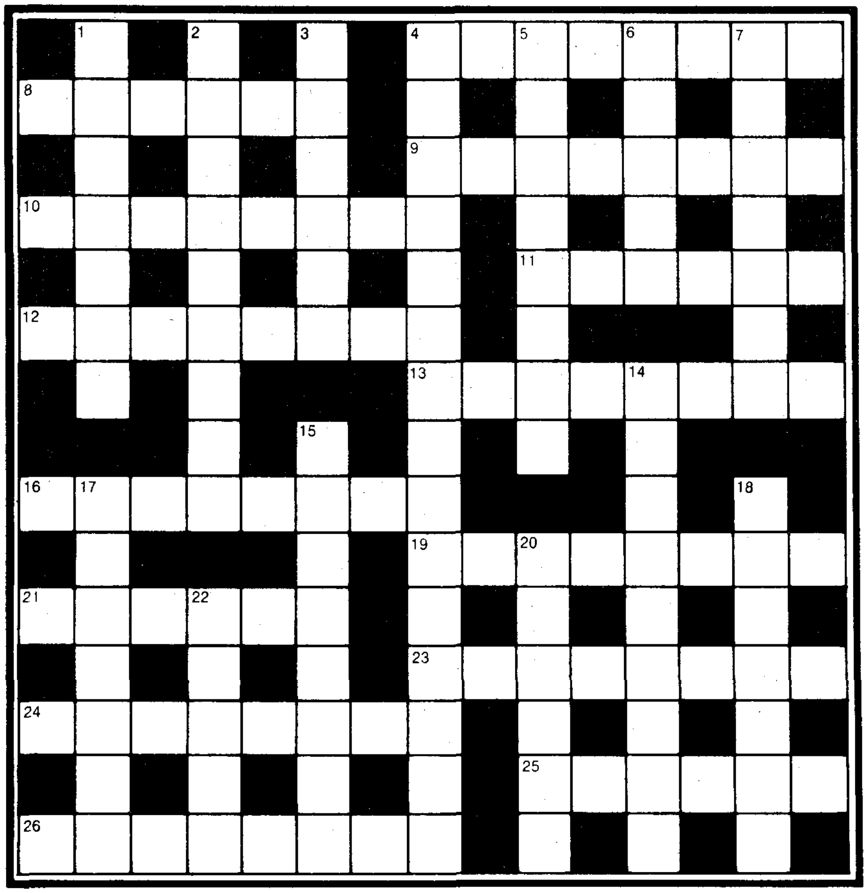

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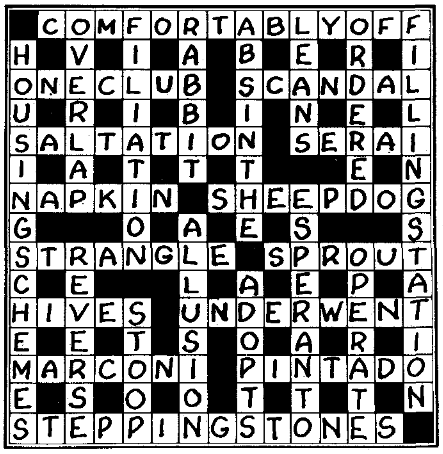

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Clues

ACROSS

4 Message about a case in Greek. (8)

8 Old man behind the times in taste. (6)

9 Sound of breathing makes snake angry. (8)

10 Song and a fight for an idler. (8)

11 Kind of ring in which a bird holds everything back. (6)

12 Bothered about nothing ahead of us so went drinking. (8)

13 Encouraging with something sugary behind the tangled net. (8)

16 Inter alia an international organisation will serve for this part of the world. (8)

19 Possibly sterling and they may be gold. (8)

21 Mountain range in which I lose my way in an African country. (6)

23 Providing fertility for a chap with universal symbol of marriage. (8)

24 Animal which has sleeping place by the river. (8)

25 Purpose of being under canvas. (6)

26 It is fragrant when one payment is included in another. (8)

DOWN

1 Part of India where there is potential alarm about a bachelor. (7)

2 Superior as a hill behind a town. (9)

3 Look in the marshes for criminals. (6)

4 Foreign affairs men leave in the middle of an announcement. (5, 10)

5 Size is needed to make a town international. (8)

6 "Men are —— when they woo" *(As You Like It)*. (5)

7 Get on in the world when training to win. (7)

14 All secret ingredients where bottles are kept. (9)

15 Something enjoyable which makes its appeal certain. (8)

17 Unpleasant, but a change of heart could produce a return of feeling. (7)

18 When attacking with missiles it is something painful holding on. (7)

20 Messenger who makes a hundred in a different union. (6)

22 City with nothing for a lover. (5)

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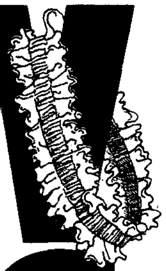

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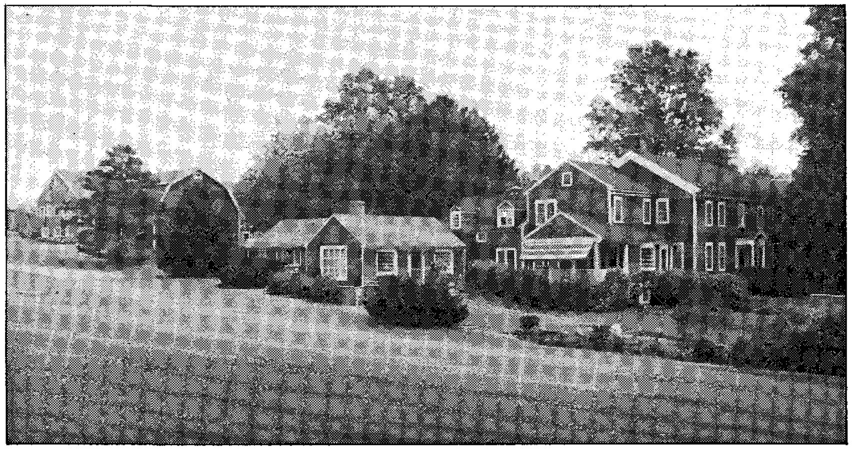

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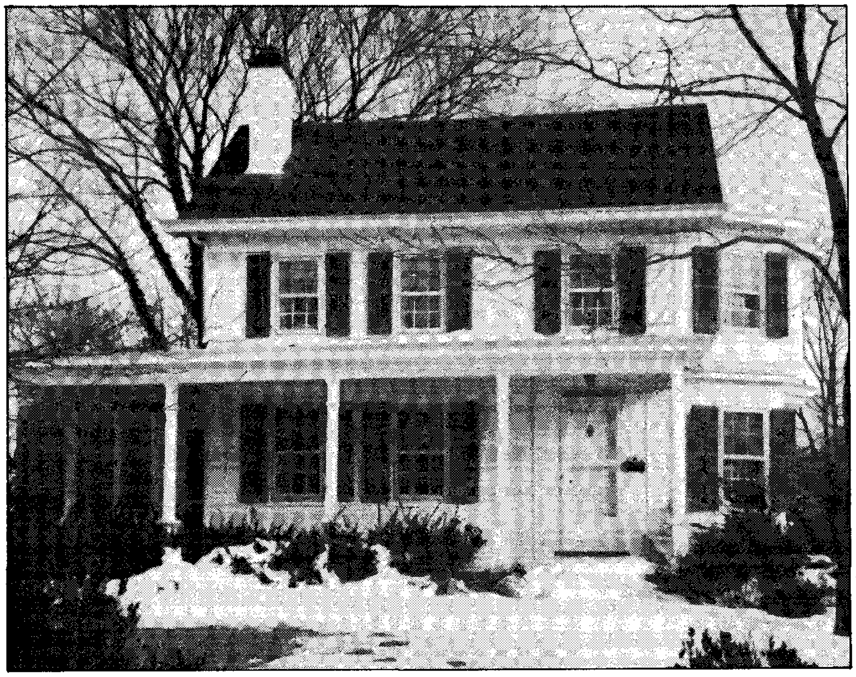

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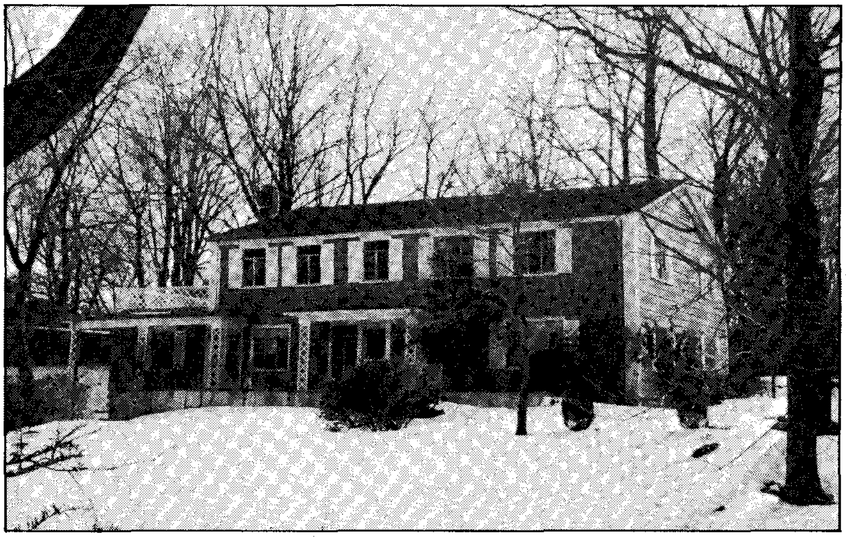

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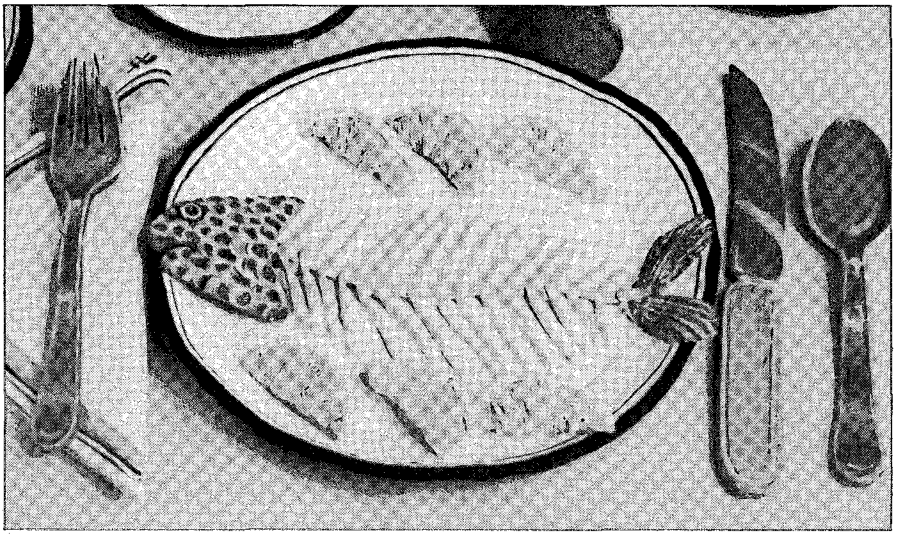
GALLIC, FINNY, AND FAIR

"...The Hermitage menu is rare for these parts, dominated by seafood in a fascinating range of French preparations and sauces..."

All the rage within a month of its opening, **Hermitage** turned passé within a year of its success. Folks still come in numbers, you understand, but different folks. The fashionable and knowing crowd that filled the place when it was new—when its physical charms were fresh and winning, and when its culinary talents delivered much and promised more—has gone back to older East Fifties flames: La Grenouille, Le Cygne, La Côte Basque, Le Madrigal, et al. Hermitage prospers now on the commerce of those who pursue chic and never catch it—readers of gossip columns and camp followers.

Most nights they occupy every table, tailored flannels and sharkskins seated beside superb little Bendel numbers—vestmental perfections without a stitch of art. Presently, we may assume, this clientele will wake to the fact that the objects of their emulation have moved on, that this is no longer the camp site. But from the look of blank, uncritical contentment that seems to be the house expression, one may reasonably conclude that they will never know why. The food is why, and it is to the credit of the trendsetters that they became quite bored with this place when it became a little complacent with itself. Great meals are now unobtainable here, and careful selection is required to get a very good one. Which is a pity. True, there is no tragedy in a restaurant's being no better than it is. There are other restaurants. But it is too bad that there is not a first-class eating place in these rooms, for they are among the most striking on Manhattan Island.

Most of New York's more pretentious French restaurants are blondes and strawberry blondes, their pastel and pale citron colors illuminated with golden light, the velvets and flowers and bright murals like ribbons and pretty dresses on golden girls. But this place has darker good looks, umber-colored beams crisscrossed on rough plaster that is the color of old ivory, dark-brown leather banquettes, black-enameled chairs, dusky carpeting. The walls of beveled mirrors, like myriad windowpanes in their cream-colored frames, are jewelry against these dark, dressy colors. The white linen is set with white china that is rimmed with black and a bit of gold; there are dark flowers in gray pewter pitchers; little pewter lamps with jet-black shades make islands of light on each table.



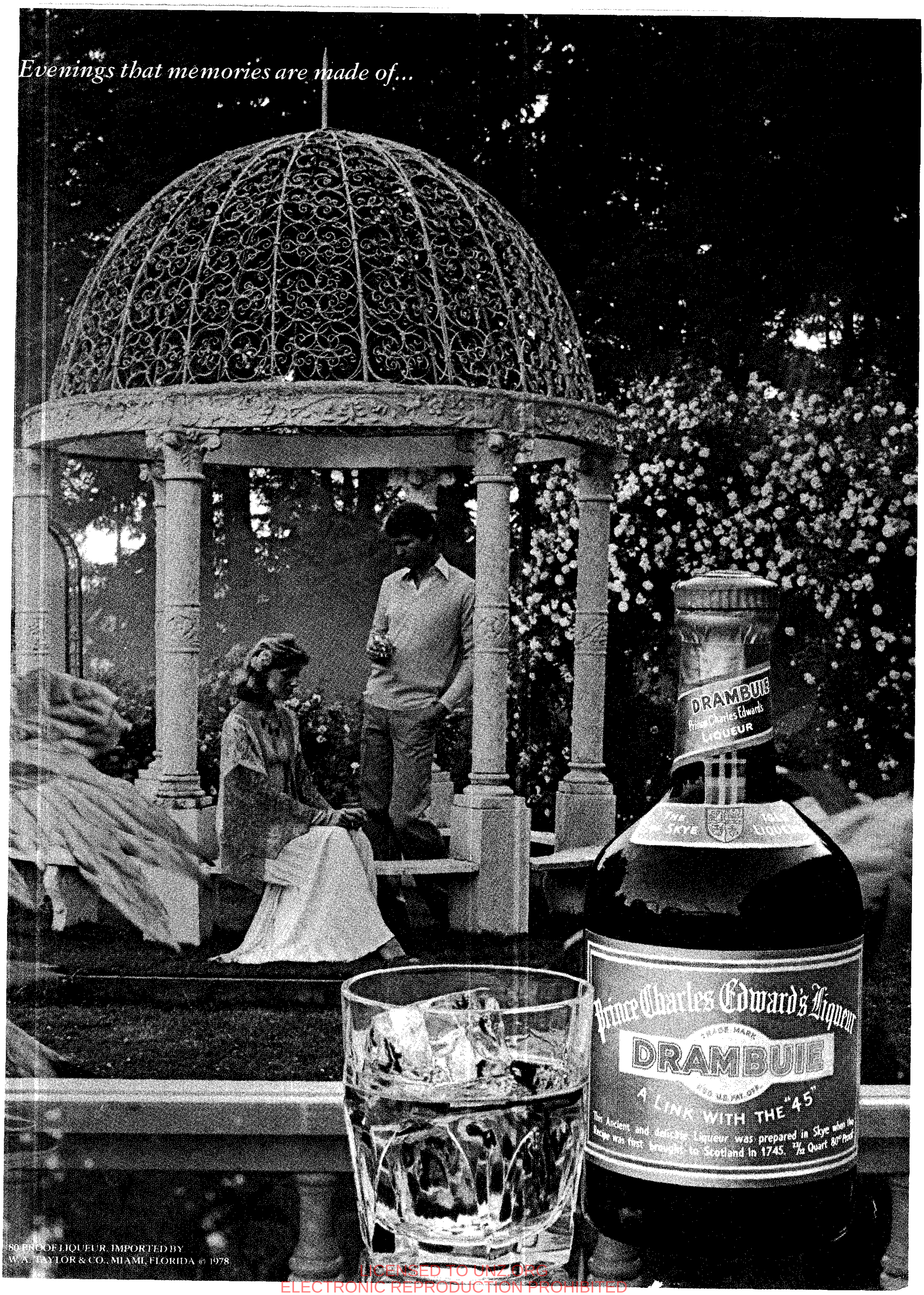
You enter to an anteroom that has a glittering little bar and a few cocktail tables with tops of crystalline glass. You are greeted by a gentleman who can only be described as tall and handsome. He is also at once brisk and unctuous, a combination he manages by vigorously rubbing his hands together while he nods, grins, and heaves his chest. He bends over to the kisses of disagreeable old women. If there is a man behind these manners, he is a continent from his work, which is carried out for him by a switched-on gladhander who resides in his body. You are led to your table promptly enough, but there is always the danger that, sometime during your repast, Good Looking will approach to ask if everything is quite all right.

It is a relief from the Land of Smiles to be in the hands of one of the captains who work this place. Not only do they conduct their discourse with you in the manner of one civilized mortal to another, but they know the menu, they answer questions patiently and fully, and they grin only appropriately. On-the-spot waiters, too, though their occasional outbursts at busboys in the dining room reveal more about the undercurrents of restaurant emotions than most people want to learn during dinner: a problem in staff education to which Long on Looks might well address himself.

The menu is a rare one for these parts, dominated by fish and shellfish in an extensive range of French preparations and sauces that is slightly fascinating. You figure that whoever made up this selection has a passion, and that is usually a good sign. But one must conclude that this enthusiasm is not a passion at all, but a matter of marketing. Apparently this place, like its clientele, is following not zeal but fashion—the trend to seafood among diners in New York's French restaurants—for the food, though mostly fine, lacks the touch of a zealot chef.

Your captain suggests Malpeque oysters, not listed on the menu, all the way from Canada, special. You are enthusiastic. On the trip south, alas, they have lost the plump, firm, juicy brilliance that characterizes this breed of mollusk at its best. When oysters and clams are really fresh, they are not only tender but resilient; the bluepoints and littlenecks you get here are usually that way, the Malpeques not. Smoked trout is available all over town, but this place, happily, serves smoked eel as well. You are brought four substantial shafts of the pale

Illustrated by Brookie Maxwell/Photographed by Anthony Loew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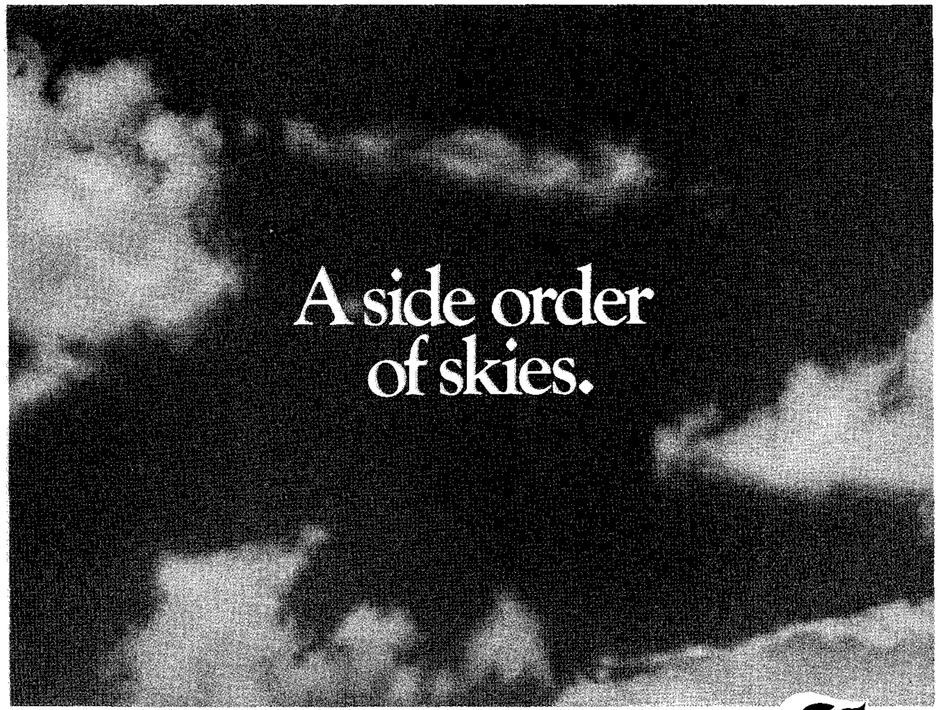

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meat, delicate and sea-gamy: Unfortunately, it is garnished with a shortcut sauce au raifort—horseradish in sour cream—which is nice; instead of the real thing—horseradish in whipped cream—which can be marvelous. So can the very good cold bass, which is utterly fresh, the meat falling into moist flakes at the prod of your fork; but the herb sauce that comes with it, which could have a clear, green flavor, is almost killed by an excess of salt.

When this place was new, the dish called crabmeat Hermitage seemed a justifiable larceny at $6.50—a great mound of gentle, sweet crabmeat in a pink dressing that was judiciously spiked with brandy. These days the crabmeat is only so-so, it sets you back $8.50, and it is as brandied as a sidecar, which is idiotic.

Surely the most picturesque item in the house is the terrine de poisson, a rosy-pale slice of fish pâté at the center of your plate, a pool of thick sauce, burnt orange in color, around it. The ground fish is a little bland, though it is sweet and delicately peppered, but the sauce makes the dish: It is like a subtle gazpacho, a thick, herbed tomato purée that is polished with oil and lightly garlicked. There is a good red-meat pâté too, truffled and spicy.

A couple of hot first courses are first-rate. The mousse de brochet is an airy, fluffy fish dumpling the size of a cupcake, with the vivid flavor of lightly peppered pike. It is covered with a pink crayfish sauce on one side—it has a clear but restrained flavor of lobster shell—and a polished white-wine sauce on the other.

Hermitage is famous for its fish soup, a heavy brown liquid, oily and oceanic, studded with bits of seafood and strands of firm noodle. Slices of dark toasted bread come in each serving, their crustiness marvelous against the powerful flavor of the soup. If that is not enough, you may spoon in a thick, strong garlic sauce as well.

Sole, salmon, red snapper, striped bass, and turbot are all on the menu, but you take your chances here when you drop $12 to $16 for sauced fish. They brought this turbot from a long way away, and they serve it with a hollandaise that is rich and tart—but the fish has been poached until flat. And this bass, which is from nearby waters, was clearly a day or two on the ice. But then on another day you get perfect snapper, delicately fibrous, nutty, artfully broiled, with a béarnaise sauce that is about as good as you can make lacking fresh tarragon. Best of the lot is the salmon in sorrel sauce—the fish is broiled to the point at which its flavor is sharpened by light browning, without being dried; it is served with a pale and gentle sauce that is accented with a bit of sorrel. "La Timbale de Homard Robert" is an odd admixture of lobster, lamb kidneys, and scallops, in a sauce that is like lobster bisque, served up in a casserole with a circlet of browned mashed potatoes around its rim. Anything is possible, but here this does not blend; moreover, the scallops are overcooked and tough, and the kidneys lack the sweetness perfect rinsing would give them. "Les Crevettes Espagnole Provençale" is a nice enough dish of fresh, crunchy shrimps in a frank tomato sauce that has been fortified with hot pepper.

For seafood unenthusiasts, an excellent steak is available in a lightly vinegared sauce which just sets off the juicy meat; also a perfectly roasted chicken in tarragon sauce that would be superb if the man in the kitchen had a tasty bird to begin with.

The salad of watercress, endive, and Bibb lettuce is crisp, refreshing, and immense.

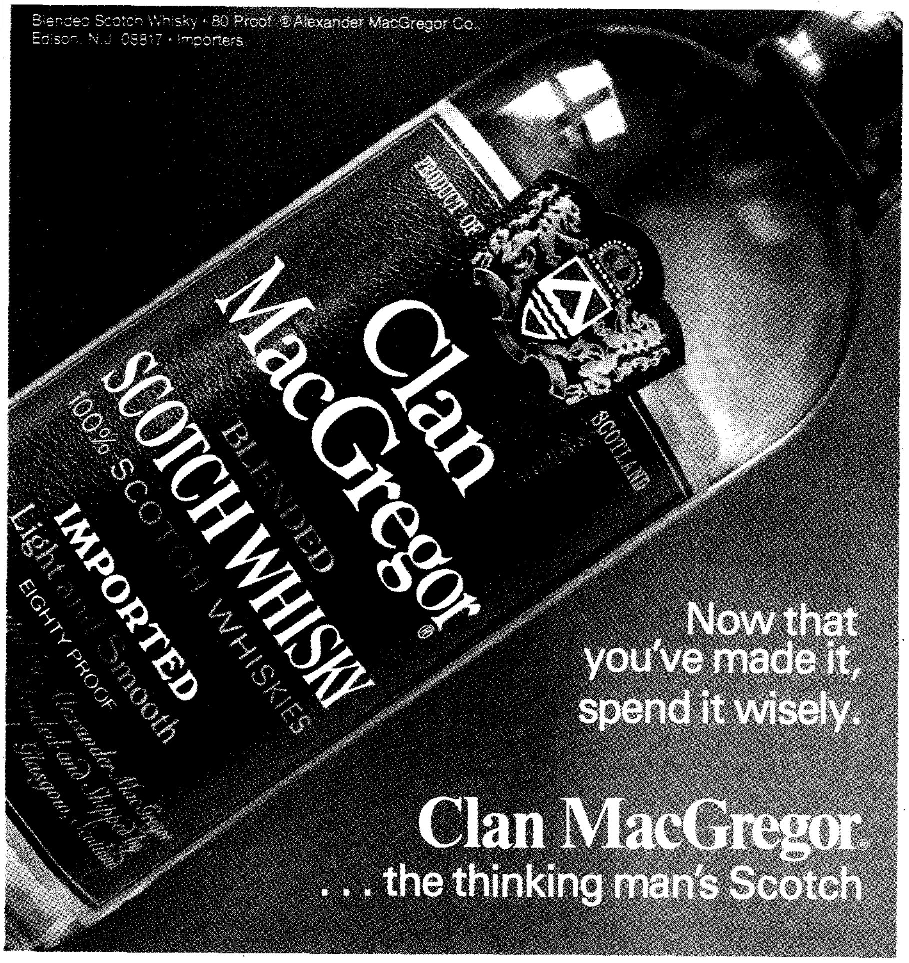
Your captain confesses that the cheese these days is kept in the icebox—this clientele knows not of cheese. The soufflés are good, if not spectacular, the chocolate version notable for a fine intensity of bitter-chocolate flavor. The Paris Brest, that sometimes marvelous dessert of hazelnut cream between layers of pastry, is here made with good, nut-flavored cream and tough dough. Decent mousse and tarts are available.

You will probably want white wine. They must keep it in the freezer, and it is hard to taste with less than ten minutes of thawing. The wine list is narrow, the prices steep. If two people manage to get out of here for less than $75 for complete dinners, with wine, they have selected shrewdly. Caution: All Smiles bows you out with words of devotion.

Hermitage, 251 East 53rd Street, 421-5360. Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Friday 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., Saturdays to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays. American Express, Diners Club.

Correction

In the article "Meal of Last Resort" (March 20), the beef at several Blarney Stone restaurants was described as "commercial grade." (The restaurants visited were at 710 Third Avenue, 121 East 23rd Street, 162 Madison Avenue, and 106 West 32nd Street.) The term "commercial grade" was intended to be broadly descriptive and not to indicate that this beef was USDA "Commercial Grade." ■



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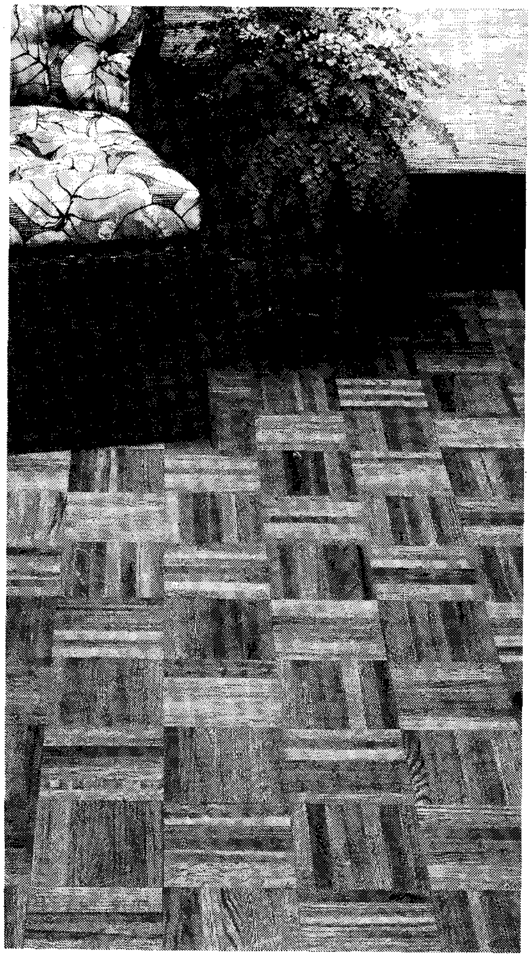

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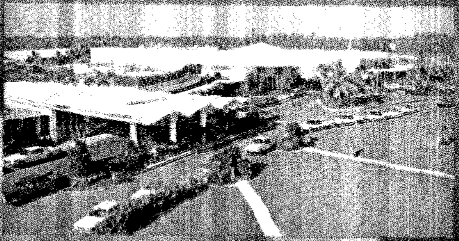

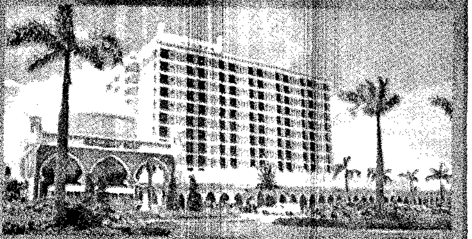

The Bahamas Princess The Princess Tower
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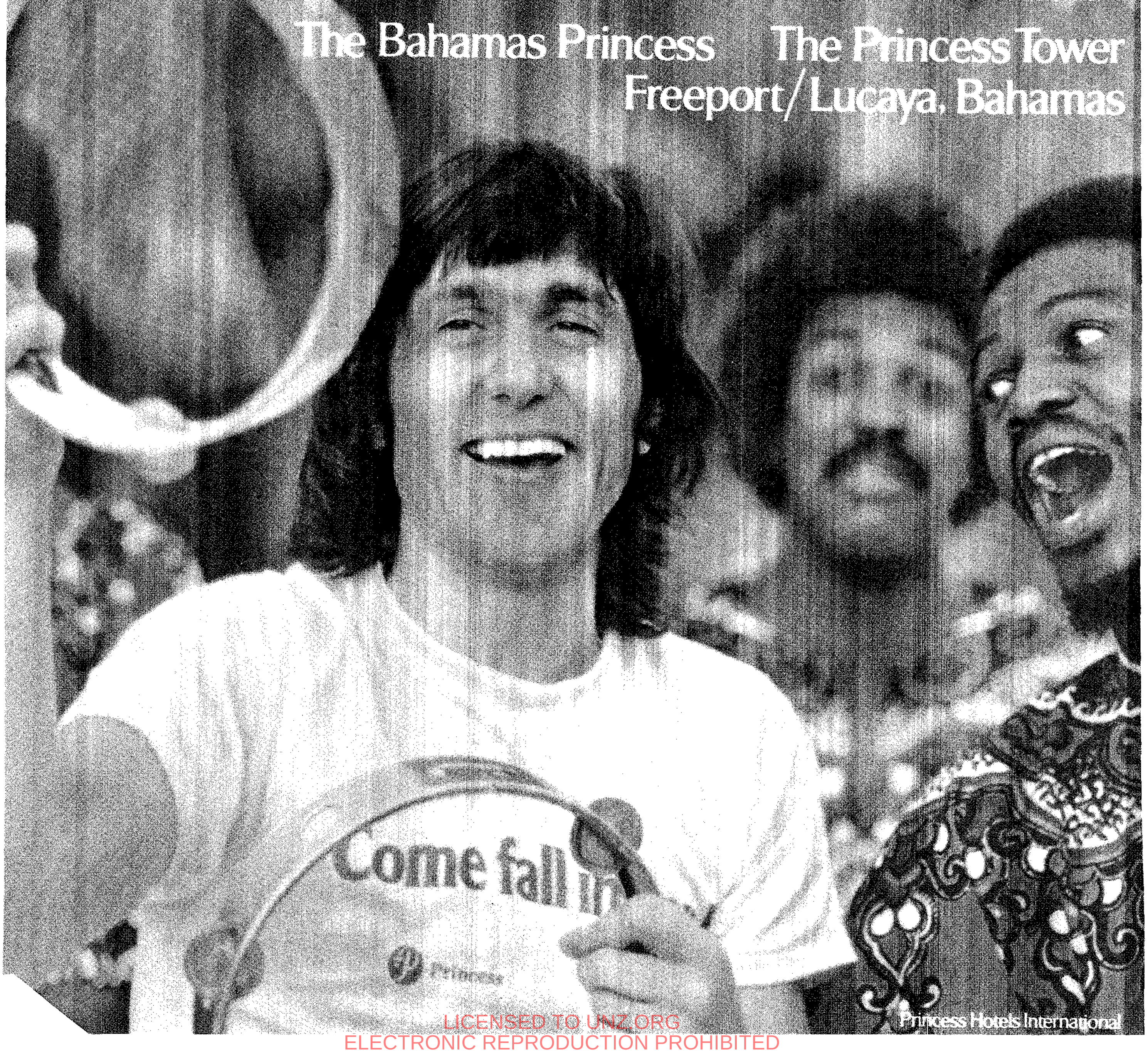

Princess Hotels International

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

For needlepointers—This showroom is having a clear-away on two consecutive weekends, closing out gift items and supplies for needlepointers. Hand-painted canvases, No. 12 mesh, are 25 cents to $10; Persian yarn is $1 an oz.; and many pre-mounted items—tote bags, pillows, stationery, and handbag accessories, etc.—are $2–$30. In addition, a large stock of decorative gift items—papier-mâché, brass, and wooden boxes, and baskets of various shapes—are being sold out at cost: $2.50–$3.50. There are also finished samples, which make lovely Mother's Day gifts. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Needlepoint U.S.A., Inc., tenth floor, 37 West 57th St. (486-0478); Sat., 4/1 and 4/8, 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; Sun., 4/2 and 4/9, noon–5 p.m.*

Books—Chelsea House Publishers is having its first direct-to-the-public sale, and its entire current and backlist inventory (roughly 40 titles) will be sold at half price for one day only. Among the pop-culture and reference books are *The Golden Age of Tarzan*, slip-cased and signed by illustrator Burne Hogarth, limited edition, was $150, now $75; *Congress Investigates*, four-volume library edition edited by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., was $150, now $75; *The Beatles: A Hard Day's Night*, fully illustrated film book, was $12.50, now $6.25; *Women in the Comics*, was $15, now $7.50; *Dirty Movies, An Illustrated History of the Stag Film*, introduction by Kenneth Tynan, was $15, now $7.50; *Freedom vs. National Security*, by Morton Halperin, was $15, now $7.50. Cash-and-carry only; no dealers; all sales final. *Chelsea House Publishers, eighth floor, 70 West 40th St. (840-0200); Fri., 3/31, 9 a.m.–6 p.m.*

Imported clothes — Some luscious imported French sportswear and dresses for women sizes 4–14 are on sale at this showroom at prices below wholesale. The prices will be 50 percent less in the case of fall and winter things and 20 percent less on new spring and summer merchandise. The sale will be held on two consecutive Saturdays. There are some things in quantity, like the cotton-denim bootleg jeans at $25, and a rack of long-sleeved jersey dresses at $45, but most things are one or few of a kind. Examples: a corduroy blazer that was $80 wholesale is now $38; a wool dress with tabard is $55; a tunnel-waisted wool-tweed dress is $52; a wool skirt-and-shawl set is $38; and so forth, all very stylish indeed. The spring and summer things are mostly all cotton and include tops, sundresses, skirts, and cotton sweaters, and the prices range from $7 for a T-shirt to $60 for a white linen zip-front jacket. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Christian Joss, second floor, 498 Seventh Ave., between 36th and 37th sts. (279-0390); Sat., 4/1 and 4/8, 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Gifts—Giftware and housewares are on sale at this pleasant store; everything except food items and greeting cards is now 10–50 percent off. Stoneware dinnerware, blue or brown trim, now half price: 16-piece service for four was $70, now $35; 32-piece service for eight, was $135, now $67.50; 7-piece completer service set, was $50, now $25. At 25 percent off: Ed. Wüsthof Trident stainless-steel kitchen knives, were $13–$36; Dansk and Copco cookware, was $16–$64. At 20 percent off: modern floor and desk lamps, were $9.95–$169; contemporary sterling-silver and 14K-gold jewelry. Many more items also on sale. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Wilburt, Inc., 194 Third Ave., between 17th and 18th sts. (475-2710); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 4/8.*

Electronics — This video/audio discount operation is so new that the store hasn't been fixed up yet, but the prices are low. Video-recorder prices: Panasonic PV 1000 Omnivision four-hour recorder, $1,095 list, $799 here; Sony Betamax, $850 here; JVC Vidstar, $799 here. Sony clock radios below wholesale: ICF 800, $52.95 here; TFMC 380, $27.95 here; ICF C 670, $44.40 here. They also sell TV's, audio equipment, calculators, Cross pens, and more. Checks accepted during banking hours only; no credit cards; refunds and exchanges possible. *Capital Audio Electronics, Inc., 161 West 44th St. (354-4760); Mon.–Thurs. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Fri. till 2 p.m., Sun. by appointment; through 4/15.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

On your mark, get set, go "Beyond Jogging" in the Bahamas.

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NY4-3

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 314

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

The comic, Rich Little, owns britches
Of linen-blend gossamer, which is
Hard-pressed, hard to clean:
You may think that you've seen
Baggy pants. But they don't crease as Rich's.

Above, a rhyme rich as Croesus. Competitors are invited to compose a limerick, the last line of which contains a punned, spoonerized, or otherwise mutilated aphorism.

Results of Competition 311, in which you were asked to describe an original cartoon idea.

Report: Well, you had to *be* there. Many familiar locales: desert island, palace, dungeons, mad scientist's lab, cannibal's stewpot. And bars with kangaroos. Some less savory sites: bathroom, steaming bedroom, locker room, mortuary, or garbage heap. And cartoons captioned for the hard-of-hearing, as: "I said send in the *clones!*" Anyway. See, what you've got to have here, what you need, is your basic visual sense. Your mind's eye, you know what I'm saying? Make a picture in your head, if you take my meaning. Failing that, bring me the head of Alfredo Garcia. Or any good cigar.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Grandstands of Roman Colosseum. A young Roman is explaining to his girl friend: ". . . and if neither gladiator wins in the regulation period, they go into sudden-death overtime."
William Quaintance, Philadelphia, Pa.

Its name emblazoned on its side, a Le Car is parked at the gas pump of a rather seedy service station in the desert. The attendant, a long dirty rag hanging out of a back pocket, leans solicitously toward the driver's window and asks: "Check le oil?"
Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

Ordinary living room. Man in easy chair says to dog sitting in front of him on floor: "I certainly do admire your sense of smell."
William Cole, NYC

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Early Roman banquet hall. Men and women half out of their togas wildly engaged in eating grapes, guzzling wine, and making love. One Roman is taking his leave with: "See you all later at the party."
Gene Schinto, Greenwich, Conn.

Two houseflies facing one another. One saying: "I like you. You're so open."
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

Street corner. Woman introducing a blank-faced, nondescript man to another woman: "This is my husband, mute inglorious Milton."
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

A woman coming out of FRENCH HAND LAUNDRY is holding a bag filled with hands.
J. B. Hapgood, Quogue, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

Man shaking hands with one of a pair of Siamese twins: "Margaret here didn't tell me she had such a lovely sister."
Ann Woodyard, Westminster, Colo.

St. Peter's Square. It is filled with thousands of people. In the far background, on a balcony, is a figure—the pope. In the foreground, one member of the crowd to another: "Talk about your holier-than-thou attitudes."
Judith Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

Crowned, ermine-robed king and queen seated on thrones, side by side. Queen saying: "Guess what? I'm regnant."
Alice Wofford, Port Washington, N.Y.

A psychologist and Leonardo da Vinci are facing each other across a table. Da Vinci is putting the final touches on the *Mona Lisa.* Psychologist: "Thank you, Mr. da Vinci, and now would you kindly draw me the figure of a *man.*"
David Steinman, M.D., Scarsdale, N.Y.

A Charles Addams family group gathered at the window of their house, gazing rapturously at a vulture on a tree branch outside. One is saying to the other: "It's spring!"
Gene Gramm, NYC

A haughty, tuxedoed waiter stands near a table, holding a serving tray covered by a large, domed lid. The head and beak of a live duck with squinty eyes peers from under the lid: "Your Peking duck, sir."
Paul Zurkuhlen, Alexandria, Va.

Two children are watching TV. One turns to the other and says: "Is that sex or violence?"
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

Service station. Mechanic working on automobile is surrounded by fellow workers, customers, and other admirers, including a passing mailman, children, and dogs. One onlooker to another: "It all began when he started subscribing to *Popular Mechanics.*"
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

Big day at the Colosseum. Toga-clad crowds. In the center of activity is a souvenir vendor hawking buttons, pins, scorecards, etc. In his raised arms are two sets of pennants: one, SLAVES; the other, LIONS.
Cassie Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

A small boy and his father are emerging from a Manhattan shop that specializes in seashells, minerals, and other natural curiosities. The boy is admiring his new seashell. The father: "If you hold it up to your ear, you can hear the subway."
Preston Tsao, NYC

Irate husband is addressing his wife. They are in an appliance store looking at a food processor. He says: "But Julia Child was Julia Child *before* she had one!"
Henry Morgan, Truro, Mass.

Museum of Natural History—Hall of Dinosaurs. Man and wife gaze at skeleton of erect creature approximately their size. It is attired in running shoes, warm-up suit, designer sunglasses, and large scuba diver's wristwatch. Wife, reading to husband from small sign: "It says here it's a plethorasaurus."
B. Cantagallo, Columbus, Ohio

An office door. The lettering states: NATIONAL TOBACCO COMPANY. A smaller sign below: THANK YOU FOR SMOKING.
Larry Siegel, Beverly Hills, Calif.

A dark, dank basement with slimy walls. An obese, Igor-like creature is carrying a large sack slung over his shoulder. Blood is dripping from it. Sings: "He ain't heavy, he's my brother."
Jay Linker, NYC

Two angels sitting on a cloud. One says thoughtfully to the other: "Do you believe in the Heretofore?"
Ira Avery, Stamford, Conn.

Entrance to hell, inferno in background. Devil (to newcomer): "Do you want the smoking or nonsmoking section?"
Simon Gurvitz, Southfield, Mich.

Cyclops, taunting cyclops wearing monocle: "Two eyes!"
Hank Wallace, NYC

A pet shop with sign: Boston Bulldogs. Playing under the sign are little Boston bulldog puppies. The caption: "Ahf. Ahf."
Joan Wilen, NYC

Mama cobra to her cobra friend, watching baby in striking pose: "He's the spitting image of his father."
Raymond S. Kauders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Used-car lot. Four cars, all blanketed with snow to the extent that they are hardly recognizable, are side by side. To the rear of each appears the head of a salesman, up to his neck in snow. Sign in window of office: We Stand Behind Each and Every Car We Sell.
W. H. Richardson, Peace Dale, R.I.

A view of two sides of a classical Roman building: Rome Maternity Hospital. A side entrance has the sign: Caesarian Section.
similarly: Lydia Wilen, NYC;
Don Hauptman, NYC

Operating room. Doctor is performing surgery. Several butterflies are ascending from table. Doctor to assistants: "My God, he was right."
Margaret Schommer,
Lake Angela Deltona, Fla.

Two English barristers are standing in a courthouse corridor. They wear traditional robes and tightly curled wigs. A third barrister walks past them, but his wig is in a teased, bouffant style. First barrister to second: "I think it's time they took Wilkinson off those hooker cases."
Charles Almon, Brooklyn

Wooden ship with Santa Maria lettered on the side. Two sailors are standing on deck. One, with hand cupped to ear, speaks: "You're right, it *does* sound like steel drums."
Ruth Hartman, Oxnard, Calif.

Bar with sign: Topless Dancers. Customer about to enter is stopped by doorman: "Sorry, but you can't come in without a tie."
Daniel Finkel, Brooklyn

Tubby, middle-aged man has just unwrapped gift and holds up T-shirt in front of chest. The T-shirt reads Mucho. The man looks at his wife, who says, "What misprint?"
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

A hansom cab with two tourists and driver. Hanging off the side of the cab is a Fidel Castro look-alike hijacker. He points the gun at the driver and says: "Victor's, and step on it!"
Lil Wilen, NYC

A sanitation truck with driver in the cab. Two workers are unenthusiastically hauling one of a mountain of plastic bags toward the truck. Driver shouts: "How about showing some esprit de corps?"
Arthur S. Ash, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

A Hare Krishna Santa in suit with donation box rings bell and chants: "Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. Merry Merry Christmas Christmas."
Brian Gallagher, NYC

Courtroom with judge's bench, witness chair, female judge, and an all-woman jury. Seated in witness chair, a male with one pant leg drawn up to reveal shapely limb.
Frances Stillman Hall, NYC

Sightseeing couple in piazza in Rome trying to choose tour as guide and bus wait. Husband to wife, who is looking at folder: "What else do you get with the Sistine Chapel?"
Nina Levy, Monsey, N.Y.

Two New York women having their second cocktail at lunch: "You can imagine my shock discovering the 'other woman'—who I assumed was a man—was actually another woman."
Jim Baird, Atlanta, Ga.

A seedy-looking luncheonette. Sign on door reads: Out to Lunch. Return at 2 p.m.
William Spielvogel, Bayside, N.Y.

Juliet on balcony. Below, Romeo stands, about to speak. Hidden by the balcony, Cyrano de Bergerac whispers: "What light through yonder window breaks?"
Jack Molyneaux, NYC

Bowery. Lying in bottle-and-beer-can-strewn doorway is a wino. Next to him is a rumpled, dirty kangaroo drinking out of a bottle in a paper bag. Kangaroo: "So I sez to him, at those prices, buddy . . ."
Jacqueline Fogel, Jamaica, N.Y.
sp. mention: Brian Plante, Staten Island

The home of a typical *New York* Magazine competitor, except it belongs to a kangaroo. Kangaroo is writing, surrounded by dictionary and crumpled postcards. Thinks: *"And at these prizes you won't see too many more."*
Mark Kadat, NYC

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 314, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by April 7. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of May 1. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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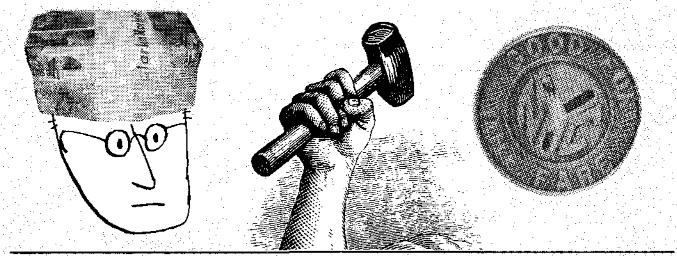
Page of Lists / Rinker Buck

A CALENDAR OF POSSIBLE STRIKES

...New Yorkers can expect well over 100 strikes this year. Here are some of the goods and services we may have to do without...



Along with potholes and cockroaches, strikes are an inconvenience New Yorkers have come to accept as a way of life. The people paid to worry about such things at the Bureau of Labor Statistics report that New Yorkers can always expect well over 100 strikes a year. The banner year for job actions was 1970, when the city suffered 215 strikes and lockouts.

A good many of these strikes involved small unions whose members stayed away from work for only a few days, but this year there are some important negotiations to watch, particularly those of the policemen, firemen, sanitation workers, and civil servants. The mood of the unions has been more conciliatory than in previous years, but you never can tell. On some of the following dates we may have to do without the morning paper or the evening lamb chop.

1. March 31: newspapers. About 10,000 union members, all represented at the Allied Printing Trades Council, are down to the wire with management at the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Post*, and will probably strike if negotiations do not produce a new contract by midnight Thursday. This could leave die-hard newspaper readers with the *Trib*, a nonunion shop specializing in tepid wire copy, and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's *News World*.

2. April 1: buses and subways. The Transit Authority's contract with 33,000 motormen, bus drivers, conductors, and other employees runs out at midnight Friday. As we went to press, talks had not yet produced an agreement on the Transport Workers Union's demands for a 15 percent wage hike. The forecast calls for good biking weather.

3. April 1: Long Island Rail Road. The seventeen unions of this railroad have been working without a contract since June 1976, when the last one expired. Negotiations have produced agreements with fifteen unions, but the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, representing 500 engineers, and the United Transportation Union, representing 1,200 trainmen and conductors, are still holding out. The UTU opposes the railroad's plan to reduce the size of train crews and has threatened to strike.

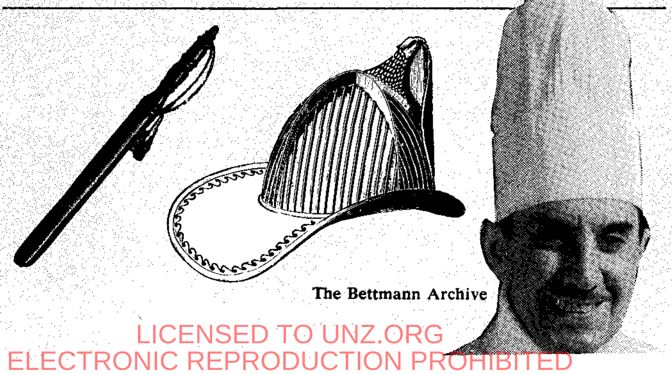
4. May 1: meat. On this date, the Greater New York Association of Meat and Poultry Dealers' contract with 3,500 members of Local 174 of the Amalgamated Meatcutters will have run out.

5. July 1: parks. On this day, some 4,000 seasonal Parks and Recreation Department workers, represented by Local 1212 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, may not be working.

6. July 1: police. The 25,000-member police force is asking, through the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and other officers' unions, for pay increases and benefits that could give each cop up to $10,000 more a year than he currently receives. The police have pulled out of the citywide municipal-labor coalition to bargain on their own and threaten to hold out until they get most of what they want.

7. July 1: firemen. Approximately 8,600 uniformed fire fighters have also pulled out of the municipal coalition, while their officers have stayed in. The firemen are angry about staff cutbacks and station-house closings, which, they say, have significantly increased their work hazards. They too seem ready to hold out.

8. July 1: garbage. The 8,000 sanitationmen represented by a local of the teamsters, usually the most truculent of city unions, are still participating in the coalition talks.



The Bettmann Archive

9. July 1: civil servants. District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees represents 120,000 civil servants whose toil is the very nuts and bolts of city government. The locals of D.C. 37 represent social-service workers, botanical-garden employees, city engineers, pothole repairmen, hospital employees, lifeguards, upstate water-supply workers, court clerks, city carpenters, plumbers, electricians, tree pruners, accountants, secretaries, sewer foremen, and city psychologists.

10. September 10: teachers. Albert Shanker's United Federation of Teachers, bargaining for 60,000 members, is currently negotiating with the city in hopes of reaching an agreement by April 1. The teachers want salary increases and a restoration of benefits either frozen or cut back during the height of the fiscal crisis in 1975 and 1976.

11. October 1: hospitals. About 3,000 interns and other employees in city hospitals and voluntary institutions are, in the words of a spokesman, "quite ready to strike" if their demands for salary increases and improved hospital conditions are not met. They are members of the Committee of Interns and Residents, a group which gave the country its first major physicians strike in 1975, when residents and interns of 21 hospitals here were out for four days.

12. November 1: restaurants. The Restaurant League of New York will be negotiating a new contract with 1,150 members of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union. A strike would affect over 100 restaurants.

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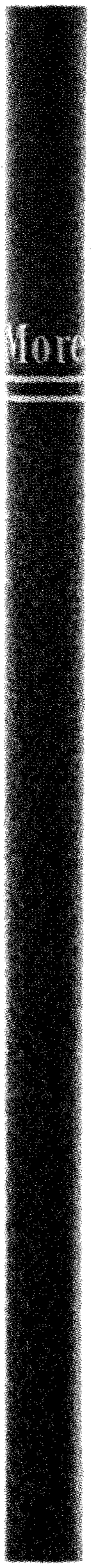

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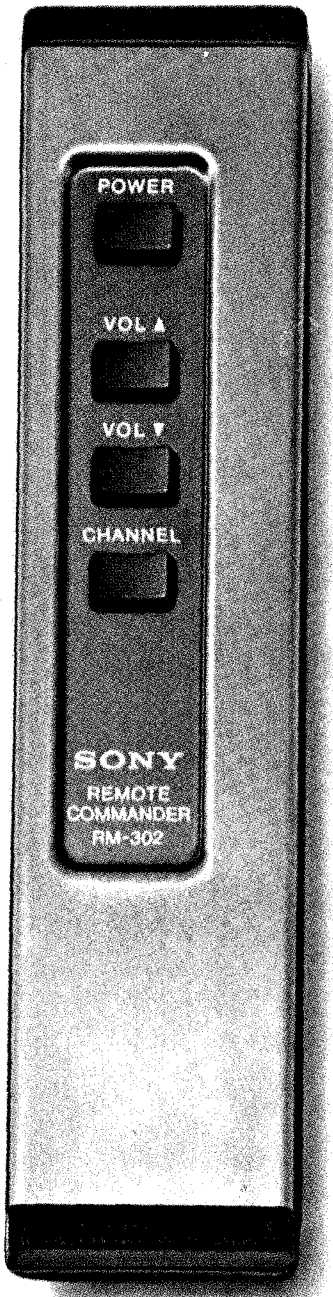
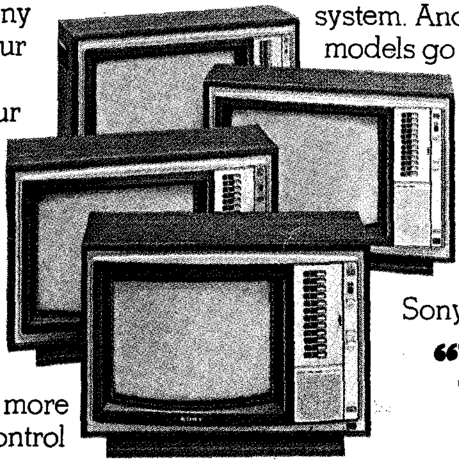


A remote reason for buying a Sony TV.



Obviously, people don't buy Sony Trinitron® Color TVs because of our remote control.

They buy them, primarily, for our unique Trinitron one-gun, one-lens system—the thing that's largely responsible for the remarkable Sony picture.

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